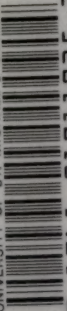


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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IRELAND
ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER
AND HISTORY

VOLUME THREE



IRELAND
ITS
SCENERY
CHARACTER
AND
HISTORY
BY MR. & MRS. S. C. NALL

*In Six Volumes
Vol III*

*Illustrated From
paintings by F. S. Walker
and photographs*



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IRELAND, ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND CHARACTER

KILKENNY

KILKENNY is in the province of Leinster—an inland county—bounded on the north by the Queen's county; on the south by the county of Waterford (from which it is divided by the river Suir); on the west by the county of Tipperary; and on the east by the counties of Carlow and Wexford—being separated from nearly the whole of the latter by the Nore:—

“The stubborn Newre, whose waters grey,
By fair Kilkenny and Ross-ponte board.”

So it is styled by Spenser. The general aspect of the county is level, but, the soil being very fertile, the prospect is at all times cheering.

To visit Kilkenny, we voyaged along the beautiful river Nore, and landed at the pretty little town of Inistioge, close to far-famed Woodstock. The river is here crossed by a bridge, a very elegant structure of ten equal arches, the southern side of which is ornamented by Ionic pillars. There are few seats in Great Britain so richly and gracefully endowed by Nature, or so improved

by science and taste, as that of Woodstock. The rarest shrubs of various foreign lands are skillfully mingled with "old patrician trees" that have been rooted there for centuries; while the "plebeian underwood," that fills every sequestered nook, seems "in place" in the midst of cultivation, for it prevents the eye from discovering a single spot of nakedness. Into the broad river that skirts the banks a score of tributary streams are rushing; now and then as miniature cataracts down lesser precipices; occasionally forming a placid basin, where the trout may be seen basking or at play; or rippling onwards, through, or beneath, overhanging boughs, making the sweet and gentle music that, more than any other earthly sound, cheers and calms at once. Little valleys and small hills, undulating slopes and rough precipices, steps formed by the roots of aged oaks, rocks shaped by the hand of Time into forms grotesque—such are a few of the varied gifts with which Nature has bountifully enriched Woodstock. Art has been busy among them, but with so rare a skill that it seems to have laboured, always, under the direction and control of Nature. On two or three of the heights, and also immediately skirting the river, graceful and picturesque cottages have been erected; the former command magnificent views of the distant mountains and the adjacent valleys, while from the windows of the latter may be seen the salmon leaping—literally—"in shoals." The gardens that adjoin the house are happily contrasted with the natural luxuriance of the

ground; the beds are formal, and of artificial character, but filled to abundance with flowers from all parts of the world. It is impossible for either the pen or pencil to render justice to this fascinating place. Amid these "delicate marvels," the accomplished authoress of "Psyche" spent many years. Here the sweetest of her poems were composed, and here she died, in the spring of the year 1810, bequeathing to the world a volume of pure thoughts, conveyed in graceful and eloquent verse.¹

It was evening when we quitted Woodstock and took the road to Kilkenny. Passing through Thomastown, a very old borough, so called from its founder, Thomas Fitzanthony, one of the earliest of the English settlers, we diverged somewhat from the regular route to visit the ancient abbey of Jerpoint. The sun had gone down, and the hour was in harmony with the solemn and impressive character of the scene. The ruins occupy an area of three acres, and retain abundant evidence of the beauty as well as extent of the time-honoured structure. It was founded, according to Archdall, in 1180, by Donough Fitz-Patrick, king of Ossory, for Cistercian monks, and dedicated to the Virgin. The abbot was a peer of parliament; and among the mitred abbeys of Ireland, that of Jerpoint was esteemed, in wealth and architectural grandeur, the fourth in the kingdom. On its suppression, in 1540, it possessed 6500 acres in demesne land; which, being surrendered by Oliver Grace, the last lord abbot, were granted, together with its other es-

tates, to Thomas, tenth earl of Ormond. The hour, some old memories, and the singularly picturesque character of these remains, with which the hand of the Destroyer has dealt more leniently than with others, contributed to leave upon our minds a very forcible impression of their singular grandeur and beauty: they stand alone in their magnificence; there is no object within ken to distract the attention—nothing to disturb the imagination in recalling them to their condition of wealth and splendour, to contrast it, after a while, with their fallen state, as we pace through dilapidated aisles, among broken sculptured sepulchres of its ancient lords, or “close-packed” graves of the poor peasants of yesterday.²

A short distance east of the road from Thomastown to Kilkenny, between Bennetsbridge and Dungarvon, is the round tower of Tulloherin, one of five that still exist within the boundaries of the county. It is in a fair state of preservation, but without the cap; the ruins of a large church are, as usual, close beside it; the church is not very ancient, but appears to have been erected since the introduction of the pointed style of architecture. The stones (of red sandstone) that formed the doorway have been removed by the peasantry to make “fire-stones.” Unfortunately, in several other instances, we had occasion to remark the carelessness displayed in preserving these singular, interesting, and mysterious relics of remote ages; in some cases the foundations have been undermined, and it is to

be apprehended that in a few years many of them will be altogether lost.

The first object that strikes the visitor on entering Kilkenny is its famous castle, the ancient and present seat of "the Ormonds," standing on a small hill that overlooks the river Nore. It has recently been put into complete repair by its most noble, and respected, and estimable lord, and now, therefore, recalls little of its early history. The traces of age and of "honourable scars" are altogether lost; and fancy will strive in vain to associate "the fortress" closely with the contents of centuries. It is said to have been originally erected by Strongbow; to have been soon afterwards destroyed by the Irish; and to have been rebuilt in 1195, by William, Lord Marshal, Earl of Pembroke. In 1391 it came, by purchase, into the possession of James Butler, third Earl of Ormond, in whose descendants it has remained vested—while so many other properties in Ireland have changed hands—to the present day. The principal attraction in the castle is the picture-gallery—a noble apartment, about 150 feet in length; it contains a fine collection of portraits. They illustrate the long career of this distinguished family, which occupies a station so conspicuous, and so honourable, in the history of Ireland.

The founder of the illustrious house of Ormond was Theobald Walter, one of the followers of Henry the Second, who bestowed upon him a large grant of his newly-acquired possessions in

Ireland. To these lands the king added, about six years afterwards, the office of chief butler of Ireland, which, like the estate, was made hereditary. To this office was annexed soon after a grant of the prisage of wines, which entitled the butler to one tun of wine out of nine brought by any ship into the ports of Ireland. The ancient surname of this family is a matter of dispute; but, from this time, it is well known they took the name of their office, and were called Boteler, Botiller, Le Bottiller, or Butler, often holding the chief offices of the kingdom of Ireland, and distinguishing themselves by activity and loyalty. In 1315, Edmund le Botiller was created Earl of Carrick, as a reward for his services in opposing an invasion from Scotland. His son, James le Botiller, marrying the cousin-german of Edward the Third, was made Earl of Ormond in 1323, and in 1328 obtained from that king all the rights of a palatine in the county of Tipperary. This grant, which was originally intended only as a personal favour to the first earl, after being recalled, was enlarged by the same king, who made the palatinate of Tipperary an hereditary possession. James, the first Earl of Ormond, was succeeded by his son, who, on account of his royal extraction, was called the "noble earl," and whose modesty procured him in Ireland, where accidental appellations are much in use, the more valuable distinction of "James the Chaste." In 1359, he was made Lord Justice of Ireland, an office which he occasionally held for several years; "being thought the most proper person to keep

the kingdom in safety against the attempts both of the French and Scots."

James, the third earl, was made Lord Justice of Ireland in 1392, by Richard the Second, in which office he died, after having reduced the powerful clan of the Byrnes to become Federators or Liegemen. He left his estate, with the addition of the castle of Gowran, which he built, and of Kilkenny, and the manors adjacent, which he purchased, to his son James, the fourth earl, who was so much esteemed for his learning and prudence, that, before he arrived at age to take possession of his estates, he was, in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, left Lord Deputy of the kingdom, and in that post presided in the parliament. Some years afterwards he was, by Henry the Fifth, constituted Lord Lieutenant; defeated the Irish in several remarkable skirmishes; and was so much regarded by the Crown, that he was not only made Lord Lieutenant a second and a third time by Henry the Sixth, but was so favoured by his master, that when a charge of treason was brought against him by the Talbots, in 1456, the king dismissed it, and forbade its revival under pain of "royal indignation." The fifth earl was beheaded, as a partisan of the House of Lancaster; his brother, having been restored to the estate, by Edward the Fourth, and "making a journey to Jerusalem, died in the Holy Land." His successor dying without male issue, the Irish estates fell to a remote cousin, Sir Piers Botiller; but Sir Thomas Bullen, a favourite of King Henry's, who had married one

of the daughters of the sixth earl, desired of the Earl of Ormond the resignation of his title. "To propose and to command, to command and to compel," writes the old family biographer, "were words of nearly the same import with Henry the Eighth," and, therefore, the proposal was accepted "with great readiness;" but upon the death of Sir Thomas soon afterwards, Sir Piers was restored to the title; an act of parliament having been passed to establish his right, "that it might neither in him nor in his posterity be thereafter questioned."³

His son, the Lord James, who retained also his father's title of Earl of Ossory, had for many years the direction of the treasury in Ireland, but being summoned to England, in consequence of a dispute with the lord-deputy, about raising a new tax, he was poisoned with sixteen of his servants at an entertainment at Ely House. His successor, Lord Thomas, was the famous opponent of the Desmonds, and conducted the government of Ireland for Queen Elizabeth. James the First, on his accession, renewed Ormonde's commission of Lieutenant-General of the Army. The earl's great rival was the Earl of Leicester; and Carte relates several anecdotes characteristic of the courage of the one and the cowardice of the other.⁴

The earl dying without male issue, the title and estates descended to his nephew, Earl Walter, upon whose death they were inherited by his grandson, James, the first Duke of Ormonde—distinguished in history as the "Great Duke;"

who was lord-lieutenant and chief governor of Ireland upwards of thirty years. He was the twelfth earl of the family, and the seventh who bore the name of James; and was born at Clerkenwell, in London, on the 19th of October, 1610, and succeeded his grandfather in 1632, his father having been drowned "near the Skerries" in 1619.

He gave early evidence of his gallantry, and "found means to marry his cousin," heiress of the estates that had been forced by James the First from the house of Ormonde, and so reunited the title to the immense possessions of his ancestors. The indomitable courage which he manifested through life, was exhibited on one of the earliest occasions of his appearance in public to sustain the honours of his family. The animosity in the Irish parliament having risen so high that there was danger lest their debates should terminate in blood, the lord-deputy issued a proclamation forbidding any man to sit in either house with his sword. "The usher of the black rod was planted at the door of the House of Lords to receive the swords of the peers, and as the Earl of Ormonde was coming in, demanded his, but was refused; that officer hereupon showed the proclamation, and repeating his demand in a rough manner, the earl told him if he had his sword it should be in his bowels, and so marched on," and took his seat with his weapon girded to his side. The deputy imagining his authority treated with contempt, summoned the peer to answer for his conduct; upon which Lord Or-

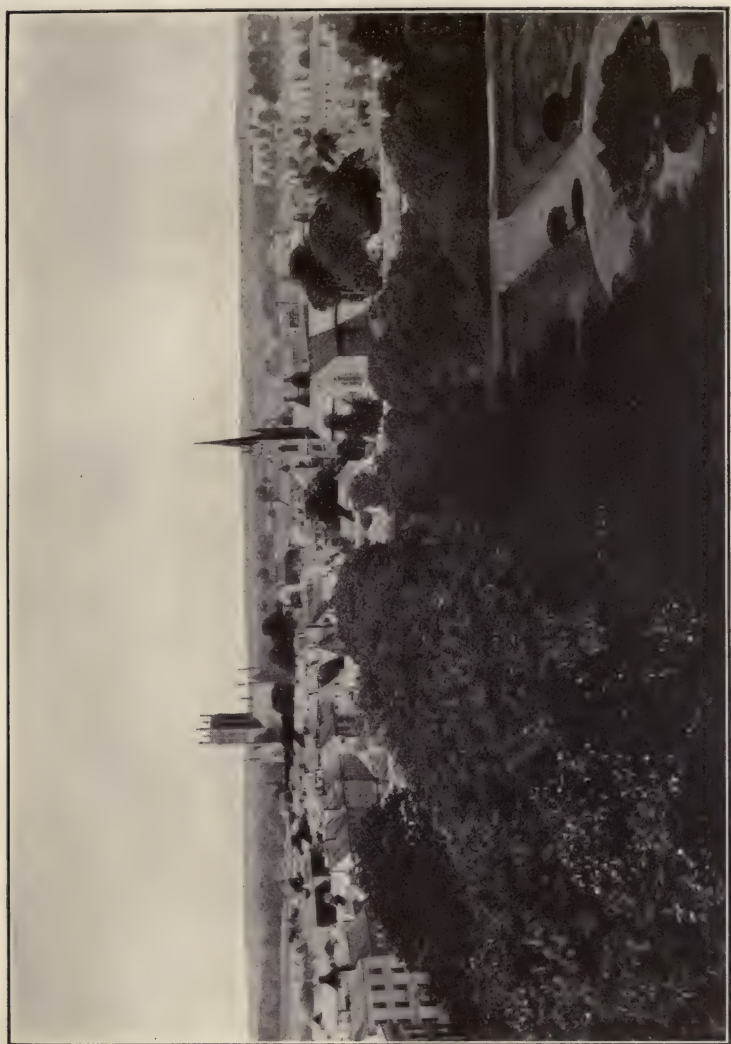
monde said he had so acted in obedience to a higher authority, and exhibited the king's writ, which summoned him to attend parliament "*cum gladio cinctus*." The boldness of the earl obtained for him the friendship of the lord-deputy, who "made him a privy counsellor at five-and-twenty years of age." It would be foreign to our purpose to detail the various incidents in the life of this accomplished nobleman; they fill three huge folio volumes of Carte; the history of his life being indeed that of his country for nearly half a century.

In 1688, the "Great Duke" was succeeded by his grandson James, the eldest son of the Earl of Ossory, who died before his illustrious parent.⁵ The talents and virtues, as well as the fortunes, of the princely race were inherited by this brave and excellent nobleman. Honours and distinctions were heaped upon him by William the Third and Queen Anne; but in 1715 he was impeached upon a shallow charge of conspiring to restore the Stuarts to the throne. In a moment of angry pique he refused to meet his accusers, retired to France, and joined the party of the Pretender: the consequence was, his attainder and the forfeiture of his estates; and he died in exile at Avignon, a pensioner on the bounty of the King of Spain.

An act was, however, passed in 1721, to enable the duke's brother, the Earl of Arran, to purchase the Irish estates, excepting the palatinate of Tipperary, which was extinguished; and as it was subsequently decided that no proceeding of

rotulorum of the county of Norfolk, high-steward of the cities of Exeter, Bristol, and Westminster, chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, colonel of the first regiment of Foot-Guards, and of the first regiment of Horse-Guards, captain-general and commander-in-chief of all her majesty's forces by sea and land throughout the British dominions, or acting in conjunction with allied powers, one of her majesty's most honourable privy council in England and Ireland, knight-companion of the most noble Order of the Garter, and lord-lieutenant, general, and governor-general of the kingdom of Ireland. The revenue of this great nobleman, and the estates forfeited by him in England and Ireland, have been estimated at £80,000 a-year. And in further illustration of the princely possessions of his family, it may be added, on the authority of undoubted evidence adduced by the historian Carte, that his grandfather "the first duke's losses by the troubles of Ireland, in 1641, amounted to £868,500 16s. 9d., beyond all official profits, and every other description of remuneration afterwards received."

From the turrets of the castle, there is a striking view of Kilkenny, and a magnificent prospect of the winding Nore, and the fertile valley through which it passes. One is instantly startled by the singular effect, to be witnessed nowhere else in the world, of a large assemblage of houses, with the usual chimneys, from which no smoke issues;—one of the marvels attributed to the city in the old rhyme—



“ Fire without smoke, earth without bog,
Water without mud, air without fog,
And streets paved with marble.”

The Kilkenny coal, of which we shall speak presently, gives no smoke; there are few bogs in the vicinity; the streets are literally paved with a black marble raised in the immediate neighbourhood; fogs are, we believe, very rare; and although the Nore is here as muddy as the Thames at Bankside, a vast number of small streams run into it that are as clear as crystal.

Kilkenny consists of English-Town and Irish-Town; the latter being, of course, the more ancient, and retaining some of its early prescriptive rights, having its own port-reeve; and, until the Union, keeping the privilege of sending two members to parliament. The oldest part of this old borough is “the Butts Cross;” where, formerly, the inhabitants exercised themselves at the long bow, to which they were compelled by several Irish statutes.⁶ The present Butts Cross stands on the site of the ancient butts; and near it was the bull ring—the scene of a sport once famous in Ireland, or rather among the Anglo-Irish.

Kilkenny was, for a long period, strictly speaking, the capital of the English Pale. In the year 1309 a parliament was held in the city; it is, indeed, asserted, but upon doubtful authority, that the legislative assembly had previously met here: of its proceedings in 1309, however, many records have been preserved; one of its acts provided severe penalties against any of the English

who "affected the fashion of the Irish;" it would seem with but little effect, for about a century afterwards, another, and still severer, statute was enacted to "prevent the contagion from spreading," and to punish those who "looked on the long glibs of the natives as boasts and ornaments."

In 1367, "a splendid and numerous" assemblage met, as a parliament, at Kilkenny; over which presided Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and in that year was passed the "famous" statute, known in history as "the statute of Kilkenny."⁷

A more memorable parliament than either of these, however, was held in Kilkenny soon after "the grand rebellion" of 1641. In 1642 "the Confederate Catholics" assembled in this city, in a small house.⁸ Their first meeting (of "deputies from all parts of the kingdom") was held on the 24th of October, in that year; but their earliest act was to protest that the members were summoned merely for the purpose of consulting on their own affairs, "until his majesty had settled these present troubles." They gave to their meeting, however, the character of a solemn parliament; appointed two houses, in one of which sat the lords spiritual and temporal, and in the other, the representatives deputed by cities and towns; nominated a speaker; and "an eminent lawyer as a substitute for the judges." The "two houses" assembled in one room. The room may still be examined by the curious; and the old oak table and chair of the speaker are yet preserved. The king and the parliament in England, having ample employment out of Ire-

land, suffered the confederates to pursue their own course with little or no interruption; although some show of resistance was made by the Marquis of Ormond, the lord-lieutenant; but towards the close of the year 1643, that nobleman considering "the unsupportable wants and miseries of the army, the great distress of many of his majesty's principal forts, the imminent danger of the whole kingdom, and the impossibility of prosecuting the war without large supplies, whereof they could not apprehend either hope or possibility in due time, did for those reasons conceive it necessary for his majesty's honour and service, that the cessation should be agreed to upon the articles then drawn up and perfected."

The confederated Catholics were left almost unopposed to pursue their own course; their earliest effort was directed to the repeal of Poynings' Law;⁹ but "for the rule of their government they professed to receive Magna Charta, and the common and statute law of England in all points not contrary to the Roman Catholic religion, or inconsistent with the liberty of Ireland;" they commanded all persons to bear faith and allegiance to the king, and to maintain his just prerogatives; at the same time they utterly denied and renounced the authority of his Irish government administered in Dublin by "a malignant party, to his Highness's great disservice, and in compliance with their confederates, the malignant party of England."

"The administration of public justice," we quote from Leland, "they assumed to themselves.

To each county they assigned a council, consisting of twelve persons, who were to decide all matters cognizable by justices of the peace, pleas of the crown, suits for debts and personal actions, and to name all county officers except the high sheriff. From these there lay an appeal to the provincial councils, consisting of two deputies out of each county, who were to meet four times in a year to decide suits like judges of assize, with some particular limitations of their jurisdiction. From these, again, there lay an appeal to what was called 'The Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics of Ireland;' an assembly consisting of twenty-four persons, chosen by the general convention. Of these, twelve were to reside at Kilkenny, or in some other convenient town; no fewer than nine were to compose a council; and of the sitting members, two-thirds were to decide on every measure. This council was to choose sheriffs out of three nominated by the county council; to command all military officers and civil magistrates; to determine all matters left undecided by the general assembly; to hear and judge all causes criminal and civil, except titles to lands; to direct the conduct of war, and every matter relative to the interest of the Confederacy. For the greater honour and security of this important assembly, a guard was assigned, consisting of five hundred foot, and two hundred horse. As this scheme of supreme council had been adopted from the ecclesiastical synod, so also was the oath of association taken from their form, with a re-

trenchment of one part only, in which the clergy bound their votaries never to consent to peace until the church should be amply invested, not only with all its powers and privileges, its splendour and magnificence, but with all its ancient possessions, which no zeal for religion could induce the present possessors to restore."

The Roman Catholic religion was thus to a large extent re-established in Ireland; in 1645, the Roman Catholics had possession of nearly all the churches in the kingdom; and that they considered their objects completely accomplished, is proved by a letter written by the Confederates to the Pope in 1644, wherein, among enumerations of their good fortune, they exultingly observe, "*Jam Deus optimus maximus catholico ritu palam colitur; dum cathedrales, pleræqu' suis antistibus; parochiales parochis; religiosorum multa cœnobîa propriis gaudent alumnis.*"

In 1645, when civil discord was about to cease, and a treaty of peace was actually signed by Lord Ormond and the leaders of the confederates, the nuncio of the pope, John Battista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Firmano, landed in Kerry, on the 22nd of October, 1645, bringing with him a supply of arms, ammunition, and money, for the carrying on the war; he immediately proceeded to Kilkenny, and declared the objects of his coming—the principal of which was "to establish the Roman Catholic religion." His first step was to issue a decree of excommunication against all who had been instrumental to the treaty; and he succeeded in his efforts so to involve the coun-

try in war, that Ormond was utterly deprived of the power to render any aid to his master during the struggle he was making for his crown and life in England. This state of affairs was only put an end to by the arrival of Oliver Cromwell before the walls of the city, on the 23rd of March, 1650: he at once summoned it to surrender; after a brief and ineffectual defence by the governor, Sir Walter Butler, articles were agreed to, and a page, more remarkable than honourable, in the history of Kilkenny, was filled up.

There is, perhaps, no city in Ireland so full of striking, interesting, and—notwithstanding the unseemly localities in which they are, for the most part, situated—picturesque ruins as Kilkenny. Our way was guided through numerous alleys and by-lanes, to examine relics of the olden time: we found wretched hovels propped up by carved pillars; and in several instances discovered Gothic door-ways converted into entrances to pig-sties. It was a painful, indeed a revolting, picture of the mingling of ancient glories with existing miseries; for, at the period of our visit, poverty had forced its way into nearly every cabin, and absolute starvation might be noted in many a form and face. Ruins of abbeys, churches, castles, and castellated houses, are to be encountered in every quarter: some of them, however, have been rescued from the grasp of the spoiler; as in the case of the Black Abbey recently converted into a Roman Catholic chapel, in which the gaudiness and glittering ‘finery’

of modern taste were oddly and painfully mingled with the solemn grandeur of ancient state.¹⁰ The priory of St. John, in "the Liberties," is now a parish church, but parts of it have been suffered to remain unrenovated. Its foundation is coeval with that of "the castle." Grose, in describing its former condition, observes, that "for about fifty-four feet of the south side of the choir it seems to be almost one window." The character of the whole building is light, graceful, and peculiarly elegant; so much so, as at once to justify the term applied to it by the citizens, from the number of its windows, of "the Lantern of Ireland." One of the most beautiful of all the ruins, that of the Franciscan friary, has been put to uses far less worthy—it is now, and has been for many years, a tennis court; the greater part of it, however, is in so solid and perfect a state, that a comparatively small sum of money would suffice for its restoration and adaptation to the purposes of religion.

But by many degrees the most important and interesting of the ecclesiastical structures of Kilkenny, is the cathedral of St. Canice. It is in the Irish Town, stands on a slight eminence, and is an extensive and beautiful pile. The foundation of it was laid, according to Ware, towards the end of the reign of Henry II., by Bishop O'Dullany, who translated the old see of Ossory from Aghadoe to Kilkenny; but it would appear to have been raised by degrees, and not to have been finished until two centuries later; and it is more than probable that it was erected upon the

site of a building coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.¹¹ During the wars of the seventeenth century, the venerable structure received great injury; the whole of the interior remained in a state of dilapidation, and was rapidly sinking into utter ruin, when, in 1756, Bishop Pococke was advanced to the see of Ossory. He immediately applied his energies and devoted his property to its complete repair; having been assisted in the work by several generous subscribers, whose names are preserved on a marble tablet in the north transept.

It is of a cruciform shape, surmounted with a tower disproportionately low. In extent it ranks next to the cathedral of St. Patrick, and Christ Church, in Dublin; the length from east to west is 226 feet; and the breadth of the cross from north to south, 123 feet. The nave is distributed into a centre, and two lateral aisles, communicating by pointed arches, springing from plain pillars of native marble, defaced unhappily by the brush of the lime-washer. Four pointed widows illuminate each aisle; and the upper part of the nave is lighted by five quarter-foil windows. In the side aisles and between the pillars are numerous monuments: one of them is to the memory of Sir John Grace, baron of Courtstown; and bears the date of 1568. We counted above a dozen as richly sculptured; one of the most remarkable covers the dust of "Peter Butteler, eighth Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, and Margaret Fitzgerald his wife."¹² Another tomb is to the memory of Bishop Walshe, who was

murdered in 1585. A profligate, named Dullard, was cited to appear in his court,¹³ to answer a charge of adultery, to which he replied, by breaking into the palace, and stabbing the prelate to the heart with a skein. The murderer fled to a neighbouring wood, and joined a band of outlaws, to whom he boasted of the deed he had done. They were, however, so disgusted with his brutality, that they appointed a jury of themselves to try him for the act; found him guilty on his own confession; and at once twisted "a gad" round his neck, and hung him from the next tree.

We are informed by Ware, that about the year 1318, the cathedral was munificently embellished with stained glass, of so rare and valuable a character, that Rinuccini, the pope's legate in 1645, offered for it no less a sum than £700: to the honour of Kilkenny, however, the offer was declined; but a very short time afterwards, the fanatics of the English Parliament totally destroyed it; leaving but a few mutilated fragments that were gathered together by Bishop Pococke,¹⁴ in 1760, and placed in two ovals over the western door. A singular stone seat, the chair of St. Kieran, stands in the north transept. The saint is believed to have preceded St. Patrick in the mission by thirty years, and to have been the first to preach Christianity in Ireland.¹⁵

The well of St. Canice, a short distance from the cathedral, and dedicated to its patron saint, is still held in great repute by the common peo-

ple; its water, on the hottest day of summer, is said to possess an icy coldness.

A round tower, in good preservation, but without the cap, immediately adjoins the cathedral. It is described by Peter Shee as "one hundred and eight feet high, forty-seven feet in circumference, and standing six feet and a half from the wall of the church." He labours to prove that, as "there is not the least internal evidence to encourage a belief that the column was ever intended to serve any one purpose in life but merely that of a monument," it was erected in honour of the patron saint of the cathedral, and that consequently its date cannot be more remote than the sixth or seventh century.

We may leave these "ancient ruins" for a time, to describe some of another character; and which, though not peculiar to Ireland, certainly enjoy in Ireland peculiar privileges and immunities.

One might imagine that the Irish, like the Turks, believe insanity to be inspiration, judging from the tenderness and care they evince towards the poor wandering idiots, who rarely provoke a harsh word or an unkind expression from the peasantry, by whom they are poetically termed "innocents," or "naturals." Although sometimes mischievous and always troublesome, they are fed and sheltered by the cabin-keeper with ready and unchanging cheerfulness.

"Surely," we once observed to a poor woman, from whom one of the class had purloined half a loaf, which she could ill spare,—“surely you will

have reason to rejoice when the new poor-law takes these afflicted creatures off your hands." "Well," she replied, "Billy is mighty teasing, and that's the thruth, and a shocking thief; but, God help him, he has no better sense; and somehow, I don't know how it is, but we'll be mighty lonesome without the likes of him. Poor Billy! it will be *mortal* hard to shut him up in stone walls, the crayther; they're poor *innocents*, and nothing worse—it would be well for us if we war the same."

To relate a few anecdotes of the class, will, perhaps, be the best way to describe it.

"Larry of Leixlip" was a generous fool; he never met a stranger without bestowing something; a wild flower, a bit of straw, even a stone, he would present rather than offer nothing: unlike Peter Purcel (another "natural," whom we shall describe presently), he would watch the birds' nests until the young were nearly fledged, and then give them away. Larry was not remarkably honest; for he robbed "Peter to pay Paul." He was fond of the curate of the parish to which his rambles were generally confined; and one morning, tapping gaily at the window where the young man was at breakfast, he said he had got something for him. When the window was opened—"Ah! ah!" said Larry, "ah! ah! I've got a present—guess at it." "An egg?" "No—better than that." "Some white sloe?" "No—better than that." "Tell me what it is." "Ah! ah! you love Larry, Larry loves you. Ah! ah! why should he have a wig, and you

have none! Ah! ah! he don't love Larry; you do; I brought you the minister's Sunday wig. Ah! I watched where it hung upon a peg, and I took it last night!" And placing it over the young man's abundant hair, he danced and shouted with joy.

We knew one poor fellow, called Preaching Dennis, who incessantly cried out from morning till night, "What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself—what you see wrong in others, mend in yourself." Another, a woman, who never spoke until sunset, though she would mutter and "mow," yet never did she utter a distinct sentence until the sun went down, and then she would moan out, "Beauty fades, death comes—beauty fades, death comes;" a sermon in a sentence, and one to which her faded features, and fine yet lustreless eyes, gave much effect.

Thinking of these poor creatures, so seemingly mindless, and yet at times so full of keenness and susceptibility, brings to our remembrance a woman who wandered frequently along the seashore, but whose visits were certain to take place after twilight, immediately before a storm. The people called her by a very poetic Irish name, which signified "the storm-bird." The old farm-steward would shelter the lambs, and look to the barns, whenever this lonely woman was seen at evening to take her way to the cliffs, well knowing that a tempest was at hand; and no fisherman would launch his boat upon the waters, if he caught sight of the flutter of her red cloak

at the corner of a rock. She looked a broken-hearted, wretched creature, until excited by the howling winds and the sight of the dancing billows; then she became like one possessed by the very spirit of the storm. She would shout, clasp her hands, dare the waves to advance, and address them as a queen might her subjects; fling back with expressions of scorn the stones they rolled upon the beach; and with a huge branch of what children call mermaid's ribbands, in her hand, wave defiance to the sea and clouds. No one cared to approach "the storm-bird" in these moments of frenzy; indeed, they rather avoided her at all times; but this did not prevent their leaving food, the only food they had, potatoes, or a few slices of "griddle bread," where she could easily find it. The dwellers by the seaside are always prone to give a romantic reading to everything; and the story ran that this poor woman's sweetheart was drowned at sea, and that her mind could not support his loss. We confess, we felt as if a terror had been removed from the country when we knew she had been buried in the old churchyard—meet resting-place for her troubled spirit, for there the sea-storm roars loudly, and the wild gulls skim the cliff upon which the ruins stand.

"Reddy the Rhymer" is another of our reminiscences. Some said that Reddy was a knave—an idle knave—who, loving play better than work, and having a moderate stock of scholarship, set up as "a fool;" finding folly both more pleasant and more profitable, than wisdom.

Certainly, Reddy was intensely idle; if he had made good his quarters for the day in a gentleman's kitchen, nothing could induce him to leave it; he would rhyme you for ten minutes together—

“The fire is bright,
And all is right,
And Reddy the Rhymer
Will stay all night.”

His facility at doggrel was very extraordinary; but he was not always “i’ the vein,” and could not endure to be forced to what at other times seemed to be his greatest pleasure. The fellow was sarcastic, too, and particularly severe upon rustic dandyism, so that the young men were afraid of his severity; but his readiness and smartness made him a great favourite among the village belles. During the haymaking season he was sure to be found sleeping amid the hay. The sun, he would declare, was man’s best friend, and he loved it too well to do anything when it shone. His wants were few, and he would never beg, but take anything he wanted without ceremony. He had a most melodious voice, and sung some Irish airs deliciously, but never finished a song; his memory, as it were, only carrying him to a certain point, and then leaving him abruptly. Music possessed more power over him than anything else, and a plaintive air would cause tears to chase each other down his most unsentimental countenance. The young people often “quizzed” him on matrimonial subjects, and in-

quired when he intended to be married: to this Reddy's reply was invariably the same—"Wife——strife!"—a long pause between the words being filled up by an ominous shake of the head.

In Clonmel we encountered another of the "rhyming class," a man who goes by the name of "Easy things are best." John Healy, or, as he spells it, "Haly," (for he says *e* is a superfluous vowel,) is a native of the county Kildare, but has long been located in Tipperary. He is now turned of sixty, or, as he himself expresses it, "something about the years of threescore and one." He gives the following account of himself: "My father was a gentleman; but I was deprived of my property because the neighbours considered me a fool, though I don't see any sign of a fool about me." He subsists partly on charity, and partly by going on confidential errands, in which he invariably proves faithful and satisfactory. He is a quiet and inoffensive creature, remarkably sober, and full of harmless humour and endless rhymes, which he sets off with a very rich lisp. He mends his own clothes, and endeavours to keep himself clean and well clad, always in the same costume, viz. "a blue coat for England, a plaid waistcoat for Scotland, and a green trowsers for Ireland." Whenever he wants charity from any one, he accosts them thus—"Mr. ——

"Of all the pictures going, I do say
The picture of the money takes the sway."

or thus—

“What stands for a hundred,
And the name of a tree,
Will spell you a thing
That’s most useful to me.”

On receiving anything, he will say—“Mr. —, I hope and trust you don’t account me a troublesome beggar; this is the fourteenth of such a month, and mind, you’re not to give me anything till this day month again. Good morning, sir, and remember—*aasy things are best!*”

Many of the old families encourage the presence of one of these half-demented creatures, who attach themselves to their patrons with a sort of animal instinct, but an incorruptible fidelity. They are usually valuable assistants to the huntsman, know the fox earths, and pick up the birds in the shooting season; watch over the “young heir” with the deepest anxiety, and cater for the sports of the younger children; eat up the leavings of the servants’ table, and sleep in the hay-loft; indeed, all of the class dislike the restraint of a bed, to which they attach an idea of confinement, and prefer nestling in hay or straw to anything else. Some of the resident gentry tolerate rather than encourage them; while others sanction their attendance as a matter of course—an appendage to their dwelling that could not be dispensed with.

Our friend Barney, the established “natural” of Johnstown Castle—is a mixture of absurdity and shrewdness; although devotedly attached to the family, whose fortune and influence act as perpetual blessings to their neighbourhood, Bar-

ney is no way chary of his opinion, and does not hesitate to "blow up the master when he vexes him widout rhyme or rason." In his youth he achieved a considerable degree of notoriety in Wexford, as a devourer of candles and soap, a practice, we believe, he has discontinued since his adoption as "Castle fool." Barney's great infirmity, however (an infirmity that certainly is apt to 'bother' his countrymen), is falling in love. Whenever the pretty face of a pretty girl is stamped upon his imagination, Barney scales the castle walls to get a peep at his enchantress, and sometimes pays dearly for his peeping. One evening we espied him shouting and jumping, and rolling down the terrace banks head over heels, and at last he came towards us. "Barney, will you be a good boy?"

"Oh then, sure I can't be much better than I am."

"Yet I have not seen you at work these five or six days."

"They wouldn't give me a spade."

"That is not true, Barney."

"'Pon my honour it is! Well, what will you give me if I go to work?"

"Sixpence!"

"Well, give it to me first; people say, 'Barney, I'll give ye sixpence,' and they get a bad memory after. Come, give it to me now, and it'll be off yer conscience."

"Here it is—What will you buy with it?"

"Coffee!" said Barney, making a solemn face. We gave him the sixpence; the instant he got it

within his fingers, he broke into wild laughter. "Hurroo!" he exclaimed, "thank ye, and God bless ye; but I've changed my mind—I'll buy whiskey—whiskey—ah! ah!"

And so he did; and instead of going quietly to his favourite bed in the stables, he attempted to climb to a window, some forty or fifty feet from the ground, to catch a glimpse of a pretty servant, and in the morning poor Barney was found almost a shapeless mass under the castle walls. We never expected to see him again, but at this present time of writing Barney is alive, and as ready to fall in love as ever.

There was a poor widow, in a parish adjoining our own, who had been bereaved of all her children save one, and he, poor fellow, was almost an idiot. Jack Lacey was tall, and his features fine, yet capable of but one expression, that of the most helpless affection it is possible to imagine; his love and tenderness towards his mother were touching in the extreme; she was his one idea. "They call my poor boy a fool," she would say, "but his folly is sweeter to me than all the wisdom of the world." At last it pleased God to strike the old woman blind; the middleman turned her out of her wayside hut, because she could not pay the few shillings' rent required for it; and the blind widow was led from house to house by her idiot son. We remember how meekly she would stand opposite our parlour window, her white hair combed carefully back from her high, wrinkled forehead, her hands crossed upon her checkered apron; and if the rain fell, or the sun

shone, Jack's hands were immediately busy with her hood, which he would draw carefully over her head. Whatever was given to him he immediately transferred to his mother; nothing was reserved for himself, though he would pick up the crumbs of bread or potato she dropped while eating: if she had not forced him to take food, he would have starved himself to death. Sometimes you would meet them moving cheerfully, though slowly, along the road, or seated under a huge thorn tree, that grew near the old churchyard. It was curious to observe them kneeling outside the chapel door, Jack crossing himself and bowing exactly as his mother did, and then assisting her to rise, as if she were the child, and he the parent. At last the old woman died in a farmer's barn; they had gone to rest as usual, and in the morning poor Jack came out, saying, "Mammy slept so sound he could not wake her." Although the gentlest of creatures, he became quite furious when they attempted to put her in the coffin, and was obliged to be restrained by main force, crying all the time that "Mammy was only sleeping." It was piteous to see him so lonely and desolate during the few weeks he survived her, fading gradually, until at last, poor, fond, faithful fellow! he was found dead upon her humble grave.

"Roving Jimmy" was altogether different from any we have known, but we have heard of his exploits, which were very extraordinary. He was remarkably fleet of foot, would deliver letters or messages without mistake, when certain of

being paid for them, and not caring whether the reward were a penny or a pound; but he would, as he said, sadly enough, "do nothing for love, for love did nothing for him." A more uninteresting or disagreeable person than the Rover it would be impossible to meet; he was a determined pilferer, and had the knack of annoying all who did not contribute to his pockets, which he strapped round his waist; he was miserly in the extreme, and would constantly steal from his right-hand pocket to put into his left, and chuckle over his skill when the transfer was effected. It is a singular proof of the honesty of the Irish poor, that though Jimmy was known to possess a good deal of money, and wandered frequently through districts where the people were starving for want of food, he was as safe as if he had been surrounded by the police. When Jimmy died, the rags of which he formed the centre were found to have been inlaid with coins of various kinds: he died in a widow's out-house, where he had for many a winter's night companioned the pig; and yet the poor woman used every effort to discover "Jimmy's people," before she would appropriate a farthing of his savings to herself.

When visiting the ruins of a celebrated church, we observed to the woman who acted as guide, it was a great pity the nettles were suffered so completely to overshadow every vestige of antiquity that remained in the churchyard. "Ah," said she, "it's easy seeing that poor Jimmy Tullough isn't in it now." "And who was Jimmy Tullough?" we inquired. "Some," she an-

swered, "called him Grey Tullough, others Jimmy; but he was a lone friendless ould man; without any sense at all, he was nothing but a 'natural'—and still he looked sometimes as if his head was full of brains: he was always a grey-headed man in my remembrance; and I heard my mother say she never minded him anything else. There was something about him above the common, for the little boys that do be so fond of running after and making game of 'naturals,' used to stand a one side peaceably, and let him pass, which he did quietly, more like a shadow than a man—his hair hanging about his long lean face; his ould reaping-hook hung across his shoulder, and a straight shillalee like a spear in his hand; on he'd go, turning neither to the right nor the left, keeping his eyes settled on the path before him. If you said 'God save ye kindly' to him out of good-nature, he'd make no answer either by word or sign, but keep on—on—on walking, as if to eternity, whispering and gosthering for evermore something to himself, which mightn't be right, but which we hoped war prayers. He took no pleasure nor divarshin in anything; nor wouldn't take more than a halfpenny from e'er a lord in the land, though sorra a many of them kind in the counthry to tempt him—barrin at an election, when they're as thick and as sweet as May butter. He used to say, 'Copper pays friends—silver makes friends—gold breaks friends;'—indeed he spoke but little any time, and that when nobody spoke to him."

"Then why did you call him a fool?"

“Wisha then, I don’t rightly know. He didn’t care about anything except what I’m going to tell you, and when a body is mighty different from every other body, why we call them fools. Now Grey Tullough he’d steal off, ye see, from one ould ancient place to another, and when he’d get there he’d just begin fair and easy, and cut down every nettle that ever grew on the graves. He’d not uproot them, but he’d cut them down with the reaping-hook, and his poor hands would be blistered by them; but he’d never heed it—he’d keep on until all was finished; and I’ve heard that he’d thravel Ireland doing that holy work, clearing graves and ould ancient places of weeds and nettles: and sure moonlight and daylight was all one to him, he’d no fear in him of spirit or body. I’ll never forget one night—one whole night—and above all nights in the year it was midsummer eve, and I couldn’t sleep myself, nor a wink never came on my husband’s eyes, with the trembling to think of that innocent ould man passing that night alone in sich a place as this very churchyard, with the Lord above knows who for company; and that ancient round tower looking down on him—for what do ye think, but he was cutting down the nettles in this place that holy night; and the next morning, just as I had turned out the potatoes, he came in as gentle as a lamb, and *sot* down in his ould place, the childer making room for the stranger, as it’s natural they should.

“ ‘God save ye!’ says I.

“ ‘Kindly welcome!’ says my husband.

“But not a word came out of Grey Tullough’s head; only he sot as steadfast as if he was making laws. ‘Take a sup of milk to the dry potato,’ I said. ‘Let him alone,’ makes answer my husband, ‘sure maybe he see something last night, and is conning over his prayers.’

“*‘I never see anything worse than myself,’* says the old man, shaking his head, while my husband and I looked at each other, for the craythur had seen a dale of things, and a power of people in his time, and yet was counted nothing but a natural, no one minding what they said or did before him, because they thought him an innocent; and sure it put us a-past everything, to hear such a thing from his old, white, trembling lips, and he out at all hours and in all places; and we all know some of those naturals have a deal of insight given them; for, if the Lord thinks fit to shut out the reason and sense of this world from them, he opens their eyes to the sights of air and wather, and maybe earth, that we have no call at all to: and then to hear him say that he never saw anything worse than himself made us think of ourselves; and we signed the sign of the cross between us and harm. And when he see us doing that, he gave a heavier sigh than before, and, without putting bit or sup inside his lips, he went out and came and stood under the shadow of the round tower—where I stand now. ‘Let him alone,’ says my husband, ‘for depend on it he’s a cruel sinner,’ he says. Well, somehow my heart turned the

more to the craythur on that very account; and taking *the needles* as an excuse, I kept by the door knitting away; and at last my husband went to his work, charging me not to heed Jimmy Tullough. So as soon as he was out of sight, I thought I'd look for a fresh egg in the hen's nest, and roast it for the poor ould man, who must be weak in himself after the night's fast, and I just turned to where the hen had her place in the thatch, and finding one, I put it in the turf ashes, and went out to get him in; but he was gone. 'The Lord save us,' I said, 'that's quare.' Well, I came within the blessed walls, and sorra a nettle he had left standing; I looked into the round tower, and beside the crosses, and under the walls of the ould ancient chapel; and getting to the top I could see every sparrow that hopped the hedge for half a mile round; but sorra a sight of Grey Tullough did I ever see from that day to this. Some," she added with an air of mystery, and in a half whisper, "say that he wasn't upon the world at all—only a spirit; and that his time was up."

"And what do you think?" we inquired.

"Ah!" she answered, "sure thinking comes to nothing in the likes of that; it was mighty quare for a natural to say he never see anything worse than himself. Any way the nettles grow now, which they wouldn't do if Grey Tullough was in it."

Our sympathies were, some time ago, strongly excited by a young woman known by no other name we ever heard of but Mary. Mary's eyes

were of that meaningless, moonlight cast that express nothing, and are painful from their vacuity. Unlike many of her kind, she was remarkably clean and exact in her person, and very fond of finery. The girl might have been about twenty, when, to the horror of every one—though known from her birth as a poor gentle idiot—she became a mother; her baby grew an animated intelligent little creature; and it was wonderful to see what new ideas seemed to be awakened in the poor mother by the presence of her child. She washed it invariably several times a day, and would deck it with scraps of finery and fresh flowers, as children do their dolls. At last it caught the small-pox; and Mary was told she must leave it quiet on the little bed her kind aunt had provided for it. Apparently, Mary mistook the manifestations of the disease for dirt spots on the skin; and having succeeded in getting it out of the cabin, she flew with it to the beach, where she commenced scrubbing it all over with the wet sea-sand. In another day the little laughing blue-eyed child was dead; it died silently on its mother's arm while she was asleep; and the woman who watched them both, thought the kindest thing she could do was to remove the infant without her knowledge.

Of course she sought it everywhere in vain. For days and days she could not be prevailed upon to taste food, and in the night-time wandered unceasingly from place to place, seeking "ba—ba," and weeping herself to rest under the trees or hedges. After a time her wander-

ing senses resolved themselves into one idea—that some one had stolen her child for its beauty. She accosts every one she meets with the painful question—“Have you seen my child?—have you got my child?” and then waits the reply with the most broken-hearted look it is possible to imagine. We were somewhat startled the first time she approached us. She lifted our cloak with a wild excited smile, and said—“Oh lady, have you got my child?” She then turned away with a changed countenance and a heavy sigh, only to repeat the same question to the next stranger. Mary wanders in towns, and is as intent upon the discovery of her child in a crowded city as in the country. She will glide like a ghost through a fair, repeating her inquiry in the most pathetic tones; and the reply from the peasant women is always accompanied by a blessing. “No Mary, avourneen, we haven’t got your child, ye craythur—we wish we had,” or—“No Mary, darlint—ask it from the Lord above, agra!” And poor Mary will inquire who that is? “Hear her, the innocent! Oh then may He look down with mercy on you, Mary, asthore! see how broken-hearted she looks! Why, then, hard fortune to the vylian that brought you to the knowledge of such sorrow; but for him you might be as you war, a quiet, harmless natural—*dancing to the music of yer own heart*, by the side of the strames—or tying the hair, that used to shine like a sun-beam, up with wild flowers. Well now, only it’s the will of God, I’d say why are such cray-

thurs sent into the world at all? just to make us more grateful, maybe, for the small senses we have ourselves. There—she's gone again, poor Mary, avourneen—you'll see your child no more—and sure so best; though we don't say that when our own are taken from us."

Peter Purcel was a mixture of shrewdness and absurdity, cunning and simplicity; a compound of nature and art, and sometimes nature without art; stringing truisms on so slender a thread that it broke before his work was finished, and then laughing at his own mistakes. At times one might imagine him not only a rational, but a deeply-thinking creature—almost a philosopher—and listen to the wisdom that fell from his lips; when lo! a sudden change would compel the conviction that the poor fellow was "only a fool!" Perhaps either conclusion would have been equally wrong.

Peter Purcel was called "a natural," and he knew it, and used to pun upon the term; saying, "it was better to be a natural, than *un*-natural, which many people that weren't naturals were." He was a tall, thin, fantastic-looking creature, whose clothes were most miraculously kept together, being a heap of threads and patches, stitched here and there with pack-thread or twine. Still Peter generally managed to have a clean shirt, and, moreover, took as much pleasure in arranging his hair as a young girl would do, as it fell on either side of his pale, lank visage. The peculiarity of Peter's attire, however, was a sort of conical cap, which

he had formed of crows' feathers, and which he designated his helmet, and expected every one to admire.

"For shame, Peter, to kill the poor birds and then steal their feathers!" we said to him one day.

"Me kill?—me!" he exclaimed, while springing from the ground, as was his constant habit when excited; and such an observation was sure to agitate him. "Me kill anything!—I who know life, feel life, love life. Me take life from any living thing! Me! Oh yarra! yarra! wirras-thru! me! or steal—is it me! Sha'! sha'! it's enough to set me dancin'-mad to hear the likes! Ah the fine, handsome, black birdeens, that knows the paths in the air, while mighty knowledgeable men can hardly find them on the earth—the beautiful crows, they know the differ; they know me, and I know them and their language—Ah! ah! caw they go, and down comes a feather! '*That's for you, Peter,*' down it comes, a token of good-will—a coal-black feather—to Peter Purcel from the king of the crows! Fine birds they are, wise birds; did you never hear their prayers? I did; just when the grey light comes stealing out of heaven; the old king crow, he that nests in the tall fir-tree, caws to his queen—the old queen—and then to his people, and then they shake the dew off their feathers and trim their wings, and then they rise, as one bird, in the air and pray."

"And what do they say, Peter?"

"Maybe they wouldn't like me to tell; but

I'll tell you. I don't mind telling you, for you feed the small singing birds: they pray to be kept from the sins of man; they pray for plenty, and for peace; they're the *rale* united Irishmen—the black-bands of the air. I love the crows—hurrah for the crows! the coal-black crows!" And then he would wave his feathered helmet, and shout and dance.

Poor Peter Purcel was kind to every living thing, but his heart was in our rookery, a square field midway up the avenue that was filled with tall fir-trees, planted before it was imagined that trees would grow so near the sea: there a colony of rooks had established themselves, long, long ago, and there they were suffered to remain unmolested; but as the young plantations grew up about the house, the rooks thought it prudent to emigrate, and while the denizens of their old world remained at home, they drove the young birds to the plantations; and here a war of extermination was commenced against them. Nests, eggs, and birds were destroyed with impunity. Poor Peter was in a state of frenzy; he used to go about with his bosom crammed full of young crows and crows' eggs, saved from the fangs of the gardener's boys; and "*keen*" over his favourites when they died, as if he had lost his dearest relative.

"Ah, thin, it's little yer mother thought when she lined yer nest, and rocked with the storm over the wonderful shell that held ye, ye poor birdeens, it's little she thought the end ye'd come to! Ah, God help us! we're all born, but those

not dead don't know what's before them, and so best: and sure the hand that made desolate yer nest may stretch out for food yet, and have none to get! When the Almighty made Paradise, and put the holy saints in it, and beasts, and things to cover the earth, he set the trees for the shelter of them, and the dwelling of the birds of the air; he made both the one and the other; but man is so cruel, birdeen agra! that he says, 'I'll have all the tree; though I haven't the skill to build a nest in it, and am *obligated* to live in a mud-house under it, still you shan't keep what I can't have, because I am a man, and ye are a bird!'—that's man's justice, birdeen, a lanan." And so he would go on for half the length of a spring day, mingling wisdom and folly together, as we never heard them mingled since.

On Valentine's-day he always took up his station close to the gateway that led into the rookery. He gave names to particular crows, and affirmed that he knew them all. As the season advanced, woe to the urchin who attempted to ascend a tree or pelt a crow. Peter would watch their coming and going, as a mother does the coming and going of a beloved child. When he saw a steady pair wheel off to seek food for their young, he would stand under the tree, and sing and talk "nursery nonsense" to the nestlings; if the birds made a great clamour, or, as he called it, a "bobbery," he would grub up a handful of earth worms, ascend the tree, imitate the noise of the parent crows in a most laughable manner, and, having fed the young, descend with the

agility of a squirrel, and then, with great gravity, inform the old rooks on their return of the civility he had shown to their offspring.

We remember asking him, somewhat foolishly, one morning, if the crows prayed more on Sundays than on any other day.

"No," replied Peter, "they pray as much every day as Christians do on Sunday."

Long observation had taught him the path through the air the rooks would take on their return after a predatory excursion; and it was no unusual thing for Peter Purcel to go and meet them, and shout and dance when the dark flock came in sight. In winter he never asked for food or raiment for himself, but begged unceasingly for food for the crows; and if refused by the servants, would appeal to the master.

"They have," said he, on one occasion, "a tenant's right; they *war* bred, born, and reared on yer honour's estate; and more, they have a right to labourer's wages, for they ate the grub that would ate the grain."

Peter was a great Marplot; if snares were set by the gardeners or gamekeepers for vermin, he was sure to defeat their object by destroying the snares; and it was no uncommon thing for the cook to find at liberty the chickens she had set apart in a particular coop for immediate use; yet when they were cooked, Peter would eat them: he was often upbraided with this inconsistency, but only replied with his usual half-laugh, half-shout.

Once, having detected a weazel at the instant

it had pounced upon a poor rabbit, and having made prisoners of them both, one under one arm, and the other under the other, he did not exactly know how to act; after much deliberation, he let the rabbit go in a clover-field, and then, sitting down in his favourite rookery, despite the creature's struggles, he extracted the weazels teeth with an old penknife.

It was always pleasant to meet Peter in the country roads and boreens, for he was certain to say something quaint or strange. One evening we found him gathering wild flowers. "Here!" he exclaimed, "isn't this daisy the very moral of Mary Moore, with her round, white, starry face, and yalla breast-knot? and this, this little blue 'forget-me-never,' that's my mother, my own mother, in heaven! they put her in the abbey-yard, and say she's in heaven; the 'forget-me-never' grows round her grave—over where she's laid, and these are her eyes, sure enough! Here's the tansey, the bitter tansey; that's Molly the cook, of a fast-day in a black Lent, when she smells the meat, and can't eat it, can't eat it, can't eat it! and"—the idea of the cook being unable to partake of the savoury messes she took so much pleasure to prepare, was too much for his imagination. He tossed the flowers in the air, flung up his feathered cap, and shouted his wild senseless joy.

Time passed on, and we left the scenes of our childhood, to return to them only as a visitor. Modern improvement had decreed that the old rookery should be uprooted: this was sorrowful

news to poor Peter Purcel, who first prayed against such a course, and then preached against it, long and loudly. Of course, the poor natural's remonstrances were made in vain; but the dispersing of the colony, and the noise of the woodman's axe, had such an effect upon him, that, like a turbulent child, he was locked up until all was over. Peter managed to make his escape at the moment the last tree was felled, the very tree which he used to call "King Crow's Palace." Ascending a mound, at the foot of which he had often sheltered, he looked upon the felled timber, the half-uprooted stumps, the crushed and mutilated boughs, with an expression of the most intense anguish. It was evening, and the poor rooks hovered like a pall above their once-loved home.

"Hear me, birdeens," exclaimed Peter Purcel, with his usual extravagant action, "hear me; the time isn't far off, when he who has turned the black-bands from their ould castles will have no more call to the land he now stands on than ye have to what ye hang over at this minute, nor so much; ye'll be the best off then, birds of the air; he can't hinder ye from that; you'll be as free of the air as ever, when he won't have a foot of land to call his own!"

The estate soon afterwards changed masters, and the poor people talk of Peter Purcel's prophecy to this day. There is a proverb also current amongst them, when speaking of people who are much attached; they say, "As fond of each other as Peter Purcel and the crows."

The Kilkenny coal is chiefly raised in the vicinity of Castle Comer, a town about ten miles due north of the city, and not far from the borders of the county of Carlow and the Queen's county; and, in fact, "the Coal-field" ¹⁶ extends into both these counties, being fourteen miles in length and eleven in breadth. The collieries have been worked for nearly a century and a half. According to Dr. Boate, their discovery was accidental; but the use of the coal was, in his time, limited to their immediate neighbourhood, "because, the mines being far from rivers, the transportation is too chargeable by land." They were first worked by Sir Christopher Wandesford, who had purchased the township from the Brennans, the ancient proprietors, the last representative of whom died in indigent circumstances about the year 1795.

On approaching the coal district, the observer is at once struck by the abruptness of the ridges that form the outer edge of the basin. The hills, rising eight or nine hundred, and, in some cases, one thousand feet above the surrounding country, are cultivated nearly to their summits, which are unusually flat, and covered, generally, with a thin stratum of peat, among which are frequently found the remains of huge trees, that must have at one period completely clothed their surface.¹⁷

On ascending the sides of either of these mountains, the prospect is amazingly fine, opening to view an immense extent of level country, agreeably diversified by wood and water, and thickly studded with towns and villages. But on reach-

ing their heights, and looking towards the coal basin, a remarkable change takes place, the country assuming an aspect totally different. Flat, dreary, and almost barren hills, stretching in lengthened lines across a thinly populated surface, give to it an aspect cheerless and uninviting; the unpleasing effect of which is increased by large heaps of "deads," *i. e.* rubbish thrown out from the underground works, consisting of slate, small coal, and the deleterious compounds of sulphur, so abundantly diffused throughout the district: they lie scattered through the corn-fields and meadows as well as the less productive tracts, small regard being paid to the interests of the farmer, as by the stannary law the miner is allowed to proceed where he will in his search after coal. Heightening the ill character of the scene are huge unpicturesque engines, and large "gins" worked by horses, scattered among the miserable hovels of the colliers, gathered around both the old and the new workings. The unfavourable impression thus produced is by no means removed on a nearer inspection of the localities of the mines; particularly during winter, when most of the workings are filled with surface water.

The geology of "the Leinster coal district" is extremely simple; the granite country of Carlow is succeeded by beds of limestone, consisting of almost every variety of this rock—from that of a loose, shivery, grey limestone, breaking into indetermined angular fragments, to the most solid kind, usually denominated black or Kil-

kenny marble. This formation, from the imbedded organic remains which are so abundantly diffused throughout its members, is distinctly referable to the mountain or carboniferous limestone system. Notwithstanding all that has been advanced in support of the assertion made by some geologists, that no coal exists in the first six hundred feet of the slate-clay which immediately succeeds the limestone, a coal does exist in immediate contact with it, as may be seen by an examination of the strata exposed in a quarry on the farm of Rathtilig, near Arles, Queen's County, belonging to the Hon. Mr. Butler. It has been suggested to us, that this fact may be accounted for by the edges of the basin having been forced up by the convulsion which formed it, and thereby brought the coal into close but artificial proximity to the limestone. In this the seam is exposed for a considerable distance; and, although in very disturbed ground, it is about two feet six inches in thickness at the verge or outcrop; and culm raised from it has been employed in burning lime in the quarry. Besides this there are eighteen distinct veins of coal, varying in thickness from a few inches to four feet, and of which number ten are now workable; but when a more scientific system comes into operation, some of those which have hitherto been neglected will be found available. These seams of coal are interstratified with the usual alternations of sandstone, slaty sandstone, slate-clay, claystone, or clunch, and clay ironstone, in thin beds. The fossil remains con-

tained in these strata, in some instances, consist of marine shells, similar to those of the inferior limestone; but the greater number consist of parts of stems of arborescent ferns and aquatic plants, interspersed with the shells of fresh-water mollusca.

One remarkable difference is observable between the coal of this district and that of the anthracitous, or stone-coal districts of South Wales: in the former, the entire of the coal, from the base to the summit of the hill, is of one uniform character; whilst in the latter there is a gradual departure from the true anthracite, which is only developed amongst the bottom members of the series, until, in its most bituminous state, it is found occupying the upper part of the same district. The cause of this great difference is, that inferior seams of coal in South Wales were formed, like the Kilkenny anthracite, by heat and pressure; but in the superior seams, heat was not present.

The qualities of this Kilkenny coal, as we have remarked, are very singular. In consuming it emits neither flame nor smoke, and it leaves but a trifling residue of ashes; in fact, from the ingredients of the coal, it is impossible that any of these should occur. The analysis is as follows—

Carbon	96.95	in 100 parts
Dark Grey Ashes (metallic oxides)....	3.00	ditto
Sulphur	0.05	ditto
	—	100.00;

showing that the part producing the flame and

smoke in the English coal is entirely wanting in this—we mean the bitumen, which is usually 50 per cent. of the whole.

This absence of bitumen admirably fits it for all culinary purposes to which it may be applied, and also renders it an excellent coal for generating steam for engines, although the form of the furnace must be different from that in which bituminous coal is consumed. In using it for this purpose alone, a saving of at least 50 per cent. is effected, as, from its superior density, a ton of it will last as long as a ton and a half of English coal. A further saving consists in the doing away with stokers, &c., which are unnecessary, as the coal has not that tendency to clinker and choke the furnace bars, which we find so detrimental in the bituminous coal.¹⁸

Notwithstanding the numerous and very great improvements that of late years have been introduced into mining operations in this country, the collieries of Kilkenny, instead of making simultaneous advances, seem rather to be in a retrograding condition; certainly no symptoms of radical improvement are visible. This, probably, arises more from an antipathy on the part of the working classes to the introduction of anything they have not been previously accustomed to, and an injudicious selection of colliery agents, than to a want of spirit and liberality in the proprietors themselves.

The prevailing opinion is, that almost the entire coal of the Kilkenny district has been wrought out. This may be correct as regards the upper

beds. It is also equally undeniable that immense deposits of coal do exist, and are attainable by sinking to a lower level; but, as the increased depth would compel the conduct of operations on a regular scientific plan, a large tract of coal being wrought from one pit, and the thorough ventilation of the works kept up by a system of draughts or currents of air—not after the rabbit-warren system which has been pursued in removing the coals from the shallower level—the proprietors, instead of adopting these measures, have abandoned their works; not wishing to risk either their lives or properties in the introduction of a new method, which, although tending materially to ameliorate the condition of the colliers and working men, would nevertheless be strenuously opposed by the great majority of them, as an invasion of their rights.

The present produce of the Leinster collieries is extremely variable (particularly the hard coal), as it depends entirely on the accidental discovery of the pillars and barriers left to prevent the exfoliation of the roof in the former workings; the fact that no records of the underground workings have been preserved, will account for the uncertainty that exists in the search after these remnants of remote operations. The average quantity of hard coal now raised may therefore be estimated at about 40,000 tons, and of culm, 75,000 tons annually; of this the Doonane colliery contributes the largest portion. The principal part of this coal is consumed in the neighbouring towns, although it is

occasionally carried to places at great distances; but in these cases it is usually employed in the process of malting, &c., for which purpose it is admirably adapted.

“The excellent qualities of the Kilkenny coal,” observes Mr. Tighe, “for particular uses, are well known in Ireland: no fuel dries malt so well, and this without any preparation; it is excellent for the forge, and for most works in iron; in every manufacture, where steady heat is required, devoid of smoke, it cannot be excelled; nor does it dirty the flues when it is used.”¹⁹ Its use in private houses, however, by persons who are careless or not accustomed to it, is disagreeable and often noxious. The vast quantity of carbonic acid gas evolved and formed during the ignition, not only diminishes the quantity of pure vital air, but, being so much heavier than atmospheric air, subsides and mingles with the lower stratum of it, which must be breathed by the inhabitants. And it is observable, that in the lower parts of the town its effects are more sensibly felt than in the higher. When breathed in any quantity, this air produces heaviness in the head, diminished circulation, torpor, and fainting; in close rooms it has the suffocating effect of charcoal, but its smell is much heavier and more disagreeable. Even in Kilkenny, therefore, the coal is not much used by the higher classes; and the lower orders, very naturally, prefer turf. To our minds, the fire it made was cheerless to the eye, and exceedingly unpleasant to the smell.

The principal marble quarry of Kilkenny is situated about half a mile south of the city; the marble is black, and some of it remarkably pure. Mr. Colles, the proprietor of the mills, exports annually to England about 100 tons of it, and obtains in exchange the marble of Italy, which he works up with the produce of the quarry into chimney-pieces, &c., which he frequently inlays with coloured stones, and adorns with sculptures in relief. The marble generally contains a variety of impressions, of madrepores, of bivalve, and of turbate shells. "Mytilites, turbinites, pectenites, tellinites, tubiporites, nautilites, and ammonites, may be distinguished, and perhaps most of the testaceous marks usually found in such stones." One water-wheel, by machinery, saws and polishes slabs with the power of forty men. There is a quantity of marble rock through every part of the country; and in many places may be seen the most beautiful specimens of madreporic marble in the loose stone walls on the high roads; and in fact all the stone in and around Kilkenny is marble, with beautiful madreporic and shells mixed through it, which, when calcined by the air or heat of the fire in chimney-pieces, appear so that sometimes you imagine you could pluck out the perfect shell. It is much used for tomb and head-stones; and it was very striking to note it among the ruins of ancient churches in the vicinity—polished by the hand of time, and pointing out the graves of the humblest peasants. About three or four miles north of Kilkenny, and in the immediate vicinity

of other quarries, are the singular caves of Dunmore. We borrow from the survey of Mr. Tighe a description of the principal cave. "It is situated not far from the edge of the calcareous district, a little south of the church of Methell, and in a cultivated field on the slope of a gentle hill. A large oval pit, about fifty yards by forty wide, first appears, which seems to have been formed by the sinking in of the surface, where it had least to support it; in the eastern end is the mouth of the cave, to which the rubbish of stone and clay forms a deep descent of above seventy feet from the opposite quarter: the sides of the pit are almost perpendicular; the strata nearly horizontal and thin, with cavities containing spars and crystals. Rabbits often burrow near the entrance, and wild pigeons live within the first cavity. Some of the plants within the pit, and before the arch at the entrance, are the *Glechoma hederacea*, ground ivy; Ir. *Athain luss*; a plant considered holy by the common people,²⁰ and carried as a charm against fairies, particularly on St. John's night; *Asplenium scolopendrium*, hart's-tongue spleenwort; Ir. *lugh na much y fian*, or, plant of the wild boar; *Sambucus nigra*, black elder. The first cavern is irregularly shaped, of a large circumference; the roof near fifty feet high, and the floor sloping downwards; towards the left, a narrow passage leads by a slippery ascent to the interior, where a vast variety of stalactitic forms, assisted by the inequality of the rock, amuse the spectator; the cave grows narrow, and again

widens into a large apartment; beyond are winding passages and other cavities, in one of which the cave is said to run out towards the other side of the hill, and that the light can be seen through a chink; it certainly goes in that direction, and might be opened at the other end. The bottom is always slippery; stalactites are continually formed by the dripping water, and calcareous sinter is deposited in various shapes on the sides and bottom. In one part of the inner cavern, imagination supposes it to take the form of an organ, in another that of a cross, or of an altar. Pieces of the transparent alabaster taken out of this cave have been occasionally polished, and worked into tables and vases, and it is surprising that they are not an object of manufacture in an extensive manner. The quantity is great; it can be detached in large masses, and an easier entrance might be opened to the other end of the cavern. A stream of water passes through the cave at a great distance from its mouth, and many skulls and bones have been found not a great way from this stream, and in other parts far within the cavity; some of the skulls were enveloped in calcareous spar. In or near this cave some clay coloured by carbon, and called black chalk, has been taken up."

It has never been entirely explored; and there is a report current that it runs along underground until it communicates with the castle in Kilkenny. It has been even affirmed, that the voices of people talking in the Tholsel have been heard in the cave.

At Ballyspellan and Castlecomer, both within the limits of the coal district, are chalybeate springs, whose waters are much frequented for the medicinal qualities they are supposed to possess. Nevertheless, the strength of these springs is not so great as that of the waters which issue from the deep bore-holes and mines of the collieries, owing, in part, to the surface-water mixing more freely with them.

However, the spa at Ballyspellan, in addition to the sulphate of iron held in solution, contains a considerable portion of carbonic acid gas, which it probably derives from its proximity to the carboniferous limestone.

From these lighter subjects we turn to one of very considerable importance.

The "Loan Societies" of Ireland claimed our earliest attention. At Cahir, in the county of Tipperary, we had the first opportunity of testing their practical working. On applying at the office there, the books were readily submitted to us, and it was with no considerable surprise as well as gratification we found, that although from the first of June, 1839, to the thirtieth of June, 1840, a sum of £3792 had been lent to 1306 borrowers, the institution had not sustained a loss of a single shilling—that the "securities" were applied to in only fifty-three cases, and summoned in but one instance. The same result followed our inquiries at Waterford—"no loss whatever having occurred to the society from any default in repayments." We had afterwards abundant opportunities for ascertaining

that these proofs of the honesty of the peasantry of Ireland, who constitute by far the largest proportion of the borrowers, were not accidental, but were borne out by similar evidence, derived from nearly every district throughout the country. We have, therefore, thought it our duty to procure all the necessary documents connected with the subject, in order to communicate such information concerning it as we have thought would interest our readers—prefacing our remarks by some account of the several attempts to establish loan funds in Ireland, prior to the introduction of their establishment under government control.

The advantage to the poorer classes of small loans of money to purchase implements of trade, early attracted the notice of the Irish Parliament; and at various periods during the last century, associations of benevolent individuals organised themselves for the purpose of forming, by voluntary subscriptions, a capital stock, to be lent out to industrious tradesmen, on the joint security of one or more persons for repayment of the loan within twelve months, and without interest. These private societies realised so fully the expectations of their promoters, that in 1778 the subject came before parliament. A musical society existed in Dublin, which, from the year 1756, had applied the receipts of their concerts to loan society purposes; and the existing managers of that society were, with several public officers, incorporated in 1778, (by the 17th and 18th Geo. III. c. 12,) as a Charitable Loan Society, giving them extensive powers to hold

property, and to open branches throughout the country. Legacies have been left to the society, but its funds are now greatly diminished, many of the branches are extinct, and such as remain have no connexion whatever with the parent musical society in Dublin.²¹

During the last thirty years, various associations have been formed in London with the view of improving the condition of the Irish peasantry. Some of these associations bestowed pecuniary grants to encourage the straw-hat manufacture, and others to improve the fisheries, or the state of agriculture, either by small loans of money, or by grants of fishing-tackle, or of farming or manufacturing implements. These transactions were carried on through the medium of local committees, who corresponded with the parent associations in London.

The beneficial effects of these institutions being generally acknowledged, it was deemed advisable to introduce a new bill for their further encouragement, as the musical society act of 1778 had substantially fallen into desuetude. This new bill (which passed in May, 1823,) enacted, that any number of persons desirous of forming a charitable loan society, either by lending small sums of money or implements of industry, should lodge with the clerk of the peace a copy of their rules; that loans not exceeding £10 in any one year might be made to any person upon notes of hand, which would be free of stamp duty; that these loans would be recoverable by the treasurer of the society; that

legal interest only would be chargeable; that none of the trustees or managers were to receive any remuneration, but clerks were to be paid such salaries, or other necessary expenses, as the rules of each society sanctioned. Any looms, wheels, or other implements lent out by a society, were, before delivery, to be stamped, and were to be saved from distraint for rent or debt.

A few years additional experience demonstrated that many abuses were creeping in, under the act of 1823, and that the beneficial principles of the loan fund system could not be worked out without an alteration in the law. For although the trustees and directors of loan societies were personally excluded from all remuneration, yet by the sweeping language "of all necessary expenses" to be paid to clerks, without any limit, members of the families of directors were in some instances largely remunerated, and little or no profit was realised. Some of the London associations issued their grants also to the local committees free of interest; and as many of these committees charged the borrowers six per cent., a large profit arose, which was, however, swallowed up by expensive and irresponsible management.

To meet these circumstances, an act passed in 1836, authorising the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to appoint a Central Board of Commissioners, with power to inspect the books of all loan societies established under the act. The rules also were to be examined and certified by

a revising barrister before being lodged with the clerk of the peace; and any society violating the rules was liable to suspension by the board. The loans were to be repayable by instalments, and interest not exceeding the rate of sixpence in the pound for twenty weeks, was chargeable to the borrower; while all profits over and above the limited expense of management were to be appropriated to local charitable purposes, such as maintaining an hospital or school, or aiding in the purchase of clothing or fuel for the poor, &c., and each society was also to send up to the board a yearly account of its proceedings. In 1838 an amendment of the act passed, giving the board power to reduce prospectively the salaries to clerks, if they were out of proportion to the extent of business; and every treasurer was imperatively required to find security. The board were also directed to report annually to parliament.

In compliance with the direction, three reports have already been delivered; the first being printed by order of the House of Commons, on the 27th of August, 1839, and the two latter having been presented to both Houses by command of her Majesty.

The first and second reports are but scanty documents, and we have heard great complaints of the inaccuracy of the tables appended to them, but have reason to believe that the Irish government, awake to the magnitude of the interests at stake, have taken measures for insuring more satisfactory returns for the future; and the

amplitude and correctness of the report for the past year (1840) confirms this supposition.

It appears by this report that the increase of the loan fund system has been in the following ratio:—

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE
LOAN FUND SYSTEM IN IRELAND, AS EXHIBITED IN THE
REPORTS OF THE CENTRAL BOARD TO PARLIAMENT.

Years.	No. of Societies transmitting Annual Accounts to the Board.	Amount circulated.	No. of Borrowers.	Net Profit applicable to Charity.
		£		£
1838	50	180,526	148,528	2,547
1839	157	816,473	352,469	11,047
1840	215	1,164,046	463,750	15,477

This alone, one might suppose, affords sufficient evidence of the value of the system—that in two years a circulation of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds should have increased to one million, one hundred, and sixty-four thousand; and when it is considered that this large amount, drawn from the pockets of those who are well able to spare it, and to whom it yields a handsome interest for its use, is circulated amongst the poorest class of the people in loans averaging about £3 each, it seems a waste of argument to defend it.

As, however, attacks are constantly made on the loan fund system, and some persons, perhaps, mistake the assertions of parties opposed to it for arguments, we shall endeavour to take a short and impartial review of the whole subject in its

present state and future bearings on the moral and social condition of the people of Ireland; believing it to have a large and most important influence upon both.²²

The history and formation of a properly conducted loan fund is this. The resident gentry of some locality in which no loan society exists, perceive that such an institution is required, or would benefit the people in the district. A meeting is called, and as many as are inclined to become depositors state their intention of taking debentures from the new society, for which they receive interest, in some places five and in others six per cent. One party is voted treasurer, another honorary secretary, and three or four others trustees. Rules for the government of the society are then drawn up, and it is imperative that each set of rules shall contain a provision that no manager or trustee shall directly or indirectly derive any profit from it. Another rule must ascertain the limit to which the managers shall be at liberty to go in expenses of management; and a third, that the treasurer shall become bound with solvent sureties in a reasonable amount for the faithful performance of his duties. These rules are then transmitted to the secretary in Dublin Castle, for the approval of the Board, who make any alteration in them they may deem expedient, and the copy is then returned to the society, that three fair transcripts may be made and sent up for certification. On their reaching the secretary he submits them to the certifying

barrister, who, if they are in accordance with the acts, attaches his certification and signature that such is the case. One of these transcripts is then lodged in the office of the secretary to the Board, another with the clerk of the peace of the county in which the society is situate, and the third is transmitted to the treasurer of the society as a voucher that his society is entitled to the privileges conferred by the act.

The society is then in legal existence, and commences operations. A person is appointed clerk, and to him the intending borrowers apply for application papers, for each of which a penny or a halfpenny is generally charged. This being filled up and returned by the applicant, his solvency and general character, with that of his sureties, is considered, by one or two of the trustees in council met for the purpose, and if approved, the full loan applied for, or such portion of it as they may think proper to grant, is paid to the borrower, stopping, at the time the loan is issued, sixpence in the pound by way of interest. The borrower then receives a card, on which the amount lent to him is entered, and the instalments he pays are marked off. A duplicate of this, or a proper account of the transaction, is of course booked by the society. The borrower, and his sureties for him, bind themselves to repay the amount of the loan in twenty weeks, by instalments of one shilling in the pound per week. Thus, if a borrower applies for a loan of £5, which is approved, the society hands him £4 17s.

6d., retaining two shillings and sixpence as interest. He then pays five shillings for twenty weeks, and the £5 is paid off. Should the borrower run into default, he subjects himself in most societies to a fine of one penny for the first week, and threepence for the second and every succeeding week on each pound lent him; and should he remain two weeks in default, his sureties receive notice that they will be sued for the amount, together with the fines incurred, and unless the borrower comes in, this is immediately done. But in the very great majority of cases no such steps are necessary, the poor borrowers generally being very punctual in their repayments.

It has been objected by some, that the borrowers lose their time in repaying these instalments; but in practice the personal attendance of the borrower or his sureties is seldom given. The instalments of a whole neighbourhood are frequently brought in by a child, or some old person, fit for no other employment, who goes, *per vicem*, for two or three townlands. "Indeed," remarks the Rev. Mr. Nixon of Castle Town, "it is quite delightful to see the confidence reposed by the borrowers in the persons who carry their instalments, and also the fidelity and accuracy, nay, even the tact, that these latter evince in the discharge of the duty they have undertaken."

It has been argued, that security from loss has arisen in consequence of the powers which the law gives for the recovery of the loans; but the observation is equally applicable to societies more

strictly private. For example, in New Ross a society has been established upwards of forty years, for the lending small sums to the poor; and the sum lost during the whole of that period is within five pounds. This fact we give upon the authority of the Rev. George Carr: we could adduce others equally strong, and we have no doubt might receive similar statements from nearly every institution of the kind in Ireland. We rejoice greatly at the opportunity thus supplied us of bearing out, by unquestionable proofs, our own opinions in favour of the honesty of the Irish peasant. It is indeed a subject upon which satisfactory evidence is especially necessary; for it has been too frequently and too generally questioned in England, where, upon this topic particularly, much prejudice prevails, and where it has been far too long the custom to

“ Judge the many by the rascal few.”

We, therefore, from the very minute inquiries we have instituted, have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion, that the loan funds in Ireland may be made mighty engines either for good or evil, according as they may be worked and superintended. Where properly managed, they cannot fail to exercise a vast influence on the moral and social condition of the people; where conducted carelessly, or by parties endeavouring to force business for their own gain, they may be indeed considered a moral pestilence, blighting the energies of the surrounding population, and fostering habits of improvidence or dishonesty.

We cannot lay too much stress on the many practical proofs furnished by these loan societies of the honesty of the Irish peasant. It will suffice to say, that the losses have been so insignificant as to form scarcely an item of consideration in the plans and prospects of any society. We may here take the opportunity of offering some comments upon another phase of Irish character, which, as in some degree connected with this subject, will not seem out of place.

It is a very general feeling in many parts of Ireland, that if "restitution" be made for an injury, the injured party ought never to allude to the injury again.

"I know I bate him within an inch of his life, your honour," said a peasant to a magistrate, before whom he was brought for an assault; "but didn't I offer him *restitution*?"

"What restitution?" inquired the gentleman.

"Just then to let him give me the same sort of a bating in return; and after that, it's very mane of him to say a word about it."

Amid the multitude of mendicants that abounded in Ireland in our childish days, it was no uncommon thing for one more witty, more daring, more troublesome, more educated, or, if possible, more unfortunate than others of his class, to establish himself in a sort of intimacy at the houses of the gentry; become privileged to enter the avenue, without being questioned at the lodge, and pretty certain of having his demands complied with, either from habit—that powerful leader of our actions—or from pity, or

some undisputed claim, which the beggar *par excellence* held, and which he was in no way disposed to relinquish. We remember one of these, James Furlong, "the long beggarman," with a degree of terror which, were we to meet him now, we do not think we should be quite able to overcome—so strong are the impressions of childhood. There was something fierce, determined, and mysterious about him; his bushy white eyebrows hung over his grey eyes so as to conceal them, except when suddenly he elevated his brow, and then they rolled and glared fearfully. His grizzled hair folded round his throat, and was topped by a little brown wig, that looked more like a forsaken crow's nest than anything else to which we can liken it; his greatcoat was secured at his throat by an old rusty dagger, and the sleeves hung loosely at either side; he was remarkably erect and powerful, and no one cared to refuse him what he demanded as a tribute rather than a charity. Beggars were generally well content with meal, potatoes, or food of any kind; their rags were seldom renewed—they hung together, as we have said, by a mystery, and the cottagers willingly supplied them shelter; but James Furlong would never go away without money. Food he did not ask for; but he tormented "his gentlemen and ladies" for money, and to obtain it, he would say anything civil or uncivil that occurred to him.

"May the heavens be yer bed! and be quick to mark yerself to grace this blessed morning, by giving the poor ould pilgrim a tinpenny bit!—

only a tinpenny; and, praise above! It isn't a pound note I'm looking for!—no, nor so much as a smooth shilling—only a tinpenny! And it's I that have no rason to say a good word for them same tinpennies—chating the poor out of two-pence; for where a gentleman used to give a shilling, it's a dirty tinpenny I am turned away with! Come, yer honour, make haste now! I'm losing my time waiting on you; and so much to do before my death—that's it: I wouldn't care what length of time I passed discoursing you, but for that. Just think of my time, and it's all I have to depind on!”

“ Ah, James, you did not always think of your time.”

“ It's God's truth yer saying now, any way; *and I wish it had returned me the compliment!* but it never did. First playing with me, as a gooldfinch plays with the down of a thistle—sporting with, and after it, and then swallowing it up, and purtending all the time to such innocence; beguiling and smiling in yer face with not a wrinkle that you can see on its brow; lading one on to waste what isn't one's own to waste; and before long he is *wrackt* and *ruinated* for spending, by the same thing that tempted him to spend; and then to see the villany of him! the worse the trouble comes, the harder he grows, for all the world like a middleman, or a bad landlord!”

He would run on in this sort of strain sometimes for five minutes, proving that he thought

and felt; and then suddenly abandon his philosophy, and rudely exclaim—

“But give me the tinpenny at onc’t, and don’t be incrasing the loss on such a poor crayture as me; come, you’ll never miss it, and every tinpenny you give me *will be paving the road for you into glory.*”

“But what do you want money for, James?”

“What for?” he would repeat in an angry tone—“I’d rayther not tell; but since I’m asked, I must—that’s part of my pinnance. It’s to make *restitution*—that’s what it’s to do;” and having thus confessed, he immediately fell upon his knees, and, after various crossing and many sighs, repeated an “Ave” with great rapidity; and if he had been importunate before this ceremony, he became positively insolent after it was over, and insisted upon his first demand as a right rather than a boon. Strange stories were told of James Furlong in “the ’98,” of his plundering rather for the sake of plunder, than from any desire to punish the “inimies” of his country; and not being over-scrupulous whether he took from friends or foes, rich or poor, as long as he obtained his desire. It was believed that he was doomed to a severe penance, which prevented his wearing either hat or shoes, sleeping on a bed, carrying a wallet, or appropriating the money he received to any purpose save that of “restitution,” a sort of conscience-tribute to those whom he had despoiled, no one knew exactly of what.

The peasantry, who are ready to make and assist with their whole hearts every religious sacrifice that, according to their belief, will help them or their friends to happiness hereafter, endeavoured, as "James Furlong had become a great penitent and pilgrim entirely," to regard him with the kindly feelings they bestowed upon ordinary beggars. They would say, when James came in sight of their dwellings—

"Lord be between us and harm, but there's James Furlong! Well, who knows but he may die a great Christian: it's better to see a man 'draw near,' as he grows old, than fall away; and maybe if our thoughts had opportunity at all times, we might be as great sinners as he was, by all accounts—get up and make way for him, he must go to the big houses for 'restitution money;' but we can give him an air of the fire and a kindly welcome, though that last we'd rather keep for those our hearts warm to, which somehow they never do to him. The Lord above look down upon all sinners, abroad and at home."

Such men as James Furlong, the victims of unbridled passions and strong superstitions, wandering as he wandered, are only to be found either in half-civilized and poverty-stricken countries, or under very peculiar phases of society. It is even now no uncommon thing to be solicited by aged people for money "to give them a decent wake"—money "to help to bury them"—money "to lave the priest to pray their souls out of purgatory"—money for various things, but very

seldom money for "restitution." James Furlong's father-confessor must have considered him a "great sinner," or he never would have obliged him to tell that he collected money to make "restitution." We have heard some priests bitterly complained of, on the ground that they preferred "restitution" to bodily penance; and certainly the idea of returning whatever has been unlawfully obtained, must be a great check to those who care nothing for a pilgrimage to Lough Dergh, to whom fasting is a necessity rather than a law, and who can "get through their prayers," as they say themselves, "at the rate of a hunt." A curious story was told us lately, of the way in which a desire to make "restitution" operated some years ago on a young woman in the west of Ireland, who became a widow two months before she was a mother, and was engaged as *fosterer*; that is, as nurse to a lady's infant, the mother being obliged to proceed with her husband to India. She was described as a gentle, affectionate, and, for her situation in life, well educated young woman. To gratify her employer she removed with the lady's child and her own to the neighbourhood of Dublin, but in a little time became so exceedingly attached to her nursling, that the idea of ever parting with it rendered her almost insane, nor could she endure the thought of giving up her own child instead; so she managed very cunningly to steal a child, and representing to her neighbour that she had obtained another little creature to attend to, silenced suspicion; and some time after, on

the lady's return, presented her with the changeling, who was well satisfied at receiving a fine healthy little creature of two years old, instead of the delicate infant she had left in the nurse's care.

Many months passed on—the lady's child fared with the nurse's own, and fared but indifferently, though she was by no means in absolute poverty. Yet she afterwards confessed that she never saw the changeling, in all its finery, without feeling bitterly for the "real" child she had deprived of its birthright; but even this seemed to affect her less than the injustice she had rendered the poor woman whose child she had stolen; and, leaving the children in the care of a friend, she set out on a sort of pilgrimage, resolved to bestow on the woman she had robbed, a sum of money left her by an uncle for her own use—this, she fancied, would be sufficient *restitution*. After much trouble and inquiry, she found the woman had gone to the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, and there she followed, determined to leave the money where she would be certain to receive it; for, as she could not write, she did not like to trust the communication to another person. Strangely enough, while seeking the woman, the woman recognised her, and, charging her with having stolen her child some years previously, refused all compromise, and would accept nothing as restitution but her own child. The nurse was imprisoned, and after much skillful pleading confessed the truth; the beggar

from whom she had stolen the child proving its identity by sundry "marks."

The woman, at the expiration of the period of her imprisonment, used to wander at night around the house where the girl, grown out of childhood, resided with its parents, singing snatches of wild songs, in the hope that the strains it had so often heard might keep alive the memory of the affection,—which might be considered a species of insanity. At last, the worn and emaciated creature entreated permission to see the lady she had so deeply injured. She told her she felt that she could not have long to live, that she had a strong desire to make *restitution* for the injury she had inflicted upon her, and that she bequeathed her the only thing she had in the world to give—*her own child!* so long the companion of the lady's darling! There was something both ludicrous and pathetic in the offering and the manner thereof; but to the credit of the lady's humanity, she accepted the gift. Within a few days the mother died.

We have often thought how curious it would be to trace the career of these three children—the one claimed by the beggar would be considered as deserving the greatest sympathy; and yet the mortifications the lady's daughter must endure, coming as an intruder amongst sisters and brothers who knew her not, and who considered her vulgar and ignorant, must have occasioned her great pain, and rendered her situation anything but enviable.

The habit of doing wrong, because there "may be" some way of restitution hereafter that will make all right again, is one of the ramifications of that "wild justice," which it has been so much the fashion to talk about.

"I can't understand," said a "travelling" (*i. e.* beggar) woman, one day to a respectable farmer's wife who received her petition for a "handful of meal"—a "lock of wool to help to spin a petticoat"—a "weight of potatoes"—a "scrap of butter, or anything at all that's going," very coolly,—“I can't understand what's come to ye, ma'am, or to one or two of the other Protestant houses I make my rounds at; I've not got the sign of a kindly welcome, nor the beam of a smile, in answer to my 'God save all here,' which I never forget, that's one thing; and don't wish to forget, that's another. You all turn from me as if I was *pisoned*; which I am not no more than yourselves. What's the rason, ma'am, if you plase? for it's not me, though poor, (God help me!) that likes to be turned upon, as if I hadn't Christian flesh on my poor old crushed bones. I'd thank ye for the rason, if it's plasing to you; whether it's plasing to *me* or not.”

The querist was a stout muscular woman, broad chested, and powerful, both in appearance and manner; her voice was low and husky; her features stern, and rendered more displeasing by the leering expression of her large grey eyes, whose lids were fringed with deep black lashes. While speaking, she see-sawed her body about,

generally looking on the ground, except when she wanted to make what actors would call "a point," when she fixed them sideways upon the person she addressed, as in this instance, while she said—"Whether it's plasing to me or not." This woman was born to an inheritance of beggary; "all before and all belonging to her," according to her own statement, hid away the key in the thatch of their cabins while the potatoes were growing, and "took to the road, asking charity, and, the Lord be praised, finding a bit and a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on, until lately entirely." As this woman has been dead ten or twelve years, we refer exclusively to the past. The farmer's wife would much rather have got rid of her guest without explanation; but she stood firmly in the doorway, one hand fixed upon the knot of the blanket which strapped over her shoulders beneath the blue hooded cloak, carried her worldly goods as a hunch between her shoulders; and the other resting on the knotted top of a stout stick, which she knew perfectly well how to use.

"Well!" at last, answered the good dame; "I don't want to say anything hard to you, poor woman; it wouldn't be becoming in a sinner like me to stand within my own door and do so; so I'd just rather you'd keep the road, and never mind calling, for, to tell the honest truth, I've no welcome for you; and where there's no welcome, the potato has a black heart, and the water's poisoned. So go your ways, I don't wish

or want to give you fresh trouble; when what you've got must be enough to bear, God knows, for one while."

"I neither want your salt nor your savour," she replied, growing stern and fierce, and her voice becoming more thick and indistinct; "I want a rason why every Protestant door is shut in my face; and you know that, as you have the land amongst you," she added with a bitter laugh, "we have nowhere else to turn for what we haven't got—that's all, and enough too! So out with it, it can't put more knives in my heart than is in it already; and as to my eyes, there's no fear of my crying, ma'am—so tell us out of the face at onc't."

"It is between you and your Maker; the knowledge, I mean, of how you reared your son, Mary Mulchagee."

"Poor Mickey! that's it, is it?" she muttered; "fine times, *when they throw his cowld corpse in my face.*"

"But the people do say that you incensed him into all kinds of sin, poor lost boy—not openly, but on the sly—and took a mean advantage of your knowledge of the houses where you had the kindly welcome, and the share of what was going; and *let on* to him and his *comrades*, so that they knew where to lay their hand, and did lay their hand, on whatever they wanted, until it ended—as all the earth knows now."

"Well!" she answered, raising her eyes boldly and at once, and fixing them fiercely on the

farmer's wife, who rejoiced that her husband and sons were in the house.

"Well!" she repeated.

"It was ill, not well, Mary, poor woman, and will make you sup sorrow to the end of your days. He was a fine, handsome craythur, when I saw him first, and heard you both singing, 'The night before Larry was stretched;' and ye mind, I tould you then, it was an ill song to teach a lisping baby."

"Whir-r-r!" she exclaimed, as in sudden triumph; "he could rise and turn that or any other tune that ever was set, and *did* the *last night*, they tould me, till the iron of the jail bars rang to his music.

"The more's the pity; and no wonder we'd turn from you, Mary Mulchagee, leading your own child to the gallows, and not ashamed of it."

"And why should I be ashamed of it, ma'am!" was the extraordinary reply. "Why! if he did take the ould man's life, didn't he *hang for it!* and *wasn't that restitution?*"

A short distance north-west of Jerpoint is the Round Tower of Kilree: time has deprived it of its conical cap; but its height is little less than one hundred feet; and at four feet above the ground its circumference is fifty feet and a half. Close to it is a very curious stone cross, formed of a single block of freestone, about eight feet high, and ornamented with orbicular figures, or rings. Tradition states it to have been erected in memory of Neill Callan, monarch of Ireland,

who is said to have been drowned in the river, since called Awnree (the King's river), whilst vainly endeavouring to rescue one of his followers, with whom he perished in the stream. In the immediate vicinity of the round tower is, of course, a church, said to have been formerly an abbey, dedicated to St. Gobban.²³ At a short distance is the ancient town of Kells, now dwindled to a poor and insignificant village; its former state and importance are indicated by the ruins of many churches and castles. The town was originally built by Geoffrey Fitz-Robert, one of the followers of Strongbow, as a garrison for a number of men to defend the county from the Tipperary clans, who used to enter and harry it by Mullmahone and the King's river; and there at one time existed various forts along the river, beyond Callan, to check their approach, and give notice to the army at Kells, which was near enough to Kilkenny to render assistance there, if required. Geoffrey Fitz-Robert also founded a priory at Kells in 1183, which is said to have been filled with monks from Bodmin, in Cornwall. On his death without issue, in 1211, his estates devolved to his nephew, by whom they were forfeited in 1242, and became the property of the De Birminghams, by one of whom, in 1252, the town was burned to the ground. The prior was a lord of parliament; and large possessions were attached to the monastery, which was dissolved in the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry VIII.

The whole of this district, indeed, is rich in

antiquities; many of them being in a comparatively perfect state, and bearing evidence of the wealth and power of the Anglo-Norman chieftains—whose names are still to be frequently encountered, although the greater number of their descendants retain little else that once belonged to their mighty progenitors.

North-west of Kilkenny, and almost on the borders of the county, is the small village of Tullaroan, which now consists of a few poor cabins. In ancient times, however, it was a place of great importance; being in the centre of the once extensive cantred of the "Grace's Country." The ancestors of the Grace family held, it is said, in this and the adjoining counties, a tract of land of about 80,000 Irish acres, extending between eleven and twelve miles in length, and between four and six in breadth, of which a very small portion is still the property of Captain Percy Grace, R.N., the representative of "the ancient and heroic race." Raymond Fitzwilliam de Carew, surnamed, from his great prowess, "Le Gros," the founder of the family, was the friend of Strongbow, whose only sister, Basilia de Clare, he married, receiving with her as her marriage portion the choicest district of the newly-conquered country, coupled with the honour of constable and standard-bearer of Leinster.²⁴

The descendants of Raymond continued for several centuries to be lords paramount of their enormous territory; having their principal seat at Courtstown castle; holding many of the most important state offices, and being the chief de-

fenders and protectors of "the pale;" and subduing or controlling the "mere Irish," who were at all times its turbulent and troublesome neighbours.²⁵

During the civil wars that succeeded the year 1641, the resistance of Gerald Grace, of Ballylinch and Garvey castles, to the government of the Protector, was followed by the confiscation of estates exceeding 17,000 acres, in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and the King's County; and a farther forfeiture by Baron John Grace, of Courtstown, subsequent to the Revolution, amounted to 32,870 acres, of which about 8,000, with the castle of Courtstown, lay within Tullaroan, or Grace's parish.²⁶ Thus, after a period of nearly five centuries and a half, during which the house of Butler alone was paramount to that of Grace, the existence of the latter, as a Kilkenny family, may be said to terminate, as the small estate of Holdenstown is the only property they at present possess there, Gracefield, the present seat of its representative, being in the Queen's County. Through the whole of the district we are describing, however, we perpetually meet some remainder of their ancient greatness; the ruins of castles, abbeys, and churches, that still bear their name or enclose the dust of the feudal lords, who

"were of fame,

And had been glorious in another day."

And even now, the peasantry speak of the race as the sovereigns of the soil:

"Pride, bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
See how the mighty sink into a song!
Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust TRADITION'S simple tongue,
When flattery sleeps with thee, and history does thee
wrong?"

A few miles west of Kells, and bordering on the county of Tipperary, is the town of Callan. It is a place of considerable size, and, although not long ago justly described as one of the most miserable towns of Ireland, it has recently undergone a considerable improvement, and is no longer a disgrace to the noble family who are its owners. It has, however, like its neighbour, "fallen from its high estate," and reference must be made to its ruins for evidence of its early importance. The annalist, Thady Dowling, attributes the foundation of the Augustinian friary (the walls of which, with its holy well, still remain) to Hugh de Mapilton, about the middle of the fifteenth century; but, according to the safer authority of Archdall, the founder was Sir James Butler, who died and was interred here in 1487. At the Dissolution it was granted, with its possessions, to Thomas Earl of Ormond.

That Callan was formerly a walled town is proved by the records that have been preserved of various grants of murage to the local authorities; and it continued to be a parliamentary borough up to the year 1800. In 1345, the Earl of Desmond summoned a parliament to meet at Callan, in opposition to that which the deputy had convened; but the meeting was prevented

by the activity of the earl's opponent. In the reign of Elizabeth, the famous James of Desmond took possession of the town, which he held for a short time against the queen's forces; and in 1659 it resisted for a few days the victorious arms of Cromwell. The remains of St. Catherine's Abbey retain marks of considerable splendour and extent.

Before we leave the county, we must direct attention to the beauty of the southern road, along the banks of the Suir, which divides it from the county of Waterford; and in particular to the neat and pretty village of Pilltown, the property of the Earl of Besborough, which may vie with any place in Ireland, for manifestations of industry and contentment. The cottages are remarkably neat and well-ordered; each is adorned with climbing roses and honeysuckles, and the whole neighbourhood has an aspect of cheerfulness and prosperity too rarely to be met with in the south.²⁷ The Irish cottages we shall endeavour to describe hereafter; the subject is one that may not be dismissed in a few sentences: they are, for the most part, proverbially wretched; and, unhappily, the indifference of the tenant to comfort, and even decency, is very rarely checked by the landlord. A great change for the better has certainly been wrought of late years; but a vast deal still remains to be done; and it will be vain to expect general and extensive improvement in the character and condition of the peasant, unless pains be taken to school him into habits of cleanliness

and order at the fountain-head. When a cottage is built, or even a group of cottages are erected, the builder is rarely or never instructed to add an out-house—we may go the length of saying, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, a most essential addition to a dwelling is never taken into account. As long as this principle is acted upon—and it is now almost universal—it will be useless to look for orderly, or even cleanly, habits in the great mass of the Irish population. We, therefore, feel it our duty to call earnestly upon those who have the power to remove the reproach, to consider a matter of very deep importance upon all occasions when they are either constructing themselves, or permitting others to construct, houses for the humbler classes.

In this—as with almost every other subject—improvement cannot be the work of a day; we have heretofore had occasion to observe that patience and perseverance are, above all things, necessary to the philanthropist who would better the condition of the Irish people: but proofs are everywhere to be found of the good that patience and perseverance cannot fail to effect. Very recently we visited a collection of small houses, built by Mr. Chartres, for the workmen employed at his factory in the vicinity of Belfast; they were as neat, as well-ordered, and as well-arranged, as any houses, of similar character, in any part of England; and he had taken especial care that proper out-offices were added to every one of them. The occupiers spoke of

these additions as originating the advantages they enjoyed above their neighbours; and confirmed our belief that—insignificant as the circumstance may at first appear to those who have not duly appreciated it—the want of such additions is the source of much that is evil in the Irish character.

Kilkenny was the most important of the counties which constituted the English pale in the Anglo-Norman period; and the barons who settled in it, were supposed to be more firmly attached to the supremacy of the English crown, and less liable to degeneracy, than those who obtained lands in any other district. It was for this reason that Lionel Duke of Clarence summoned the parliament of A.D. 1367 to assemble in Kilkenny: he was anxious to secure the enactment of laws which would prevent the increasing tendency of the English settlers to identify themselves with the Irish; and he had reason to fear that such a measure could not be carried in Dublin.

The statute of Kilkenny is an act memorable in the sad legislation of Ireland; but it was never completely executed, save in the county which gave it a name. It enacted that marriage, nurture of infants, or gossipred with the Irish, or submission to Irish law, should be deemed high treason. Any man of English race taking an Irish name, using the Irish language, or adopting Irish customs, was to forfeit goods and chattels, unless he gave security that he would conform to English manners. Finally, it was

declared highly penal to entertain an Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller; or even to admit an Irish horse to graze on the pasture of an Englishman! In consequence of the enforcement of this statute, Kilkenny was sometimes called emphatically "the English county;" a distinction which it has long lost.

The county of Kilkenny, according to the ordnance survey, comprises an area of 536,686 statute acres—of which 417,117 are cultivated land, and 96,569 mountain and bog; in 1821, the population was 158,716, and in 1831, 169,945. It is divided into the baronies of Gowran, Ida, Fassadineen, Kells, Galmoy, Cranagh, Iverk, Knocktopher, and Shillelogher; and its principal towns are, besides the city of Kilkenny, Callan, Thomas-town, Gowran, Freshford, and Castle-comer. The manufacture of woollen had, at one period, risen to no inconsiderable importance in Kilkenny; but it has gradually declined, having been of late years limited almost exclusively to the production of blankets, which still maintain a high character. It was introduced early in the fourteenth century, when Pierce Earl of Ormond "brought artists out of Flanders, who worked in tapestry, diaper, and carpets;" and about the middle of the seventeenth century it was further promoted by James Duke of Ormond.

TIPPERARY

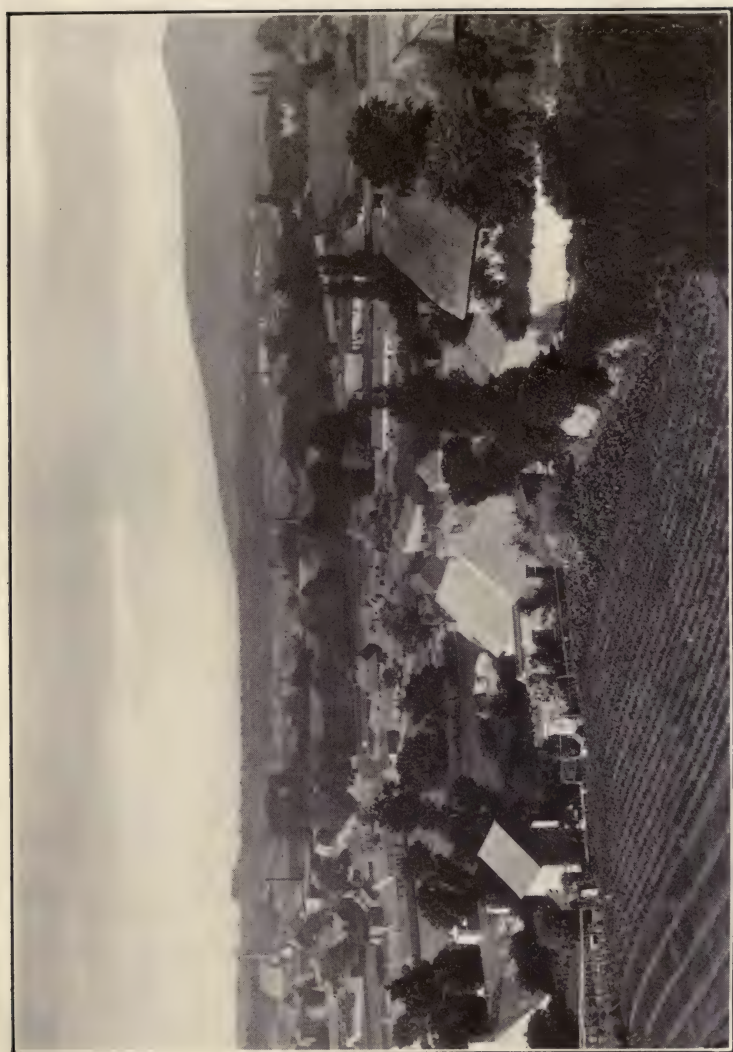
TIPPERARY is an inland county, in the province of Munster, and one of the most fertile and productive of the counties of Ireland: it is beautifully varied in its scenery. Cultivated plains, both undulating and champaign, presenting a pleasing diversity of rich and verdant meads and magnificent woodlands, terminated in the distance by "mountains blue," of many forms, both graceful and fantastic, constitute the general features of its landscape. Its principal river is the Suir, which, taking its rise in the Banduff mountain, flows by Holy Cross, Cashel, Cahir, Clonmel, and Carrick, until it joins the Nore and the Barrow at Waterford. It is bounded on the east by the King's and Queen's counties; on the south by the county of Waterford, from which the Suir divides it; on the west by the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Clare, being separated from the latter by the Shannon; and on the north by the King's county and the county of Galway. It is of considerable extent, comprising, according to the ordnance survey, an area of 1,013,173 statute acres, of which 819,698 are cultivated land, and 182,147 mountain and bog. The population was in 1821, 346,896; and in 1831, 402,363.

The town, which gave name to the county,

although very ancient, has yielded in rank, population, and importance to that of Clonmel. Tipperary, however, still contains above 8,000 inhabitants, and in 1831 the houses amounted to upwards of 1,000. Tipperary is said to be a corruption of the Irish Tobar-a-neidth, which signifies "The well of the plains," from its situation at the base of the Slieve-na-muck hills—a portion of the Galtee mountains. Other etymologists derive it from Teobred-aruin, *i. e.* "The fountain of Ara"—an ancient chief, whose name, in conjunction with that of another chief (Owny), is now given to one of the baronial divisions of the county. Clonmel, the chief town of the county, stands on the north bank of the Suir. The origin of Clonmel is very ancient, and the traditional account of it is fanciful. The Tuatha-de-dananns, a primitive people of Ireland, who have been identified with the Pelasgi and Titans of the continent, wishing to select a site for a settlement, and being skilled in augury, were guided in their choice by the following omen:—They let off a swarm of bees, and observing where it settled, there erected their baile, or circular fort, and gave the spot the significant name of Cluain-mealla, *i. e.* "The plain of honey." This very spot is still pointed out; a castle was erected on it in later times in place of the aboriginal fort; and it was before this castle that Cromwell sustained the severest repulse he received in Ireland, losing about 2,000 men; nor would it have surrendered but for the failure of ammunition, the garrison having, it is

said, fired away even their buttons. It is also recorded that Cromwell had actually ordered his army to retreat, and as they were marching off he spied something glittering in the grass, which he took up and found to be a silver bullet. This incident suggested the straits to which the garrison was reduced; he accordingly renewed the siege, and the castle was surrendered, but on very favourable terms. The town has a very "business air;" and is indeed conspicuous for its prosperity, being the great outlet for the produce of the county, the Suir being navigable for vessels of size to within a short distance of its quays. Its population exceeds 20,000, and the number of houses are above 1,500. The surrounding scenery is remarkably beautiful, combining every variety of landscape, from the Alpine to the pastoral—the Commera mountains, which rise to the south, appearing to terminate the streets.²⁸ There are several agreeable walks in the immediate vicinity of the town, the principal of which are the Wilderness, which for solemn gloom and wild grandeur might convey no inadequate idea of that in which the Baptist preached; the round of Heywood, a charming sylvan walk; the Green, commanding a delightful prospect of the river; Fairy-hill road, the fashionable promenade; and the Quay, from which there is another pleasing view of the river.²⁹

The church of St. Mary, in the northern, or rather north-western suburbs of the town, is an object of considerable interest, because of its picturesque character and great antiquity. The





steeple is unique in structure, and seems to have been originally square; at present it presents the appearance of an embattled octagon tower, of great height, rising from a square base at about twenty-one feet from the ground, and which is probably many centuries older than the upper, or octagon, part. Close to the summit of the steeple, and in each of the eight sides, is a large opening in the form of a Gothic window, to allow free transmission to the sound of a chime of bells placed in the tower. The east window is extremely beautiful, rivalling in elegance of proportion and grace of design the celebrated Gothic tracery windows in the Abbey of Holy-cross, near Thurles; it assumes the form of a double Gothic tracery window, having the space between the two arches filled by a rich cinque-foil, or rather septem-foil, and is perhaps as old as the twelfth century. A beautiful stained-glass window has lately been put in it. At the east corner of the church (and nearly opposite to the steeple, which is at the north), are the remains of a strong square tower, similar to the one forming the base of the octagon steeple: in this tower the sexton resides. The principal entrance to the church is from the graveyard, through a stone Gothic portico, which, though well built, does not at all harmonize with the general tone and character of the building. Surrounding three sides of the graveyard are the remains of the old town wall, on which, with a view more effectually to protect it, are small square towers at stated intervals; at the north-west angle of the wall is a massive

bomb-proof tower, called "the Magazine;" about 120 yards south of this tower, there is a portion of the wall wanting, which tradition points out as being the breach made by Cromwell when he besieged and took Clonmel. Properly speaking, Cromwell did not "take" Clonmel, the garrison having capitulated (as has been mentioned elsewhere) on favourable terms.

Notwithstanding its antiquity, however, ancient remains are not numerous in Clonmel; one of the most striking is to be found in the "Friary Chapel Yard." It is a monumental stone, belonging to the family of the Butlers, or Buttylers, as the inscription that surrounds it sets forth. It is of blue limestone, and measures about seven feet in length, and is about four feet broad. Raised in high relief from the stone, are effigies of a male and female figure; the former in complete armour, the latter in a loose robe, extending from the neck to the feet.

Clonmel is remarkable as the birthplace of Lawrence Sterne; and of this town the accomplished Countess of Blessington was also a native. A few miles to the north-east of Clonmel is the ruined church of Donoghmore, one of the oldest edifices in Ireland, though it has hitherto escaped the notice of the antiquary. One is immediately struck on approaching it with the contrast it presents to the Gothic edifices of more modern times, is carried back to the first ages of Christianity in Ireland, and almost imagines that the half-druidic form of the Culdee flits around its grey and green chequered walls, whose very

weeds are different from those of the Gothic structure. Its situation is in keeping with its aspect, being lonely and wild, but not melancholy. That this edifice is referable to a very early period, is evident from the style of its architecture. The doorway presents a combination of the Saxon arch and the inclined sides characteristic of that species of architecture termed Pelasgic, while part of the walls indicate an origin still more remote, being exactly similar in their entire construction to those of Grianan Aileach, in the county Derry, an undoubted edifice of pagan times. North-west of Donoghmore is the ancient churchyard of Clerihan, a "lone, green, and sunny spot," admirably suited for a "final resting-place," from the aspect of cheerful solitude which it presents, whilst it commands such a delightful prospect of an extensive and beautifully varied plain, bounded on one side by a magnificent view of Slieve-na-man, and on every other by the aerial horizon, as seems to invest each grassy mound with freedom, and to utter, "in reason's ear," voices of love, and hope, and union with the skies. A few miles eastward the classic mountain of Slieve-na-man displays its bold outline against the clear azure, arrayed in its summer garb of light purple, and crowned with a small wreath of grey vapour, which, in the fickle changes of the climate, may the next instant, like an enchanted mantle, render it all invisible.³⁰

In the immediate vicinity of this town are the remains of many old castles, and, unhappily, the

ruins of some of more recent growth. One of them was pointed out for our particular notice, as not long ago the residence of a gentleman of large fortune, whose immediate descendants are now actually tillers of the soil around it; while the immediate heir lives in the cabin of a poor cotter, who in former days was an humble "follower of the family." The story told to us exhibited a melancholy picture of reckless extravagance. We do not feel justified in relating it, but we may tell another, which, in its general features, is precisely like it.

In modern times, Clonmel is chiefly remarkable as the centre of a great corn and provision trade, which it exports through Waterford. The navigation of the river from Carrick to Clonmel is capable of being greatly improved; but as yet every effort to accomplish so desirable an object has been baffled.

Near to Clonmel is a holy well, dedicated to St. Patrick; to the waters of which miraculous virtues are ascribed. It was once a favourite resort for pilgrims, but is now quite deserted.

Although, as civilization increases, and feelings and interests are thrown into new channels, the clannish affection, so long and so warmly cherished by the people towards the "ould ancient families," will proportionably decrease, much of it still endures in the more remote districts of the country.

We remember, a few years ago, hearing an aged herdsman dilate with deep earnestness upon the perfections of the last of a branch of an old

house, once of great influence. He persisted in declaring that this "fine man"—though, according to the just and common-sense reading of the case, he had wasted the patrimony of his children, and deprived hard-handed and honest men of their dues—"was no one's enemy but his own." We could not drive out of his follower's head "that the land was his, and the fulness thereof," and that consequently he, the possessor, had a right to do with it whatever he thought best: the poor fellow had no idea of the relative duties of society; he entertained a genuine Hibernian contempt for trade and traders; indeed, he thought it by no means unfair to cheat them. But his feelings and opinions are best described in his own emphatic words; they give a true picture of sentiments now passed, or at least rapidly passing, away.

"Oh! the last of them, of any note, is dead these thirty years and more; he was a fine man intirely, one of the ould knights of the screw; men that never cared what they did, and were always drinking and fighting. I don't remember the masther in his prime, and more's the pity, for I'll never see such another. He tattered over the acres like a hail-storm. Be the dads! he was no man's enemy but his own; for he never kep' a shilling in his pocket, and ruined half the counthry to the back of it.

"He was a fine man with the ladies, and broke the hearts of twinty, at the laste; and if a word was said against him, he had the brother or the father of them at ten paces, on the sod, in a

jiffy; and, crack! a bullet to end or a bullet to mend 'em; though, in general, he was content to let them remember the lead for a few months; and sure that was all the satisfaction a family could desire.

“ He was a fine man intirely afther the hounds. Be the dads! the ould foxes, crafty chaps, that knew every pack in the county, would never be at the throuble to run away from him; for whenever fighting Leary—his name, you see, was Misther John, only ‘*fighting*’ was a *pet* name his friends had for him—whenever fighting Leary led the hunt, they’d give in at onc’t. Och hone! he was no one’s enemy but his own! only he never kep’ the guineas; it was a *grate* word with him, that he never could turn two guineas into three, but he could turn two into one—so, signs by it, his sons, in spite of the dacent drop that was in ’em, turned from squireens to worse—sure enough he *was* the fine man! with such a generous spirit; as long as ever he could get credit for a hogshead of wine, it was running at the rate of a hunt, all day and all night; and though you may misdoubt my word, it’s as thrue, be the dads! as the light of heaven, that whenever any kind of a dirty tradesman came to ask for his money (them tradesmen somehow war always mighty troublesome to the rale ould sort), he wouldn’t be in the last degree offended, but invite him to the *run of the house* as long as he plased to take it; and if he wouldn’t, the masther ’ud lock him up in the strong room, where the title-deeds and plate used to be kept, *when they war in it*; then

feed him up like a fighting-cock, until the poor mane craythur, with a mouse's heart, would roar to get back to his business; and then to be sure the bill was compromised, or something, and the fellow sent back as he came, barring the claret and wild fowl."

"But did not the tradesman bring an action against him for false imprisonment?" was our very natural question; although, of course, we anticipated what the answer to it would be.

"Oh, yarrah! what good would that do him? sure the never a witness he'd get out of the masther's house! not but what he was a grate friend intirely, at the first going off, to the lawyers; drawing custodiums, and actions, and breaches, and fiery faces, and processes, and proving alibis for his friends whenever any little accident happened. And *then* they called him a capital intilligent fellow; but when they had wrack'd every thread in the house into *smithereens*, they said he had been all his life a fool—just think of the *impedence* of that! By the same token, one day, there was a jury to try a poor boy for sheep-staling; and the masther knew he was innocent, because he was a gilly of his own, and the rason he was 'took' was just this: He was walking the road fair and asy, when he sees a blaguard driving along a couple of nice young wethers, that were unruly bastes; so the stranger says, says he, 'Honest man, will ye plase to drive thim wethers for me till I take a wink o' sleep,' says he. So the simple boy did as he was bid; and the stranger was nothing but

a dirty informer, that got him sent to jail, and to trial, for robbing a farmer that said he lost the two sheep. Well, the masther swore he'd get him off; and sure enough he did: but as the poor fellow was 'took' wid the goods upon him, he couldn't prove an alibi; so the masther sent a civil message to the foreman to say, if he didn't acquit the prisoner, he'd shoot him when convenient; and, in coorse, the boy was 'not guilty,' for the foreman knew his honour always kep' his word. And in proof of that, I'll tell ye another story. My own uncle's first cousin had the promise of a new lease for *three lives*; and having his honour's word for it, he knew he was safe, and wasn't afeerd to go agin him at the election. So, when all was over, and the masther was bet, Joe Nolan goes to him for the lease. 'In coorse,' says the masther, 'ye must have it; I said it; and what I say I'll do, I do, ever and always, Mr. Joe Nolan; and, mark me,' says he, 'I'll have your corporation in the county jail,' says he, 'before a month of Sundays goes over yer head. But the lease ye'll get any way; and here it's for ye, signed, saled, and now delivered according to law; so make yerself scarce, ye blaguard,' says he, 'or I'll be afther givin' ye a skinful of broken bones to carry to the new mumber o' parliament.' Well, Joe Nolan was off in a hurry, I'll go bail. Bue he had his lease to the fore, and 'twas little he heeded the masther's anger. So, when he got to his own boreen, he takes out the parchment, and reads it; and, och! what de ye think? he finds the three lives in his new lease were the

lives of three boys that *war to be hung the next day for murder*: and that's the way the masther kep' his promise to Joe Nolan. Oh! but he *was* the fine man; he had such a spirit! Somehow—I heard my father tell it—the grand jury and the judges offended him; for with a full purse or an empty one, he was mighty high in himself—why not? And having given him offence, he went to take his sate with a padlock on each of the pockets of his big coat; and one whispered, and the other whispered; and at last the jidge—and a nate-spoken little gentleman he was—says, 'Misther John,' says he, 'if it's plasing to ye, will ye be afther telling us what's the cause of thim curiosities—is it a new fashion?' he says. 'No, my Lord,' makes answer the masther, 'only ye see when I'm in the company of pickpockets, and here's eleven of them in the box wid myself, I must take care of my property, that's all;' and then he challenged them where they stood to fight; and he *did* fight nine out of 'em. And now, this always show'd the rale gentleman: be the dads! he only killed one, just to prove his power, and let the rest off, with nothing to signify. He was a fine man intirely, as I said, with the ladies: I heerd he broke his first wife's heart; and indeed I believe it was thrue, for she took to be jealous—a mighty foolish thing intirely, for any lady that has a good-looking Irish husband, for they have a sweet way, without any ill intentions, only just divarshun, saying things without any maning in them; but anyhow she died, and he out of honour married the one, the

poor wife, the factious craythur, was jealous of. She had the name of a power of money, but I'm thinking 'twas 'grate cry and little wool;' if it was, it's only a woman could put a blind on the masther. She held out wonderful, for she never cared a traneeen for him, soul or body, and went off with a richer man; and that night, I'm tould, he cursed her on his knees in his fury, then locked himself up in his own room; but while the moon was shining, my father's brother was forced to cross the churchyard, as it was a short cut to the doctor's, and he had some one at home in heavy sickness: and what should he hear first of all, but moans and cries; and then he was frightened, and thought something wasn't right, and he stole asy along under the shadow of the ould wall, and there he saw the masther himself, whose eyes he thought were too hard for tears, whining like a new-born babby when first it draws in the cutting breath of a could world, murning and weeping, and calling—he a living man—calling upon the could clay of the poor lady to forgive him: it's little any one would think he had *that* in him, to see him at other times. He couldn't get a divorce, great a man as he was, for a rason the lawyers had about clane hands, which was a pity, for there was a furrin widdy lady dying for him, and it was she had the lashins; and though he could not have her himself, he swore he'd blow any man's brains out that would look at the same side of the road she was on. But the widdy couldn't wait; and the man she married was no gintleman, for he knew masther was on his

keepin', and couldn't go out into a field to fight him, and yet the cowardly rascal refused to meet him in the ould abbey and fight him across a tombstone, which every one knew was an exact ten paces in length. The same man had no luck, for he died from a fall off a bit of a pony; and by that time the poor masther's 'second' was dead, and he might have had the widdy at third hand; but, more's the pity, the spirit was dying in him, and only sparkled now and agin. Meetin' Lord Arran one day, afther the boys got him *returned*, and his lordship wanting to take the inside of the road, he says to him, 'O'Leary salutes Arran,' he says, just making him feel the differ betwixt a bit of a lord, and a rale ould Irish gintleman. Poor dear gintleman! it would have been better he married the other widdy itself, than the one he did; a regular out-and-outer *she* was, and had been in at the deaths of three—and the more deaths they're in at, the less they mind it; for all the world like ould fox-hunters. She wanted rank in the county, and thought he had it, which he hadn't, for times war changed, and a little dirty spalpeen that could count guineas against his shillings would be *given the lead*; and he wanted money, which he thought she had, and she hadn't; so they war both disappointed. She turned on him like a virago, as she was, though he, poor gintleman, always polite to the ladies, bowed to every speech she made. 'There's nothing comes near the house,' she says, 'but the rats.' 'And they'll lave it soon,' he makes answer, 'if the proverb be true.' Be the dads! I wish the

dear man had closed the proverbs in his heart, instead of putting thim on the tip of his tongue. 'I'll lave yer ould barrack of a place meeself,' she says, 'that I will.' And he makes answer, with a bow he larned at the Coort of France, 'As you plase, madam, but you must permit me the honour of handing you to your carriage.' She left him—the yalla lavings of three tradesmen! but what else was to be expected? It isn't in *ould batthered* hearts that love takes up his quarters; when he's found in *ould* hearts, it's when he has grown ould with them. The masther had grate spirit in him, intirely, to the last, and even after he *wasn't himself*, every haporth upon the lands and in the house was *canted*; the ould *residenter*s of gentry had died around him; the young ones war mostly absentees; there was none left to comfort him, but the *remnants of his own people*, who kept their duty to him, though the land had gone to others. And when he grew *wake in his mind*, they let him out of jail, and then he returned to the ould walls, as ill luck would have it, the very day of the auction; it was no use to hould him back—in spite of them all he made his way right into the Hall, the people wondering and pitying, making a bohreen for the tall, white-headed noble-looking, ruined gentleman, who, laning upon his goold-headed cane, and yet straight as a poplar, darted his eyes from side to side—sensible he was in his own house, and in a throng, yet not understanding it. The auctioneer had made a pulpit of the large arm-chair, with its high back, that had

been the masther's toast-seat at the head of his table for hundreds of years, and was going on with his gibberish, when the wild eyes of the O'Leary fixed on him; he had no time to get down, for in a moment the ould gintleman had hurled him to the floor, and stood with his foot upon his breast, as calm as a church monument in moonlight; ye might have heard a pin drop, for the auctioneer was afeard to cry out. 'Gintlemen,' said the rale gintleman of the counthry, 'I suffer none but myself to take this chair, and now I bid ye, as I have often done before, kindly welcome; I'm an O'Leary still; I'm not as strong as I used to be, but strong enough to make you kindly welcome. Boys, we'll make a night of it; the Hall that is furnished with Irish hearts is always well furnished. Shout, boys, shout! the masther's at home again—O'Leary aboo!—aboo!' It was as if a voice from the grave rose the cry; the men shuddered and the women fainted, but there was no answer. Some of his ancient tenants had gathered round him, for they saw the change that was coming over him. 'Boys,' he says, 'am I never to hear it again?' and those words stirred them, as though they had but one heart, and they rose a grate shout—the ould cry of the family—until the walls shook; and the ould gintleman stood just quiet for a minute, like one in grate glory—but before the shout had died away he was dead: ah! he was no one's inimy but his own!"

Clonmel has been rendered "famous" in modern Irish history by the successful exertions of

a single individual, of whom it is not too much to say, that he has done more to improve the condition of the peasantry and the country than any other person of our age. We refer to Mr. Charles Bianconi, and the travelling cars that bear his name. He is a native of Milan; and about the year 1800 voyaged to Ireland; first visiting Dublin, and subsequently settling in Clonmel, where he carried on the trade of a picture dealer and cleaner and frame-maker, but upon a very limited scale; for his resources were, at first, exceedingly limited. By habits of industry, prudence, and forethought,³¹ he contrived to save money, and became highly respected by his neighbours; and, his circumstances improving, he conceived the design of running a public car, that, by conveying passengers at a much less expense than the stage-coaches, might answer the purposes of the comparatively humbler classes. He ran his first car—from Clonmel to Cahir—on the 5th of July, 1815, and shortly afterwards other cars to Limerick and Thurles. The experiment was very discouraging at the commencement; he was frequently for whole weeks without obtaining a passenger; but his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune for himself, while conferring immense benefit on the community; having preserved an irreproachable character, and gained the respect of all classes.

He has now, running daily, forty-five double cars—that is, cars running up and down from

the same places, and travelling over 3,600 miles daily. The number of these cars, which convey the mail, are eighteen up and eighteen down. The number of horses to each car is from one to four, according to circumstances. His cars vary in size, taking from four to sixteen passengers. He builds all his own cars, having a regular factory at Clonmel. They travel at the rate of from six and a half to nine miles per hour. This variation of speed is chiefly in reference to the mail cars, according as there is a necessity for an early delivery. His charges average from one penny to twopence half-penny per mile, according to the turnpikes, the quantity of business on the road, and the speed of the car (twopence per mile may be considered as a fair ratio): as an instance we may take the case of Waterford and Kilkenny, which are equidistant from Clonmel (the three lie nearly at right angles). The charge to the former is three shillings and sixpence; but to the latter, in consequence of the heavy turnpike tolls, it is four shillings and sixpence, at the rate of twopence farthing per mile. Passengers on these cars are much more comfortable than on the outside of the coaches, being furnished with dry and comfortable horse-hair cushions and aprons. In wet weather he never allows a car to go more than two stages without changing the cushions. They are also safer than the stage-coaches, the feet of the passengers being only about eighteen inches or two feet from the ground; and it is scarcely possible for them to upset, the whole

weight being outside the wheels at each side; consequently, the passengers on one side act as a counterpoise to those on the other. The fore-wheels are so low that they cannot go upon a high bank, and if the bank is higher than the height of the fore-axle, which is only eighteen inches from the ground, it would come against the machinery. These cars are built of the very best material, with patent axles, &c. The cost of a car to carry fourteen passengers is from sixty to seventy pounds, and weighs from fifteen to eighteen cwt. For the last three years the average price he pays for his horses is from fifteen to eighteen pounds per horse. He attributes the regularity with which he carries on his extensive establishment to the high price he gives for his horses (sometimes it is over forty pounds), which enables him to keep constantly a capital supply. The advantages which these cars have afforded to the country is immense; for instance, in the interior of the country, from which farmers come to the little villages, they have only a few places for obtaining their commodities, and that at an enormous rate. But since the introduction of these cars, people in business, who hitherto were obliged to go to market at a very heavy expense, which prevented their doing so frequently, now find their way to the larger towns, and have been enabled to procure supplies at once from the first-cost market; and from the cheapness of bringing the articles home, they were enabled to reduce their prices considerably, and in those districts the consump-

tion has, in consequence, wonderfully augmented, and shops or fresh sources of competition continually increase, thereby enabling parties to use articles hitherto inaccessible to them. A great saving of time is also effected: for example, it took a man a whole day to walk from Thurles to Clonmel, the second day to do his business, and the third to walk back; now, for seven shillings, he purchases two clear days, saves himself the trouble of walking sixty English miles, and has four or five hours to transact his business.

The cars of Mr. Bianconi travel through nearly every district of the south of Ireland—passing through no fewer than 128 towns³²—as yet they have not found their way to the north.

The mode of travelling is pleasant as well as safe; generally, the cars proceed at a rate to the full as rapid as that of the stage-coaches, and persons of the highest respectability travel by them. They are planned precisely on the model of the common “outside jaunting car” peculiar to Ireland, which we have elsewhere described; but, as we have intimated, some of them are of sufficient size to carry eight passengers on a side.

Six miles north of Clonmel, and commanding a very near view of Slieve-na-man, the small town of Fethard rises in the midst of a rich undulating plain, thickly studded with the residences of gentry. This town was built in the time of King John, and is now remarkable for the preservation of its fortifications, nearly all the walls and castles still remaining! Indeed,

of the five entrances into the town, three are through the archways of castles. Fethard returned a member to the Irish Parliament—the patronage was in the O'Callaghan family. A little outside Fethard to the west is a green hill-ock, on which is the grass-covered ruin of an ancient fortress called Cahirdearg, or "The crimson city;" and near it the remains of the castle of Banetstown, where, some sixty years ago, its owner, Ambrose Power, Esq., was murdered on his own hearth by a party of White-boys. Two miles eastward, surrounded by a large lawn, is the castle of Knockelly, from whose top, on a fine clear day, there is one of the finest prospects imaginable, especially of the magnificent vale of St. Johnstown underneath.

We shall now conduct the reader to a natural marvel—the most singular in Great Britain—the Caves, near the extreme south of the county, where it borders Cork, which are commonly known as "the Caves of Mitchelstown," and which are situate upon part of the estate of the Earl of Kingston.

For centuries the neighbourhood has been famous for "caves;" and a very remarkable one still exists, that was for a long period an object of attraction and interest to the tourist. It is, however, very insignificant in comparison with the more recent discovery, and is now rarely visited. Of the "ould cave" we heard the legend from the lips of one of our guides; and before we commence our descent into "the bowels of the earth," we may give it as nearly

as we can in the words in which we received it.

"Is it how the caves war discovered, ye'r asking, ma'am?" replied a "Tipperary boy" to our inquiry. "Why, then, it was quare; though, to be sure, the sheep was not a right sheep, as any one might know that took a thought about it; for if she was right in herself—I mean nothing but a sheep to make mutton of—she could not have had the understanding of Christian language, as she surely had."

"If ye'r going to tell the lady the story, tell it at once, and don't be riddling out your own ideas upon what you don't understand, Reddy," interrupted another guide.

"And don't you be taking me up, or maybe it's too heavy for you I'd be," replied Reddy. "Sure the ideas of a poor boy like myself are just like the wild flowers, which, if transplanted into the garden, would be called——"

"Tame flowers," interrupted the other, "which *you* will never be, my poet of the mountains." Now Reddy certainly had the reputation of being exactly what he was called, a "Mountain Poet;" there are few districts without, at least, one of the class. Nevertheless, he pretended to deny the imputation, and there were sundry exclamations of "Whisht, will ye!—have done—do—don't be making a show of me before the quality. Oh, by the powers! I never put down a word of poetry, bating a bit out of innocence at election-time, or a varse to plase a comrade, if he had a liking for a neighbour's daughter, and couldn't just make one word *strike music*

to another." At last he was prevailed upon to commence his tale.

"A poor man lived hard by there, a poor man entirely; trusting to his quarter³³ of potatoes for the bare food, and to God's marcy (like most of us) for everything else; indeed, from all I ever heard or can judge, he wasn't fond of troubling himself with overwork; and if it wasn't for his wife, who had some good blood in her veins, though born poor, he'd have been, maybe, worse off than he was, and that was bad enough. Well, he was wandering about just where we're standing now, thinking, maybe, of nothing but what weather might come to fill out the potatoes, when all of a sudden he heard the bleat of a sheep. Now there was no grazing at all about the place, and he stopped and listened; and sure enough the bleat came again, and he followed the sound, until at last, in the bottom of a hole, what should he see but a sheep lying, and her leg broke. Well, he went down, and as he was lifting her up, he thought in all his life he had never seen anything so white, or touched anything so soft as her wool: the baste never cried a word while he was lifting her out; and when he laid her on the grass, she turned up her great violet-coloured eyes on him like a Christian."

"That's poethry, Reddy," muttered the rival guide. Reddy continued, not heeding the interruption—"And he felt so ashamed of the idea he had of taking her life, that he could not look her in the face. It was a lonely place in these times, and not much stir anywhere, except at

Lord Kingston's castle, which, if it was fine then, is a thousand times handsomer now. And so avoiding the road near the castle, he carried the sheep home to his wife. 'You haven't stole it?' she says, watching his countenance. 'I have not,' he answers. 'Well, then,' she says again, 'if you have not, we'll strive and cure its leg in the face of day, and put no constraint on it to go or come, only I'll borrow a handful or two of its wool, to make you a pair of Sunday stockings,' she says, 'just in payment for the care you have taken of the poor craythur.' The man often thought how he'd like to eat the sheep; but somehow he didn't like to lose the good opinion of his wife; and he thought, too, of the comfort of the stockings. No one ever claimed the sheep: in a little time she got well, and would stand quite asy to be sheared; and the wool was so beautiful, that in less than no time the woman could get any price she liked for the stockings; nor was that all—the sheep brought them two or three lambs at a time, all with the same silky wool; and the wool was twenty times the value that the meat would have been; and the man and his wife grew rich, and had great grazing intirely. But the first sheep of the flock began to grow old, very old; and she'd lay down in the sun and sleep; and her wool grew thin, and she made up her mind to have no more children. Now if the man had any gratitude, he'd have remembered the goodness of the sheep, and done all in his power to honour her old days; but *the dacency wasn't in him*; and so he says to his

wife, 'At the next shearing I'll make a feast, and we'll have lashings of whiskey, tobacco, and pipes at it, as well as plenty of fresh mate.' 'I think,' she says, 'pickled pork and salt beef might serve your turn; but as it's your fancy, I'll speak to my lord's butcher for whatever you like to order; our money's as good as another's; I never see one guinea that was ashamed to look another in the face.' 'I'll be my own butcher,' he says; 'I'll kill that ould first sheep: she's wasting away, and it will be a good deed to put her out of pain.' 'Oh murder, murder!' shouts the woman; 'sure you would not be that unnatural; sure you would not *kill ye'r luck*, the quiet, innocent craythur that brought plenty and prosperity to your cabin, that's a house now with glass windows through her means. Oh y'er ould yerself!' she says, 'and ought to think of that!' But it was no use, the wickedness was in him; and he declared the ould sheep should be killed the next morning! Well, the poor woman went out to the field to look for her old pet, and where would she find her but leaning under the window of the very room they had been talking in; and the woman kissed and cried over the sheep, and the sheep licked her hands. The next morning, at break of day, the boy that tended the sheep woke his master with a great cry, and told him that the flock had moved off, headed by the first sheep, and that the last of them was nearly out of sight. This roused the ungrateful sleeper, and he set off after them without waiting to say

his prayers; he travelled and travelled, and after much walking he saw his flock pass as if into the earth. When he arrived at the spot, the very last had gone in; and he followed—to get back no more—the sheep boy saw him go in, and after calling some time at the mouth of the cave, returned for the neighbours, who entered with candles and discovered the cave, and heard the man's voice shouting to his sheep, and promising every indulgence to the first of the flock if she'd return; but it was too late: they do say he wanders there to this day," added our informant, "but I never heard him myself."

Such is the legend—founded in truth, perhaps,—of the old cave. The new was discovered on the 2nd of May, 1833, by a man while quarrying for stones. His crowbar fell from his hands, and in the search for it he found a cavity—the gateway to a magnificent palace of nature.³⁴

The hill in which the cave exists rises in nearly the centre of a valley, which separates the Galtee and Knockmeledown chains of mountains—the former constituting its northern, the latter its southern boundary.³⁵

Our first object was to engage the assistance of guides. We considered it desirable to procure several, in order that, by distributing them in various parts of the caverns with lights, we might form a correct idea of their magnitude and magnificence. They took with them a large supply of candles and a box of lucifers, to guard against the danger of some sudden gust of wind leaving us in darkness. The use of torches is

prohibited by the owner of the land; and very properly so, for we had ample proof of the injury they had already done in defacing the beauty of many crystallised roofs. A narrow passage, gradually sloping, about four feet in height and between thirty and forty in length, terminates in an almost vertical precipice, about fifteen feet deep, which is descended by a ladder. For a considerable space (nearly 250 feet), afterwards, the visitor goes through a dull and unpromising "lane" of grey limestone; the guides push a little forward, and so arrange themselves that a sudden turn exhibits, in an instant, one of the most splendid of the caves in all its beauty and grandeur.

The lower middle cave,³⁶ wonderful as it is, is surpassed by the "upper middle cave," at which the visitor arrives through a passage varying in height from five to ten, and in breadth from seven to fourteen feet, and sixty feet in length. "The horizontal section of this natural excavation," says Dr. Apjohn, "may, neglecting its irregularities, be considered as a semi-ellipse, the axes of which are respectively 180 and 80 feet, the major pointing directly east and west. A vertical view or section, corresponding to the line connecting the northern extremity of the minor and eastern extremity of the major axis, shows the roof nearly horizontal, and raised twenty feet above the floor." This is the most remarkable part of the entire cavern, for the magnitude, beauty, and varied and fantastic appearances of its sparry productions. Immediately

upon entering the cave, on the right hand, and attached to the wall, is found the organ—a huge calcareous growth, which is conceived to bear some resemblance in shape to the musical instrument from which its name is borrowed. Nine great pillars of carbonate of lime occur in this same compartment, rising from the floor to the ceiling; of these the lower third is usually of great diameter, and very irregular in form, while the remaining, or upper portion, usually exhibits the shape of an inverted cone, the base of which is in the ceiling, while the vertex is in connection with the lower portion of the pillar. In some instances the upper cone has not come in contact with the stalagmite below, though, should the calcareous deposition proceed as heretofore, there can be no doubt that such a junction will be finally achieved. The most remarkable pillars in this cave are those known among the guides under the names of “Drum” and “Pyramid,” the former of which occurs fifteen feet south of the organ; the latter at the eastern end of the chamber. The base of the former is not simple, but composed of stalks cemented together, and having leaved or foliated edges; some of these edges are of great extent and thinness, and when struck gently vibrate so as to produce an agreeable sound. The pyramid, a pillar fourteen feet in height, rests upon a base of great dimensions, and its shaft is distinguished by the circumstance of its tapering upwards towards the ceiling. The other pillars are of inferior size, but some of them possess a symmetry and beauty

superior to those just described. In addition to the pillars, stalactites and stalagmites everywhere abound; the former depending from the roof, the latter springing from the floor of the cavern.

Soon after leaving this cave we were summoned by the guides to descend "the chimney"—a work of some danger; for it is barely wide enough to allow a passage; its sides have very few projections upon which to place the feet; it descends to the depth of at least thirty yards, and a slip would be inevitably fatal. A guide, however, goes before the visitor, directing his "steps," and frequently giving the foot a resting-place upon his shoulder. At the bottom of the chimney is another cave, nearly equal in extent and grandeur to the one we have described; and from this several galleries branch leading to objects only a degree less wonderful. These are new discoveries, to which additions are continually made, and consist of a number of minor caves, from which no access has as yet been obtained; although it is more than likely that the removal of partition "walls" of limestone would exhibit each as but the part of a whole, and continue the line of caves in one uninterrupted succession. Our desire was to proceed as far as possible, and our guides, gratified by our ardour, rather than checked by the additional labour to which they were subjected, proceeded, after allowing us brief breathing-time, to usher us through a burrow, so narrow that we had actually to twist ourselves along it, after the fashion in

which the screw makes its way into a cork. The task required physical strength, and no inconsiderable nerve; for the passage extended at least one hundred yards, the greater portion of which was necessarily traversed by crawling through a space barely two feet square, sometimes so reduced as to render indispensable the kind of "twist" we have referred to, and repeatedly suggesting the painful sensation that a fall of two or three inches, in any of the rocks above or around us, would enclose us prisoners beyond the possibility of rescue. Yet when we had reached the utmost limits to which the researches of the guides had yet attained, the reader will guess our astonishment when we found pencilled on one of the white curtains at the extremity, the names of two ladies, who, a few days previously, had accomplished the whole of the difficult and dangerous task we have been describing. The course we had taken—burrow, caves, chimney, and all—we had to re-traverse; and upon our re-introduction to the daylight, we found we had been five hours under ground; as we were walking or creeping during four-fifths of the time, we estimate that we must have paced, on our progress and return, at least eight miles.³⁷

Our space is too limited to render justice to a natural wonder, perhaps unsurpassed in the world; for such it is pronounced to be by persons who have examined the leading marvels of the four quarters of the globe. We must excite the imagination of the reader, to give effect to our matter-of-fact description; for the pen and the

pencil will equally fail to convey a notion of the grandeur and beauty of these caves—viewed either in parts or as a whole. The stalactites and stalagmites assume every conceivable shape; shining with the brilliancy of huge diamonds as the small light of a candle is thrown upon them. The “curtains” that fall from the roofs are sometimes so transparent, that the form of a hand may be seen through them; and though of immense size, so delicate is their construction, that they actually vibrate to the touch. They hang in folds, as gracefully as if the hand of skill and taste had arranged their draperies. Frequently, masses of petrefactions, heaped one above another, alternate in layers of pure white, and of a yellow like that of the liquid honey; while, affording the advantage of contrast, the rock in the back-ground retains its original rugged shape and dismal hue. Pools of limpid water, here and there, cover miniature hillocks of crystals—so minute and sparkling as to seem congregated diamonds. Let the reader fancy himself in the midst of a cavern, larger than any building hitherto constructed by art—his guides have stationed themselves at the various points where effects can be best produced; one upon the top of a huge stalagmite; another in some dark recess; others at the several points of ingress and egress; another behind some half-transparent curtain; others where the light may fall upon masses of glistening crystals; another where some grotesque shape may be best exhibited—let them all (as they will do) suddenly unveil

their lights—the effect can be likened only to that which the gorgeous fictions of the East attribute to the power of the necromancer.

It is not a single wonder, but a succession of wonders such as these which the visitor is invited to examine; and every year is adding to their number. Hitherto all the discoveries have been made by the neighbouring peasants, who are scantily recompensed for their time and labour by the gratuities of strangers, and who have no encouragement to the hazard incident upon further explorations; but the enterprise of a scientific person, supplied with sufficient means, would no doubt exhibit the interior of the mountain as one entire “cave,” and probably effect a passage through it.

Our course from the “Mitchelstown Caves” lay through a wild country to the pretty town of Cahir. Passing by the prosperous and well-managed estate of Lord Glengall, we came in view of “the Castle,” which stands on the river Suir, and was, as well as the town it protected, very famous in former times. It is said, however, to occupy the site of a structure of the remotest antiquity—its ancient name being “*Cahir-dunaascaigh*, or, The circular stone fortress of the fish-abounding Dun, or fort; a name which appears to be tautological, and which can only be accounted for by the supposition that an earthen *Dun*, or fort, had originally occupied the site on which a *Cahir*, or stone fort, was erected subsequently.” It is of considerable extent, but irregular outline, consequent upon its adaptation

to the form and broken surface of its insular site, and consists of a great square keep, surrounded by extensive outworks, forming an outer and an inner ballium, with a small court-yard between the two; these outworks being flanked by seven towers, four of which are circular, and three of larger size, square.³⁸ Its general character, even now closely assimilating to that which it presented in 1599 (when it was taken by the Earl of Essex), as it is pictured in the *Pacata Hibernia*. Very recently it has been put into thorough repair; but so judiciously, that its picturesque effect is in no degree injured. At a short distance up the river are the ruins of an ancient monastery, built, it is said, in the reign of King John, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustin.

The town of Cahir has a remarkably cheerful aspect, and its prosperity is not alone upon the surface; it is derived principally from the extensive flour-mills, actively and continually at work, in the immediate neighbourhood, and conducted almost exclusively by the "people called Quakers." There are, in several parts of the south of Ireland, towns universally known and distinguished as "Quaker Towns"—they are remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, for the industry and sobriety of the inhabitants, and an air of comfort and good order in their dwellings—so surely does a good example influence all within its reach. Cahir also enjoys the advantage of an encouraging and considerate resident land-

lord, Lord Glengall, whose beautiful seat adjoins it.

The road from Cahir to Cashel lies through a picturesque and richly cultivated country; a considerable portion of it being part of "the Golden Vale," so called from its exceeding fertility. About two miles to the left is the small but improving village of Golden, situated on both sides of the river Suir, the two divisions being connected by a stone bridge of great antiquity, upon which William the Third is said to have signed the charter of Cashel. The remains of an old circular round tower, which in former times protected the pass, continue in a tolerable state of preservation.³⁹

From the road, nearly the whole of the way, is seen the singular Rath, "the Moat of Knockgraffon;" an artificial mound of earth, rising about seventy feet above the summit of a hill on which it was constructed; at its base may be traced the foundations of an extensive castle, one of the square towers of which still exists. It was built in the year 1108, and ranks among the oldest constructions of the kind in Ireland; tradition states that eighteen of the kings of Munster were born and reared within its walls. In the plain beneath, there is a ford over the Suir, celebrated as the place where Fiacha Muilathan (or, "of the flat scone") was murdered by a prince of Leinster. The legend is, that the prince was grievously afflicted with the evil, and being informed that he might obtain a cure by

bathing in the blood of a king, he resolved, as early as circumstances permitted him, to try the remedy. Soon afterwards he received an invitation from Fiacha to visit him at his castle of Knockgraffon, and, the day being sultry, a proposal was made to swim in the adjacent river. When the monarch was naked and defenceless, he was stabbed by his treacherous guest, who, placing the bleeding body to the stream, allowed the blood to flow around him. Whether he was thus cured of his disease, tradition does not say; but the tragic event was immortalised, and to this day the ford is called the "stream of noble blood."

The Moat of Knockgraffon is indeed a treasury of legendary lore; we gathered from some of the aged women in the neighbourhood a store of traditions of the ancient Irish kings, and of the fairies who still continue to guard their hereditary dominions, to which they are expected, at some future period, to lay claim, and again govern "in the flesh." The wild fictions of Dr. Keating (a native of, and long a resident in, the neighbourhood) are rife among the peasantry; in many instances we found precisely the incidents and events, which the doctor dignified by the term "history," preserved by the memories of old and young in this remarkable locality. A few of them, condensed from his curious and amusing book—a "General History of Ireland," may interest our readers.

There was a king called Lavra Lyngshy, whose

ears were like the ears of a horse; wherefore he ordered every person who cut his hair to be instantly slain, in order that, as all his subjects wore long tresses, his own deformity might not be observed. It was the king's custom to shave his chin once a year, and his barber, when the work was done, was immediately put to death; the barber for duty being selected from his subjects by lot. Now, once upon a time, the lot fell upon the only son of a widow; and she besought the king that her sole prop might not be removed from her; so the monarch relented, and promised him his life as the price of his secrecy. But the young man pined with inward sorrow, and his heart-broken mother consulted a Druid, who said, "Let him go where four roads meet and tell his secret to a willow-tree that grows there;" and the young man did as he was bid, and returned to his home cheerful and happy. Now it chanced that the famous harper of the king broke his harp, and sought out a fitting branch to make another; finding the willow-tree to which the youth had told his secret, he tore a branch of it, bent it, put the strings upon it, and went, as was his wont, to play before the monarch; and as often as he touched the instrument, a sound came forth which plainly said, "Two ears of a horse has Lavra Lyngshy." Upon the king's hearing this, he repented of the number of people that were put to death in order to conceal his deformity, and thereupon openly exposed his ears to his household. "This, however," adds

the historian, who relates the anecdote with more minuteness, "I conceive to be rather a romantic tale than genuine history."

There was a custom in old times, that "when a champion overcame his adversary in single combat, he took out his brains, and mixing them with lime, made a round ball, which by drying in the sun became solid and hard, and was always produced at public meetings and conventions, as a distinction and a trophy of experienced valour and certain victory." Such a ball was in the honourable keeping of Connal Ciernach, the materials of which it was composed having formerly filled the cranium of his enemy Meisgeadrha. Two fools stole this "ball of brains;" and from them it was in turn stolen by Ceat, a mighty warrior, who, placing it in a sling, flung it at the King of Ulster, and fractured his skull, of which wound he ultimately died, and so fulfilled a prophecy, that the dead Meisgeadrha should avenge himself upon the men of Ulster.

Thady, a stout soldier, was wounded at the battle of Rath Criona, when the king, Cormac, envious of his merit, commanded a surgeon, that in dressing his three wounds, he should convey an ear of barley into one, a small black worm into another, and the point of a rusty spear into the third; which being done, the skin was healed over them, and unhappy Thady was left to endure tortures. "This, I think," comments the old historian, "is the most ungrateful instance of cruelty to be met with in the Irish history." In process of time, however, the gallant Thady

procured a more honest medical attendant, who, discovering the secret of his ailment, first lanced the skin in three places, and then "gave orders that a ploughshare should be heated in the fire till it was red-hot, which being brought to him, he took it in his hand, and, with a cruel and stern countenance, he ran violently at the patient, as if he would have forced the iron through his body: Thady, surprised at this attempt, started out of his bed to avoid the push, and by the violence of the motion, his wounds were forced open—the ear of barley, the black worm, and the rusty iron were expelled, and he was perfectly recovered."

In the reign of Fearaidhack, lived Moran, the son of Maoin, chief justice of the kingdom. He was called, by way of eminence, "the just judge;" and he was the first who wore the wonderful collar, which had a most surprising virtue, for when tied about the neck of one who was about to pronounce a wicked sentence, or a witness who designed perjury, it would immediately shrink, contracting itself so as almost to stop the breath; but if the party repented, it would enlarge itself, and let him loose. "Hence," observes the doctor, "arose the custom in the judicatories of the kingdom, for the judge, when he suspected the veracity of a witness, and proposed to terrify him to give true evidence, to warn him that the fatal collar was about his neck."

A holy hermit, named Mochua (the brother of a prince called Guaire), who lived upon herbs and water, had an attendant, who, wearying of the simple fare, "longed impatiently to eat flesh,

and asked leave of his master to go and refresh himself at the court of Guaire." Mochua made answer that he would furnish him with meat in abundance, without compelling him to go a journey to procure it. The holy man then proceeded to pray for a supply. At that very instant ("as some particular manuscripts relate," quoth the doctor, "but with small truth, I'm afraid") the servants of Guaire were laying dinner on the table, and, to their great surprise, the dishes were hurried through the air, and conveyed directly to the solitary cell where Mochua was continuing his devotion, and the attendant expecting the event. The king, enraged at the loss of his meal, galloped after the dishes with a troop of horse; and when they arrived at the cell, the attendant was so terrified that he wished the baked meats back again; upon which the saint once more prayed; the feet of the horses stuck fast in the ground, and the riders remained immoveable, until the hungry anchorite had eaten and drunk to his heart's content. The place where this occurred is "known to this day, in the Irish language, by the name of Bothur-na-Mias, which, in the English, signifies the Dishes' Road."

We might fill a volume of odd legends from the "History" of the quaint and credulous old historian, the Rev. Geoffrey Keating, D.D., the greater portion of whose chequered life was spent in the locality we are describing, and whose dust lies in the ruined church of Tubrid, a few miles only from the singular remain of very early ages—the Moat of Knockgraffon; where, it requires

no great stretch of fancy to believe, he enjoyed many of his day-dreams, summoning "spirits from the vasty deep," and talking with them of heroes who were dried bones before the flood.⁴⁰

About a mile from Golden Bridge, and still verging to the left from the road to Cashel, are the remains of the ancient Priory of Athassel. The site was chosen with the usual taste and judgment of the "monks of old;" although a few shrivelled trees are now all that remain of the woods by which it was formerly encompassed, and of which there is abundant evidence. A gentle, fertilising, and productive river still rolls beside its shattered glories; and the ruins afford ample proof of the vast extent as well as singular beauty of the structure, when the "Holy Augustinians" kept state within its walls. To their "order" may be traced the most elaborate and highly wrought of all the ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland; their abbeys in that country "evincing a style of architectural elegance and grandeur but little inferior to their fabrics in England and on the Continent." Athassel, according to Dr. Ledwich, was founded by William Fitz Adelm de Burke, about the year 1200, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. This Fitz Adelm was steward to Henry the Second, and ancestor of the illustrious family of De Burgo.⁴¹ On the king's return from Ireland he was intrusted with the management of affairs, and in 1204 he was interred at Athassel. Veneration and love for their great progenitor, made the De Burgos and their numerous dependents bestow ample posses-

sions on, and contribute largely to the decoration of, their favourite priory. The ruins cover an area of considerable extent: the choir, Dr. Ledwich states, is forty-four feet by twenty-six; the nave was of the same breadth with the choir, supported by lateral aisles; by the external walls, it measures one hundred and seventeen feet in length. In the south-west corner is a small chapel. The steeple was square and lofty, the cloisters large. The doorway, of exquisite workmanship, is still in an excellent state of preservation.

We may pause awhile in our details of "grey ruins of the olden time," and relieve the monotony of our descriptions by introducing our readers to a class of persons, found in all parts of Ireland, but who are necessarily of a more daring and desperate character in Tipperary than elsewhere—the followers, or rather the pioneers, of the law, called "Process-servers." The "business" has been at all times, in Ireland, one of imminent danger, and those who pursued it were almost invariably reckless "dare-devils," without principle or reputation, and whose only recommendations were cunning and courage. At Cahir, we formed acquaintance with one of them, known by no other cognomen than "Long Jim;" but Long Jim having some undefined notion that our interrogatories might be prejudicial to his interests, declined to answer them except by smiles and civil speeches that meant nothing. As we had given him some trouble, and caused him a walk of several miles to undergo our scrutiny, we thought it

only right at parting to present him with half-a-crown. Jim looked at the money, turned it over and over, and, shrewdly calculating that some peculiar and perilous service was expected of him, for which this was his retaining fee, called aside the friend who had brought us together, and whispered, "Tell his honour that whatever job he has to do in this county, be jakers, I'm the man that'll do it for him."

But when informed as to the nature of our object, and it was explained to him that we had no purpose but to learn from himself some of his "hair-breadth 'scapes," Jim became as communicative as he had previously been taciturn, and readily told us a few anecdotes characteristic of his tribe, of which he may be taken as a faithful example. "Jim" is very "long,"—a tall, muscular, loose-limbed, powerful fellow, who fears nothing. "Ah! it's asy to say I'm strong, but what help would my strength give me agin a hundred vagabones hungry for my blood?" he exclaimed; "I've had more escapes in my time," he continued, "than Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington put together. I stood up to my throat in a bog once for two days, and if my head hadn't been hid in a bunch of rushes, I wouldn't have been here to tell the story, for there was a matter of fifty vagabones beating the bog after me. I've been five times left for dead, and have had a score of pistol-bullets took out of my body.⁴² Once I crept into a house, and crawled between the feather-bed and mattress without anybody knowing; and the fellows that were after me

searched and searched, and propped under the bed with a pike, and never touched me, and there I lay—and lucky it was for me that the man who slept in that bed was tipsy. I stole away before morning without his knowledge.” Zealous for the humanity of the Irish women, we inquired if he had never been saved by the fair sex. “I think,” he answered, “an Irishwoman hates the law as much as an Irishman; and they’d show more pity to a tiger than they would to a process-server. I wasn’t a bad-looking boy in my time; but the girls I fancied for marriage would have nothing to say to me—a peep-o’-day boy, *even a tailor*, before poor Jim; but it’s all the better for me now,” he added, turning his hat round and round while he spoke, and rubbing the edge with his hand; “it’s all the better; if no one cares for me, I care for no one; even my own mother on her deathbed turned her face to the wall when I asked for her blessing!” Something like feeling agitated his features while he said this. So true it is, that there are certain chords in the human heart which never cease to vibrate.

Jim was once employed to serve a writ upon a Roman Catholic clergyman, and he did it on a saint’s day, at the door of his chapel, when the place was thronged with his people. The manner was this: he persuaded an excise-officer that he knew where a private still was at work, and induced him to obtain the assistance of a party of military. As they approached the chapel, Jim directed the troops to remain a little in the background while he advanced to reconnoitre, placing

them just where the glitter of their bayonets could be seen from the rising ground. He then went forward boldly, and put his paper into the priest's hand; and perceiving a hostile movement among the crowd, he pointed to the military, to whom he speedily returned, and whom he subsequently led "a fool's march" in search of the whiskey-still that had, of course, vanished.

Another of his doings he told us at greater length. A country gentleman had eluded all Jim's efforts to "serve" him. "I've known," quoth Jim, "a matter of fifteen simple writs against him at one time, besides greater law in the courts; there was more paper, wax, and red tape wasted on him, than on any man of his age. And yet," added Jim, and an expression of the most triumphant cunning animated his bitter eyes—"I nabbed him at last; and I'm prouder of it than of anything I ever did. He was called 'the Foxy-fighter.' There were ever so many of us on the watch, trying to give *our bits of paper into his hand*; but he was too 'cute for them. One thought he had found out the right way—for he climbed to the top of the great old-fashioned chimney that belonged to his bed-room, and stole softly down it, and the nearer he got to the ground the plainer he could hear the Foxy-fighter *discoorsing* his housekeeper—and at one time he got a little frightened, thinking of the treatment he might get; but he had friends among the servants, who, though they would not let him in, would not see him murdered. So down he went; and when he put his foot on, as he thought, the

bottom, what should he find but an iron grating across—so there he was stopped. ‘A thief in the chimney,’ roars the Fighter, and in less than no time he was surrounded with fire and smoke; and between the burning and the smoking, it was many a long day before that man was able to go up or down a chimney again. I was often on the watch for Foxy; and at the back of his house there was a little square yard, and over one corner of it hung the bough of a very large tree. I wondered where he could go for a little air, and I found he took great delight in the grey of the morning in tending a few ducks and geese that gabbled about a pond that was in the midst of the little yard; he had no dread over him by reason of the high wall, as he could take in the whole wall at a glance, and sure enough he *had an eye like a process*. Well, I turned it over in my own mind—and got a nice large goose egg, and round one end of it I wraps the copy of the writ, and letting myself down from the wall a little before the break o’ day, I placed the egg just on a tuft of grass, and seated myself in the branch of the old tree, watching; and presently out comes the Fox, after first looking through a peep-hole he had in the door. ‘Ah! ah!’ he says, and the ducks and geese came running out; and presently he spies the egg. ‘That’s the grey goose,’ he says again, ‘that always has such consideration for my breakfast,’ and seeing the bit o’ paper about the egg, in coorse he peeps into it; and ‘What’s this?’ says he, turning pale and looking about him. ‘It’s the copy,’ says I, roar-

ing from the tree, 'and here's the original;' and while he runs in for his pistols, didn't I show him the heels o' my brogues!"

On another occasion, Jim finding insurmountable difficulties in the way of a desired interview with a gentleman who was always upon "the watch," arranged a very scandalous mode of accomplishing his purpose. He bought a brace of remarkably fine trout, and a fishing-rod; and, for the first time in his life, practised the "gentle craft" of the angler; throwing his fly across the river at a point where he well knew the gentleman might see him from his parlour-window. Presently down came a message to Jim, to the effect that he was trespassing, the water being preserved. This was exactly what Jim anticipated; so he sent his best respects to his honour, to say that he cared only for the sport, and not for the fish, and hoped he'd be pleased to accept the trout he had already caught. The bait took; the gentleman was pleased to find that fish so large were in his river, and returned his compliments that "lunch would be ready at three." When the fellow had partaken heartily of the hospitality, he proceeded to business, and horrified his host by the production of a writ.

Jim was placed under precisely similar circumstances with a gentleman less wily, because more confident, who lived in a wild and remote district, from which escape was out of the question; and well the party knew that no process-server would dare venture into it. But Jim was too cunning for him. He ascertained that the

gentleman's "custom in the afternoon," was to drink his punch in a rural alcove; suddenly, Jim presented himself before the astonished sight of his victim, while enjoying the *dolce far niente*; and making his best bow, begged his honour's pardon for the intrusion. His honour knew Jim well, and coolly asked him at what rate he valued his life. "Faith, sir," says Jim, "at very little, if I meant yer honour any harm; but at a great dale this present writing; for it's to do you a service I came here; else I think I'd just as soon put my ugly body betwixt the horns of a mad bull." After some further questioning, Jim told his story. He came to warn his honour that one of his own servants was a "rap," and meant to betray him; that he (the said Jim) had been tempted by an offer of ten guineas to serve a writ; that he had taken the bribe; but would "as soon cut his own tongue out as serve it upon his honour." The gentleman's suspicions were disarmed; he gave the fellow plenty of whiskey, and putting a guinea in his hand, thanked him, and bade him good-bye. Jim had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, before back he came, laid the guinea upon the table, and declared he couldn't and wouldn't rob so good a gentleman, and again departed minus the gold. Upon this, he was summoned to return, and questioned; when, with all the appearance of generosity and rectitude, he declared, that if he took the money, his honour would think him a "chate," who came pretending to have the power of serving a process on him, when, in reality, he had nothing of the

kind to serve. The scene lasted for some minutes, the gentleman assuring Jim he was satisfied and obliged, and entreating him to pocket the gift; and Jim declaring he could not do it, and be suspected of cheating him. At length the discussion was brought to an issue by Jim, violently excited, exclaiming, the only way to settle the matter was to convince the worthy gentleman of his probity, by showing that he was not pretending to have a writ, when he had none; so, drawing it from his pocket, he showed both copy and original to the worthy man. "You see, sir," said he, "that I was not a chating blackguard; and now, if you are content, I'll accept the guinea." It was, of course, given; Jim departed in peace, taking especial care that the "copy" was left behind, went directly to his employer, and swore the service.

We might easily multiply anecdotes of this man and his class, but have already, perhaps, given too much space to the subject. One more, however, we must tell. We travelled from Limerick to Castle Connell with a man—Dick (we forget his surname)—who had an awful and terrible squint—whose escapes had been many and marvellous during the tithe war, for he had been the selected server of the rebellion writs. He was the very opposite of Long Jim in personal appearance—a remarkably small and puny creature, whom a genuine Thurles giant might have almost swallowed at a mouthful. Once he was on duty with a comrade, when they saw a host gathering about the mountains above them.

They had a horse, but only one; and Dick was on foot; he made a spring and tried to mount, but "fell on the other side." There was not a moment to lose; his companion galloped off and left poor Dick to his fate. He looked round him in despair, and made a rush into a neighbouring cabin. His foes were soon after him; Dick fixed himself in the farthest corner; and when "the boys" showed themselves at the door, he presented his pistol, exclaiming, "I can only shoot one o' ye; but *I have my eye on the man I'll shoot.*" As we have said, he squinted frightfully, and the party paused and hesitated; it passed their skill to determine upon which of them his eyes were fixed, for they rolled horribly as he repeated the threat, "I have my eye on the man I'll shoot." They consequently retired to deliberate; and had actually proceeded to remove the roof, that they might stone him to death in comparative security, when Dick's comrade hove in sight with a party of police, and Dick's life was saved.

All the ecclesiastical ruins (of which there are many) in Tipperary, and indeed in Ireland, sink into insignificance, compared with those that crown the far-famed "Rock of Cashel." The rock, rising above the adjacent country, is seen from a very long distance, and from every direction by which it is approached—its summit crowned by the venerable remains that have excited the wonder and admiration of ages, and will continue to do for ages yet to come.⁴³

The "city"—for the rank belongs to it, al-

though it consists of little more than a thousand houses, of which nearly three-fourths are thatched —has an aspect almost as time-worn as the ruins on the “rock,” while infinitely less picturesque.⁴⁴ The principal street is wide, and well built; but the lanes and alleys that branch from it, and the whole of the suburbs, are mean and wretched.

Yet Cashel has occupied a position by no means insignificant in the history of Ireland. Here, in 1172, Henry the Second received the homage of Donald O’Brien, and held the memorable synod of the Irish clergy, at which Christian, Bishop of Lismore, the Pope’s legate, presided, when “every archbishop and bishop gave sealed charters to the king, conferring on him and his heirs for ever the kingdom of Ireland, which charters were confirmed by Pope Alexander.” During the long and cruel contests between the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, the city was a frequent sufferer. On one occasion the great Earl of Kildare burnt down the cathedral, and having been summoned to answer for his conduct before the king in England, he assured his majesty he “never would have thought of committing so grievous a sacrilege, but that he was told the archbishop was of a certainty at the time within it.” The comment of the monarch was equally singular and characteristic: “If all Ireland cannot govern this man, he is the fittest man to govern all Ireland,”—and the earl was accordingly appointed its viceroy by patent, dated 6th August, 1496. In 1647, the Lord Inchiquin, at the head of the parliamentary forces, marched

against Cashel; the citizens retired to the rock, as both a citadel and a sanctuary, and refused the offer of Inchiquin, to leave them unmolested upon payment of £3000 to his army: the result was, that the fortress was taken by storm, many of the inhabitants, including twenty monks, were slain, and the city and its people were given up to plunder.

Cashel, however, is important chiefly as having been, for centuries, the seat of an archbishop. The ecclesiastical province comprises the dioceses of Cashel, Emly, Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, Waterford, Lismore, Cork, Ross, Cloyne, Killaloe, and Kilfenora; a district very nearly co-extensive with the civil province of Munster.⁴⁵ But long before it attained ecclesiastical rank, it was the favourite residence of the kings of Munster; and, it is said, a synod was held there about the middle of the fifth century, by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe, and St. Declan, in the reign of Ængus, who is supposed to have commemorated his conversion to Christianity by the erection of a church upon the rock; thus probably originating the assemblage of sacred edifices for which, in after times, it became conspicuous; and there appears to be satisfactory authority for the belief that it had been, for ages previously, the selected site of Pagan worship.⁴⁶ The controversy concerning the round towers is, therefore, not affected by the fact, that all the other buildings upon the rock are undoubtedly of the Christian era. The erection of "Cormac's Chapel" is attributed to Cormac Mac Culinan, King of Munster and Bishop

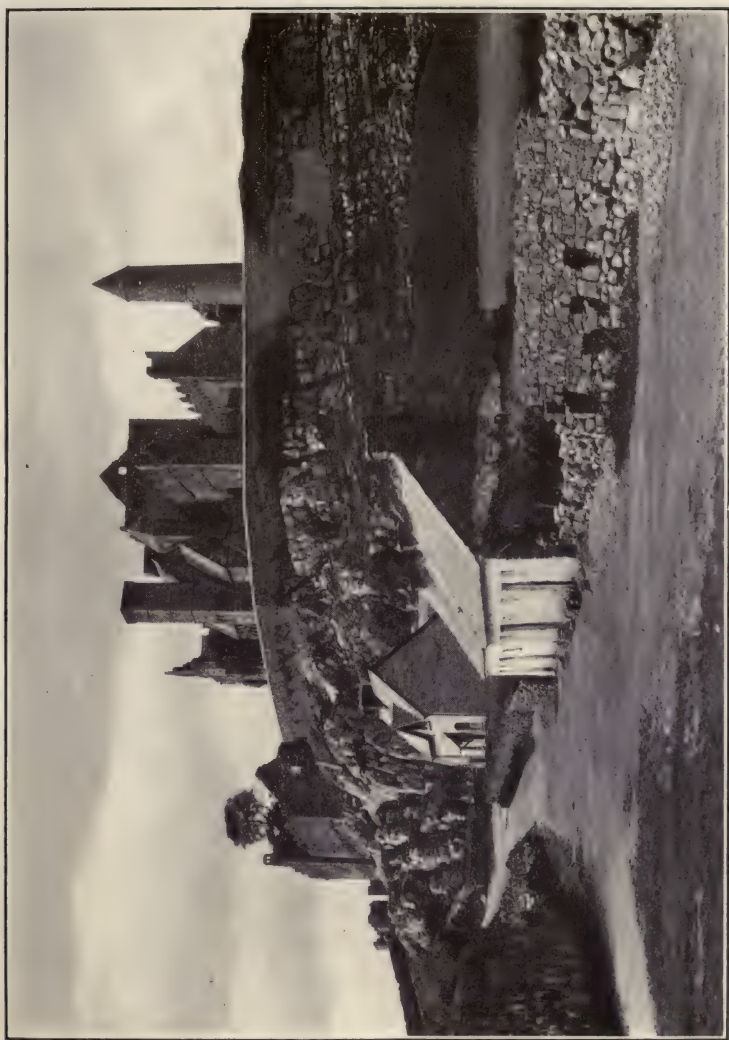
of Cashel, who fell in battle on the plain of Moyalbe, near Leighlin, A.D. 908; but, upon safer evidence, to Cormac Mac Carthy, also king and bishop, in the twelfth century. The chapel, however, was certainly erected previously to the Anglo-Norman invasion, and affords a convincing proof that the Irish had attained to considerable excellence in the erection of stone buildings prior to that event. The cathedral was undoubtedly the work of Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, about 1169. The other structures on the rock are a hall for the vicars choral, built by Archbishop O'Hedian, in 1421; the old episcopal palace, originally a strong castle, at the west end of the cathedral; the remains of the abbey founded by David Mac Carvill about 1260; and the mysterious Round Tower; and there exists several remains of the ancient wall, by which the whole assemblage was formerly surrounded.⁴⁷

The first Protestant archbishop was Miler Magrath, who, having for some time filled the see of Down as the titular bishop, embraced the reformed faith, and was advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the archbishopric, which he held *in commendam* with the sees of Lismore and Waterford. His tomb is pointed out upon the south side of the choir of the cathedral—or rather his monument; for, it is said, he died a Roman Catholic, and his body was interred elsewhere, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is curious to note how the authorised “caretakers” of celebrated places assume the tone of the scenes they exhibit. At Killarney, every

guide, boatman, and child, speaks of fairy-land, ghosts, apparitions of all kinds, that walk the waters, float i' the air—clink minnikin hammers under the broad-leaved dock—or of the still more mysterious creatures that watch golden treasures beneath the placid surface of the lake. At the Giant's Causeway, every fellow desires to be thought a geologist; he hints with a careless and dignified air at its superstitions, but dwells at length upon what Sir Humphry Davy and Doctor MacDonnel said to him; talks of strata and basalt columns—quartz—limestone—octagons—formations—spars, and the “debris of the whole”—assuring you that *he* can account for the mighty and glorious wonders that make your heart pant and your temples throb, until you wish that some giant would step forth and silence the petty praters, who disturb without informing you.

On the Rock of Cashel, as well as among other ruins, the guide is an antiquary. It was a cold, misty morning, when, having wandered through the dirty and miserable streets that lead to this noble relic, we summoned a conductor from his cottage-fire to lead us up the steep: he came right willingly, expressing his regret at the *softness*—*i. e.* wetness—of the day, and his hopes that it would clear up for the view which many thought a deal of—though, to his mind, those who climbed the Rock would do better to keep to the ruins; fine views were all over Ireland, but Ireland only held *one* Rock of Cashel. A cow was sheltering close to the iron gateway, which the guide unlocked: he saw we did not altogether approve of



her remaining there, and apologised, saying—
“she could do no harm, the craythur; them that could were kept out, thanks be to the good Archdeacon Cotton.”

Great indeed was the old man's delight upon hearing us cordially express our grateful thanks—for they are due from us, as from all who love Ireland—to the venerable clergyman and genuine patriot. For many months he laboured to preserve, if he could not restore, the ancient glories of the pile: not satisfied with directing what was to be done, he wrought with his own hands. The old man gabbled over crypts, and choirs, and transepts; arches—Gothic, Saxon, and Roman,—together with the Twelve Apostles, and the wonderful tomb of Magragh.

While the wind growled along the walls, and rushed with impotent fury through the vaulted passages, a story was told us of another “guide,” the predecessor of the one who had us under his especial charge. He was a very old man when he took up his abode among the ruins; and he worked night and day to prevent the further trespassings of time upon the structure. The children would stand aside and whisper together, when they saw this lover of ancient things bending over his staff as he climbed the Rock, well knowing they must not indulge in their noisy roisterings within the walls while he was there: he would remain for a month at a time, craving nothing beyond “the handful of meal and potatoes,” which the poor people did not fail as usual to give cheerfully from their scant store; and he

would pray and work, and work and pray, from sunrise to sunset, and then sleep tranquilly, either beneath the grand entrance into Cormac's Chapel, or by the side of the Archbishop's tomb, waking to resume his self-imposed task—piling together the precious fragments which time, or more destructive ignorance, had displaced—picking the green moss from out the inscriptions, and sweeping the hallowed floors; sometimes, despite his age, he would creep along the walls to replace a stone; and the humbler class hinted that he held converse with the spirits of the air, who supported him at his work. At last the old man died, and was buried; and the stones fell, and fragments of the most exquisite architecture were scattered by the storm, and the glories of the place were crumbling into dust, when, happily, one of equal taste and greater power laboured long and earnestly to preserve what the humble workman honoured.

On the south side of the cathedral, and near the gateway by which the Rock is entered, there stands a rudely-sculptured figure of St. Patrick—its patron saint; it is mounted on a huge stone, partially sculptured also; and here tradition states that the petty kings of Munster formerly paid their tribute to the superior potentate.⁴⁸ Our guide pointed out to us, with considerable ostentation, the marks made by the “rattling” of the coined gold, and added emphatically, “Ah, there were no absentees to take it from us in them days!”

The Round Tower is built of freestone, and not

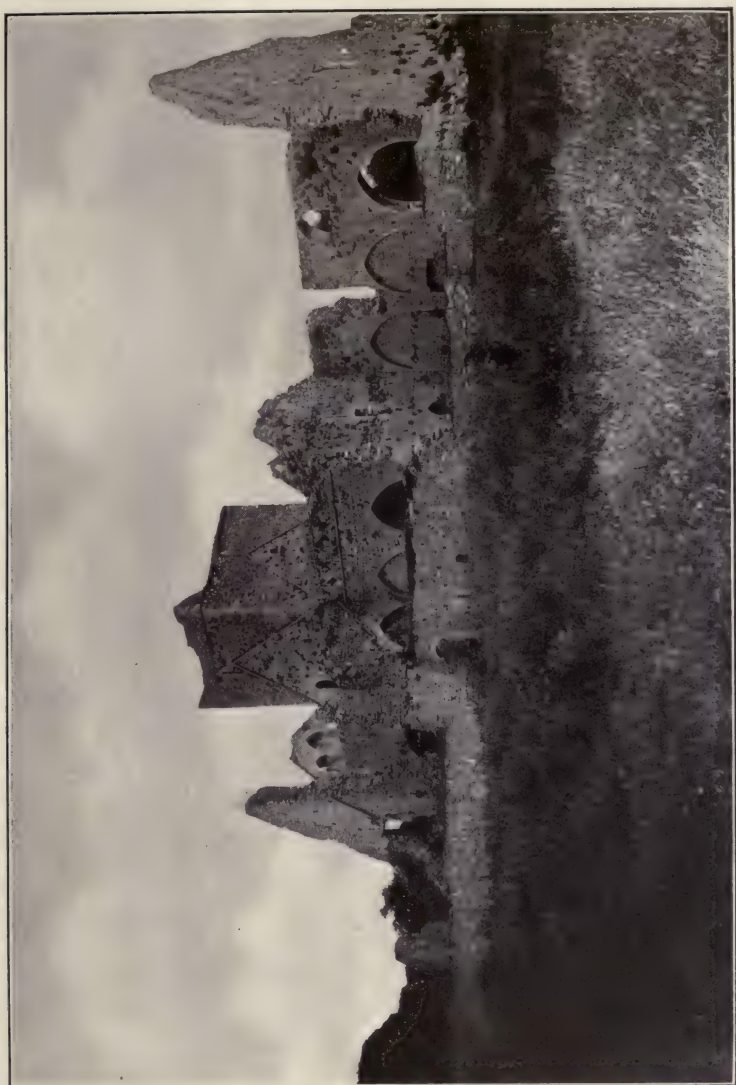
of limestone, as all the adjacent buildings are. It is fifty-six feet in circumference, and ninety feet in height; has four apertures at the top, and a doorway twelve feet from the ground. The cathedral consists of a choir, nave, and transepts, with a square tower in the centre. The greatest length, from east to west, is about two hundred and ten feet, and the breadth in the transepts is about a hundred and seventy feet. There are no side aisles, and the windows are of the lancet form, usual in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.⁴⁹ The most interesting relic on the Rock, however, is unquestionably Cormac's Chapel, not alone for its high antiquity, but for its exceedingly graceful proportions, and the high finish of its workmanship. It consists of a nave and choir, but has neither transepts nor lateral aisles. It is richly decorated in the Norman style of the time, both exteriorly and interiorly; and the entire length of the building is fifty-three feet. There are crypts between the arches of the choir and nave, and the stone roof; and there is a square tower on each side of the building, at the junction of the nave and choir. It is entered by a curious Saxon doorway, decorated with zigzag and head ornaments.⁵⁰

Let the reader then imagine the beautiful pile of sacred edifices crowning the entire summit of a huge limestone rock, completely isolated and occasionally precipitous, standing in the midst of a luxuriant country, "the Golden Vale," and commanding an extensive prospect—bounded on one side by the lofty range of the Galtee moun-

tains, but permitting upon all other sides the eye to wander over miles upon miles of a richly cultivated and proverbially productive land; the picturesque effect of which, however, is essentially impaired by the total absence of trees.

If the adjacent country is seen to great advantage from the rock, the Rock and its time-honoured structures have a remarkably fine effect beheld from any point of approach. In the accompanying print, the whole of its leading features have been skilfully introduced; its dilapidated gateway, the surrounding wall, the cathedral, the chapel, the castellated palace, and the round tower; and the artist has exhibited the wretched hovels that shelter at its base. We entered one of them: it consisted of a single dark room, without a window; the walls thick with the gathered smoke of years; and a miserable bed, composed of a few boards placed a few inches above the clay floor, on which a few handfuls of dirty straw had been thinly scattered.

A few years ago the tourist was compelled to describe the Rock of Cashel as an assemblage of ruins, utterly abandoned to the attacks of time, to be examined only by "forcing a passage through nettles and rank weeds, and over huge masses of stone and mortar." Recently, however, as we have intimated, this reproach has been removed from Cashel; the late Archdeacon Cotton (the name should be preserved for the gratitude of posterity) devoted his whole time and energy, and expended largely his private means, to preserve from further injury every portion of



the venerable structures. He contrived, by great and continual labour, to collect together an immense mass of broken carved stones, which he has so judiciously and skilfully joined, that many of the figures in basso relievo now appear almost as perfect as when, centuries ago, they were placed in the building: these he has fixed in the various walls, so as effectually to protect them against any future assaults of the spoiler.⁵¹

The ruins of Hore Abbey exist in a good state of preservation in the vale, directly under the Rock. The steeple is large, and about twenty feet square on the inside; the east window is small and plain, and in the inside walls are some remains of stalls; the nave is sixty feet long and twenty-three broad; and on each side was an arcade of three Gothic arches, the north side whereof is levelled, with lateral aisles, which were about thirteen feet broad; on the south side of the steeple is a small door, leading into an open part about thirty feet long and twenty-four broad; the side walls are much broken, and in the gable end is a long window; there is a small division on the north side of the steeple, with a low arched apartment, which seems to have been a confessional, as there are niches in the walls with apertures. It was founded for Cistercians, in 1272, by David Mac Carvill, Archbishop of Cashel, and endowed with the revenues of the Benedictines, who were expelled by him out of "the abbey of the Rock of Cashel, near the cathedral of St. Patrick."⁵² He also united to it the Hospital for Lepers, built by David le Lati-

mer about the year 1230, the ruins of which are still visible, standing in a field on the road to Cahir.

Second only in interest and also in architectural beauty to the ruins of Cashel, is the Abbey of Holy Cross, distant about seven miles from the city, and three from the flourishing town of Thurles. It is situated on the "gentle Suire," and is said to owe its origin as well as its name to the possession of a piece of the true cross; which, according to O'Halloran (who does not give his authority, and whose own is not entitled to much credit), was sent, covered with gold and set with precious stones, about the year 1110, by Pope Pascal the Second as a present to Donough O'Brien, monarch of Ireland, and grandson of Brien Boru. The circumstance, however, is by no means improbable; for gifts of the kind were undoubtedly transmitted from Rome to some of the provincial Irish kings about the same period; and it is certain that a relic with attributes of peculiar sanctity was preserved in the abbey for centuries, and it is said to be in existence even to this day.⁵³ The abbey was originally founded in the year 1182, for Cistercian monks, by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, and not by his son, Donogh Cairbreach, as stated by Archdall, Ledwich, Gough, and other compilers, as may be seen from the foundation charter, which still exists, and is given at length in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, beginning thus:—"Donald, by the grace of God, King of Limerick, to all Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, and Christians

of whatsoever degree throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ." This charter is signed by Christian, Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Holy See, in Ireland; M. Archbishop of Cashel, and B. Bishop of Limerick.

From the earliest period, the abbey was endowed with peculiar privileges; and its charter was confirmed by the kings, John, Henry the Third, Edward the Third, and Richard the Second, respectively.

The abbot was a Peer of Parliament, and styled Earl of Holy-cross. At the dissolution, its extensive possessions were granted to Gerald, Earl of Ormond, *in capite*, at the annual rent of £15 10s. 4d. The abbey, with part of the adjacent land, is now the property of the Rev. Doctor Wall, Fellow of Trinity College, who has so far cared for its preservation, as to place an iron gate to the principal entrance; with little advantage, however, for the broken walls afford easy access to intruders—as we can ourselves testify—for during our visit, we saw a parcel of idle boys amusing themselves by pelting stones at the carved mullions and pillars, one of which had been very recently broken by a mischievous scoundrel, who must have exerted no inconsiderable strength to deface it. As a monastic ruin (we borrow from Mr. Petrie), the Abbey of Holy-cross ranks in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland. But though many of its architectural features are of remarkable beauty, it is perhaps, as a whole, scarcely deserving of so high a character; and

its effect upon the mind is greatly diminished by the cabins and other objects of a mean character by which it is nearly surrounded. Like most monastic structures of considerable importance, its general form is that of a cross, consisting of a nave, chancel, and transept, with a lofty square belfry at the intersection of the cross; but it is distinguished from other structures of the kind, in having in both of its transepts two distinct chapels beautifully groined—a feature which imparts much interest and picturesqueness to the general effect. Between two of these chapels and the south transept there is a double row of three pointed arches, supported by twisted pillars, each distant about two feet four inches from the other, and having a similar pointed arch in front. The object of this singular feature has given rise to much conjecture, but the more rational opinion seems to be, that it was designed as a resting-place for the dead bodies of the monks and other persons previously to interment in the abbey, or its cemetery.

In addition to this, the interior of the church has another very unique and remarkable feature, namely, that the choir arch is not placed as usual beneath the tower, but thirty feet in advance of it, thus making the choir of greater length by fourteen feet than the nave, which is but fifty-eight feet long, the entire length of the church being one hundred and thirty feet. This peculiarity appears, however, to be an after-thought, and not the design of the original architect, which was evidently to limit, as usual, the

length of the choir to the arch in front of the tower, and the second arch is unquestionably of more modern construction. The steeple rests on four beautifully groined arches, the supporters of which are connected in the centre by a great variety of ogives passing diagonally from their angles; and the roof of the choir, as well as those of the side chapels, is similarly enriched. The nave appears to have been of meaner architecture, and has lost its roof; but it has aisles formed by four pointed arches on each side, and which lead into the transepts. Of the windows in this church we may observe, generally, that they are of very elegant taste of design.

Several of the family tombs contained in the abbey are of very elegant character; the most remarkable of them, however, is that which tradition assigns to Donald More O'Brien, King of Limerick, its founder—an error, to the propagation of which O'Halloran, Campbell, Ledwich, and Archdall lent themselves. There is now no doubt that it was erected by, and to the memory of, a member of either the House of Ormond or of Desmond.⁵⁴ The monument is of exceeding beauty—it is, indeed, considered the most beautiful in Ireland; but, unhappily, it has been much injured, we were informed, by a party of recruits, who, with their serjeant, were marching through the village some twenty years ago: the idle vagabonds, having nothing better to do, employed themselves by battering the canopy, the pillars, and the arches, with the butt-ends of their musquets.

We have devoted considerable space to descriptions of the famous ecclesiastical structures of Tipperary county: first, because they rank among the most celebrated and beautiful in Ireland; and next, because, as we are passing into districts where such relics are less numerous and less conspicuous, we shall not again have so much occasion for dwelling upon this branch of our subject.

The only other towns of note in the county, are Thurles, in the northern division, and Nenagh, in the north-west; the latter has been recently converted into an assize town—an act of tardy justice—for, previously, a “summons to court” was the infliction of a grievous injury, involving, as it did, a journey of nearly 140 miles.

Tipperary is an inland county; comprising, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,013,173 statute acres; of which 819,698 consist of cultivated land, 182,147 of bog, mountain, and waste, and 11,328 are covered with water. The population was, in 1821, 346,896; and in 1831, 402,363. Its boundaries are, on the north, Galway and the King’s County; on the south, Waterford; on the east, the King’s and Queen’s Counties; and on the west, Cork, Limerick, and Clare; its separation from the latter county being effected by the Shannon and Lough Derg. It is divided into the baronies of Clanwilliam, Eliogathy, Iffa and Offa, east and west, Ikerrin, Kilnemanagh, Middlethird, Lower Ormond, Upper Ormond, Owny and Arra, and Slieveardagh.



Although the southern division of Tipperary has been, at all times, rather peaceable than disturbed, the northern district has long been notorious for its state of insubordination. It is impossible for us to leave the county without some notice of the lawless associations that have been, from time to time, the bane of Ireland; checking the full and free flow of its healthy blood, and tending most effectually to retard its onward march in civilisation. We are sufficiently aware that the subject is to be approached with extreme caution; for, unhappily, the evil, though of remote origin, still exists, and still receives apology, if not justification, and, indirectly, sanction if not encouragement, from persons to whom the peasantry look for counsel, guidance, and sympathy.⁵⁵

Arthur Young affirms, that "no such thing as a Leveller or Whiteboy was heard of till 1760, which was long after the landing of Thurot, or the intended expedition of Conflans;" and he labours to prove, that Whiteboy combinations were in no degree connected with the attempts of the Stuart family to regain the crown of England. His Tour in Ireland was made in 1776, and the three years following; and about the same period Dr. Campbell, another enlightened traveller, arrived at a like conclusion. But Arthur Young subsequently admits, that "they were heard of in the south under other names, before Thurot and Conflans." Mr. Lewis, in his work "On Local Disturbances in Ireland" (published in 1836), expresses himself strongly to the same

effect. But that these illegal associations *originated* in the sudden scattering of an army, half soldiers and half peasants, disbanded after the surrender of Limerick and the termination of the war which gave the British throne to William the Third, can scarcely, we think, admit of doubt. Mr. Crofton Croker, who has devoted much time and attention to the subject, has placed in our hands the results of his inquiries, and an immense mass of documentary evidence in support of this opinion; they afford convincing proofs that although no rebellious movement of importance in favour of the royal exiled race appears to have convulsed Ireland, the “unbroken,” “sullen” allegiance of that country, and the “tacit” conduct of the Roman Catholics, must not be understood as meaning that the Irish people were inactive in the support given to the cause of the Pretender, or that, though sullen and silent spectators, they were indifferent to the result of momentous struggles for the crown of England.

“That the Roman Catholics of Ireland should have been Jacobites almost to a man is little wonderful; indeed the wonder would be were it otherwise. They had lost everything fighting for the cause of the Stuarts, and the conqueror had made stern use of the victory. But while various movements in favour of that unhappy family were made in England and Scotland, Ireland was quiet—not indeed from want of inclination, but from want of power. The Roman Catholics were disarmed

throughout the entire island, and the Protestants, who retained a fierce hatred of the exiled family, were armed and united."

The severe laws against the Roman Catholics (now happily remembered only as the "Penal Code") which followed the accession of William III., had doomed that class of British subjects to such rigid restrictions as to property, to the possession of arms, to education, to the exercise of their religion, even to freedom of action in the ordinary transactions of life, and had placed them so completely under the surveillance of Protestant landlords, that a combined insurrection of any considerable extent could not possibly have been effected by a prostrate and fettered body, whose slightest action was watched with a keen and distrustful eye.

Between France and Ireland, the friendship which had previously existed ripened into an absolute attachment, from the support given by the French to the cause of James II.; and this attachment was strengthened by the emigration of upwards of nineteen thousand men after the siege of Limerick, who left Ireland with no other dependence than their swords, and whose subsequent actions in the service of France and other countries established the military character of Irishmen, and made the name of the Irish Brigade famous in the history of Europe.⁵⁶

Within the last eighty years there was scarcely a Catholic family in Ireland that had not relations or connexions in the pay of France and other foreign countries. Many of these adven-

turers had risen to fame and fortune, as the names of Sarsfield, O'Donnell, Nugent, Dillon, O'Reilly, Mac Carthy, and others ("whose valour," to quote the words of Swift,

———"Still remains

On French records for twenty long campaigns")

sufficiently attest. For the Irish members of such families a foreign military appointment was regarded as the surest road to honourable advancement, of which, under the severe pressure of the penal statutes, there was no prospect at home. The Roman Catholic clergy, too, were all educated abroad; some of them indeed scarcely spoke the English language, or with "difficulty and reluctance," although they had acquired the tongues of other countries fluently. "The language, the literature, the manners, and the character of those among whom the spring-time of their lives was passed (the words quoted are those of a Roman Catholic writer),⁵⁷ had attractions which gained a permanency from the gratitude that mingled with their remembrance; and many of them had advanced into years before they returned to the obscurity and degradation to which they were condemned by their domestic tyrants. Not a few renounced home and kindred, the scenes of infancy and endearment, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience abroad, and have their merits recognised and rewarded by strangers; whilst they who returned to their native country were obliged to wear out their days amidst a peasantry ignorant through

necessity, and degraded because of their ignorance."

Of this persecution, the impolicy was thus ably pointed out by the illustrious Edmund Burke.⁵⁸ "The Roman Catholic clergy, concealed in garrets of private houses, or obliged to take shelter (hardly safe to themselves, but infinitely dangerous to their country) under the privileges of foreign ministers, officiated as their servants, and under their protection. The whole body of Catholics, condemned to beggary and ignorance in their native land, have been obliged to learn the principles of letters, at the hazard of their other principles, from the charity of your enemies." However sufficient the reasons stated may have been to render the Roman Catholic clergy disaffected towards the Hanoverian succession, there was another, and a still more obvious one, perhaps not generally known, arising out of the circumstance that promotion in the Irish Roman Catholic church depended on the nomination of the Pretender to the Pope. The natural consequence was, that, with scarcely an exception, the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland gave all the support in their power to the agents of him from whom their professional advancement was derived or was to be expected.

Until the Stuarts had abandoned all hope of recovering the crown of England, and this does not appear to have been until some time after the peace of 1763, the state of Ireland presented an anomaly scarcely to be explained. Nominally part of the British dominions, she was ac-

tually in alliance with the enemies of England; and the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, in April, 1746, with reference to the Pretender, is that of an able politician: "Even the manner," said his lordship, "in which he (the Pretender) has been assisted by those powers who encourage him to the attempt, must convince him that he has now been what he ever will be, only the occasional tool of their politics, not the real object of their care."

From the year 1694, in fact immediately after the arrival of the Irish Brigade in France, to 1760, when a body of French landed at Carrickfergus, and aroused England to the designs of France, a regular traffic was carried on from the seaports of the south of Ireland, in recruiting the troops of France and other nations. This traffic was then as notorious as the slave trade of our times, and as difficult to check. Contractors for Irish recruits undertook to supply a certain number of men, providing vessels for their transport to France or Spain. The men they succeeded in alluring to embark voluntarily were known by the name of "wild geese;" but failing to procure a flock to the extent calculated on and bargained for, the contractors had recourse to kidnapping, and forcibly carried off full-fledged young men, to complete the number they had undertaken to provide. Both proceedings were equally illegal, and several proclamations were issued by the government on the subject of enlisting men for the service of foreign powers; but although the agents of the contractors

were sometimes detected and punished, the principals generally escaped, owing to the secret countenance and assistance given to them by powerful neighbours, the daring character of the contractors themselves, and the policy of the government, which, conscious of its own weakness, dreaded to enter into a contest even with an individual who, supported by his immediate dependants, was generally able to resist the small body of military that could conveniently be marched against him, and might possibly receive foreign aid.⁵⁹ That such should have been the state of affairs in Ireland, not a hundred years ago, may startle the generality of English readers; nor will such surprise be lessened when it is asserted, that during the periods England was most actively at war with France and Spain, vessels of both these nations frequented the ports of the south and west of Ireland, taking in supplies of water and provisions, quietly refitting when damaged, and in some instances returning the civility shown to them by friendly entertainments to the inhabitants; although occasionally, when hostilely received or inhospitably treated, exercising the power of fire and sword.⁶⁰

There can be, therefore, no doubt, that secret and lawless associations in Ireland originated in the disbanded troops, composed chiefly of armed peasants, which, in the war between William and James, were termed "Rapparees"—and who were in fact, as the name implies, formidable bands of "robbers," whose depredations the cessation of hostilities by no means terminated.⁶¹

In the course of twenty years the Rapparees were succeeded by the Houghers—a degenerate race, encouraged, if not organized, for a political purpose; and so long as their ebullition was allowed freely to escape into foreign services, little of the evil humour of their Irish constitution was obvious. The Abbé M'Geoghegan states, from official documents, that more than 450,000 Irishmen had died in the service of France between 1691 and 1745; and Mr. Newenham, who quotes and examines this statement in his "Inquiry into the Population of Ireland," thinks "that we are not sufficiently warranted in considering it as an exaggeration." When, however, the vent was interrupted—when this drain of the Roman Catholic youth ceased, from the exiled family, or from France, whose tools the Stuarts were, no longer requiring the services abroad of the disaffected Irish, they were loosely held together at home by agents in the pay of France, or speculators in expectation of being so, in the event of future operations.

Although, however, such associations did, we think, unquestionably originate in political motives, they very soon lost this distinguishing characteristic—as vain and useless—and were applied to the attainment of objects more certainly and directly within their reach. A brief space will suffice to notice the several "societies" which, under their various distinctive names, have, up to the present moment, to a considerable extent, succeeded in setting the law at defiance.

The Whiteboys—whose origin we have de-

rived from the scattered bands of Rapparees, that succeeded the war of the Revolution—"began," according to Arthur Young, "in Tipperary," and their aggressions were "owing to some enclosures of commons, which they threw down, levelling the ditches;" in consequence of which, they were first known by the name of "levellers." This opinion is borne out by Dr. Campbell, who says, "The original cause of the rising of the Whiteboys was this:—Some landlords in Munster set their lands to cottiers far above their value; and, to lighten their burden, allowed commonage to their tenants by way of recompense; afterwards, in despite of all equity, contrary to all compacts, the landlords enclosed these commons, and precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable." Both writers admit, that "at last they set up to be general redressers of grievances,—punishing all obnoxious persons who advanced the value of lands, or hired farms over their heads,"—going about the country "swearing many to be true to them, and forcing them to join by menaces, which they very often carried into execution;" in short, "taking the administration of justice into their own hands." They were called "levellers," because their ostensible object was to level the enclosures; and "whiteboys," from their "wearing their shirts over their coats, for the sake of distinction in the night;" ⁶² the former title being obviously the first.

The operations of the Whiteboys were prin-

cipally limited to Munster; and they were continued from the year 1760 to perhaps the year 1775. In 1785, however, they re-appeared under the name of "Right-boys," and, in imitation of their predecessors, administered unlawful oaths, regulated the prices of land and labour, opposed the collection of taxes, and especially directed themselves to "the reformation of tithes." Those who resisted were subjected to horrible tortures; their favourite punishment being to bury their victim up to the head in a grave filled with thorns, and then to cut his ears off. These classes were chiefly confined to the south; within the same period, however, the north had been placed in a state of insubordination by the "Steel-boys" and the "Oak-boys." The Steel-boys had their source thus:—An absentee nobleman of the county of Antrim, holding vast possessions, resolved upon raising a large sum of money by letting leases at small rents, but receiving large fines; a considerable portion of the tenants were unable to procure sums sufficient to obtain renewals, and "rose against the forestallers." They said they would pay for their farms in steel, and were called Steel-boys. The origin of the Oak-boys is more curious:—The public roads in Ireland were formerly repaired by the "labour of the householders." Each householder was compelled by law to give six days' labour in the year. They complained, first, that the rich were exempted from the work, and next, that "the sweat of their brows had been wasted upon private roads."

In 1764 they rose against the regulation, and from the oaken branches which they wore in their hats were denominated Oak-boys. In the next year the law was altered, and "with the cause of discontent the disturbance was removed." The evil complained of by the Steel-boys being also naturally of brief duration, both these illegal associations were easily suppressed. The "Peep-of-day-boys" also originated in the north, about the year 1785; and owed their title to their custom of visiting the houses of Roman Catholics at daybreak, in search of arms; they were met by a counter association, "the Defenders,"—a name which explains itself. The latter, from being a defensive, soon became an aggressive body; and at length were partly dissolved and partly absorbed into the body of United Irishmen, till they were finally lost in the more important movement that gave rise to the rebellion of 1798; "since which time," observes Mr. Lewis, "their society has been revived under the name of Ribbonmen."

Since the Union, however, a variety of other "societies," under various names, have existed in several parts of Ireland—independent of any avowed political object; thus we have had the Thrashers, in Connaught; which became so formidable, that, according to the charge of Chief Justice Bushe in 1806, the king's judges could not move through the country upon a special commission except under a military escort, nor a criminal be executed till a general officer had marched from a distant quarter at the head of a

strong force to support the civil power; the Terry Alts, in Clare; the Carders (so called from the custom of flaying their victims with a wool-card); the Rockites; the Moyle Rangers; the Paddeen Cars; and the Caravets and Shनावests.⁶³

Now we do not hesitate to express our strong and decided conviction, that of all these societies—including that of the Ribbonmen, the existence of which at the present moment, to an enormous extent and with an infinity of ramifications, no rational person can doubt—there has not been one that was influenced by, or designed to influence, Religion; but that the sole object of their jurisdiction is—LAND; and that, in issuing their mandates, administering their laws, and executing their sentences, no regard whatever is given to the consideration whether the object of them be Catholic or Protestant, or whether his politics be on the popular side or against it.⁶⁴

In former times, unfortunately, the system too generally adopted by landlords in Ireland was such as to excite sympathy for the inflicter of vengeance, rather than for the victim of it; but, unhappily, now that the old custom of “clearing estates,” without care for the after-fate of the occupiers, is comparatively a dead letter—belonging to history almost as completely as the Penal Laws—we do not find that the terrible evil has in any great degree lessened; but that, on the contrary, the landowner who seeks to exercise a just and equitable right over his property—even where such exercise is beneficial to

the country and to those who rise against it—is as liable to the visit of the assassin as the most inconsiderate or unmerciful oppressor.

In considering this melancholy and embarrassing subject, it should never be lost sight of, that although in England a tenant who cannot or will not pay his rent, and is therefore removed from his holding, may either become a day-labourer or obtain land elsewhere, in Ireland the case is different. The peasant has his “bit of land,” out of which to procure the means by which he and his family are to exist; during a large portion of the year he can obtain no employment, and the potatoes he digs keeps them alive until work comes round. If deprived of it, he cannot, or rather dare not, seek for ground elsewhere: for if he eject another holder, his doom is sealed. “Land is to the Irish peasant (we quote from the evidence of Mr. Blackburne, the present Attorney-General for Ireland) a necessary of life, the alternative being starvation.” He reasons, that

“You do take his life, if you do take
The means by which he lives;”

and having been taught to believe that “the state is not his friend, nor the state’s law,” he is easily persuaded, by men who have deeper designs to answer than he has, that vengeance is but “wild justice,” and that, in committing murder, he only punishes a murderer.

We do not hesitate to affirm—and our conviction is formed after visiting nearly every

county of Ireland—that the landlords who must be characterised as bad landlords are now very limited in number. Public opinion and improved habits have equally wrought to produce an altered state of things; and the “middle-men”—the evil productions of a long-continued evil system—have nearly, if not altogether, vanished from the country. Some details in reference to them may not be uninteresting to our readers.

A middle-man was usually, in his origin, “one of the people,” who, having made money, took a farm, or an estate—rented a hundred, or, as was often the case, a thousand acres; the landlord in chief, generally an absentee, looked to him alone for the payment of his half-yearly rent, and knew nothing whatever of the condition of the cottiers who dwelt upon his estate; if we add that he cared nothing, as well as knew nothing, we shall not be far from the truth: for, while pursuing a course of pleasure in the metropolis—in Dublin sometimes, but in London more frequently—he was far away from the sight of their sufferings—

“And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon his ear?”

The peasantry, badly housed, badly clothed, badly fed, were in no way necessary either to his luxuries or his necessities; the middle-man was always a punctual paymaster, and he was the only person upon his estate with whom the landlord was brought into contact, or called upon to

correspond. This middle-man had to transmit to his employer, perhaps three or four thousand pounds—often more—every year. And how was he to procure it? First, his system was to parcel out the estate into small bits—seldom more than two or three acres to each, but generally averaging an acre. These “bits” were invariably let annually, and never on lease; the occupier, therefore, had no temptation to cultivate the land. His slip of ground seldom bore any other produce than potatoes; these were designed solely for the consumption of his own household and the support of a pig, which, if it lived, and no unusual misfortune attended the family, was “to pay the rent.” Of course, the land was let at the highest possible rate, and to the highest or most thoughtless bidder; the middle-man had to pay the landlord, and to grow rich himself; as the tenant was invariably in arrear, he was at all times in the power of the middle-man; and the putting on a new coat, the addition of a trifling article of furniture, or the appearance of anything like comfort in or around his dwelling, was a sure and certain notice that the bailiff would be “down upon him” ere the sun had set. This infamous system is, as we have said, almost at an end; out of it arose the wretchedness of the Irish peasantry, and, unhappily, it originated a war between landlord and tenant, the effects of which have not disappeared with the cause.⁶⁵

The poor peasant, therefore, who sees no prospect but that of absolute starvation in the re-

moval from his small holding, may claim sympathy from the generous and considerate; but it is sufficiently notorious that cases of this description are now-a-days very rare; (it is not even asserted that the three latest murders, or indeed any of the appalling events that have occurred of late years, have originated in such cause;) while to such a terrible extent, and with such strength, has the disease spread, that in some counties no landlord will venture to coerce a tenant into payment of a debt justly and confessedly due; still less to eject him from the land, of which he is either a careless cultivator, or which he culpably neglects, to make room for a tenant in every way desirable. "If any person imagines," observes Mr. Lewis (page 279), "that the Whiteboy code is abrogated, whenever outrages are not daily committed, let him ask the Tipperary or Limerick landlord, to what extent he is a free agent in the letting of his land, and what would be the probable duration of the life of a new tenant who violated the Whiteboy rules."

To remedy so grievous an evil, to alter a state of things so ruinous, to render the landlord and the tenant mutually dependent, there can be but one way,—to destroy the Lawless Associations that actually control the country, and which, in the dark secrecy of their proceedings, and the certainty with which their orders are obeyed, vie with the "Vehmic tribunals of Westphalia." But, under existing circumstances, to effect this object is next to an impossibility. Immense re-

wards have been offered to induce "approvers" to give evidence against the plotters and instigators to murder, without the smallest effect.⁶⁶ Occasionally, indeed, they are procured; but the "informers" are, almost invariably, so utterly worthless and depraved, that, unless their testimony is corroborated by collateral proofs, juries cannot be found to convict upon their evidence.

The worst feature in these outrages is, that they are for the most part committed by men who have received no kind of injury from their victim; whose passions have been stimulated by no wrong; and who are ignorant of everything, except the name, of the person they are ordered to assassinate.⁶⁷

God forbid that we should lead the reader into the error of believing that the horrible system we have referred to is by any means *general* in Ireland, or that it is promoted or encouraged by the better classes of society. The members of such societies are almost, if not exclusively, confined to the very lowest orders; although want or oppression may occasionally mingle worthier men among them. It is, as we have stated, only in reference to "land" and matters appertaining thereunto, that the "legislation" of such associations is directed: and very frequently their proceedings are accompanied by such startling traits of unselfishness, generosity, honesty, and justice, as go far to strengthen the evil—by depriving it of much of its odious and revolting character.⁶⁸ In fact, the natural "goodness"—

the word expresses much—of the Irish peasant is never altogether obscured; and his worst crimes often verge upon the best virtues.

In pursuance of our plan of illustrating the leading characteristics of Ireland by the introduction of “a story,” we entreat the attention of our readers to the following—premising that it is but a very slight colouring of a circumstance that actually occurred within our own knowledge.

At the foot of the magnificent mountain of Slieve-na-mon resided an industrious and respectable young farmer, who had, for some time, withstood all temptations to join the lawless associations that disturbed his native county. His wife was remarkable only for extreme attachment to her children and the “bit of land” she had assisted her husband to cultivate.

John Magee, however, though not an enrolled member, was by no means uninfluenced by the demon spirit of the period that stirred and blighted everywhere around him; he had frequently listened, on Sunday evenings, to the speeches detailed in sundry papers, which, while they set forth the tenant’s “rights,” take no notice whatever of the rights of landlords, and seem quite oblivious of the fact, that no country can be well organized where the duties are not considered reciprocal; his wife would give ear also, though she seldom understood what she heard. It is not easy for those who have seen to forget the determined eagerness, the open-mouthed, intense, observance of a crowd, while

a comrade is "reading the news." Let their excitement be what it may, it does not interfere with their attention; they remain silently watching the reader, who is generally seated on the top of a "dry ditch," until a pause permits them to exclaim—"See that now!"—"Well, that's strong!"—"Well, we have great friends on the paper, anyhow!"—"Sure, it's he that's the fine man, and sets our own rights before us." We have seen children desert their marbles, lads their game at hurley, and lovers their sweethearts, all for the sake of hearing the news. When the paper is finished, the elders talk it over, and the younger listen, and this habit nurses up a race of politicians, who, as they are made familiar with only one side of the question, are not likely to form just ideas of what is really going forward in the world.

"My heart is often heavy," said Mary to her husband as they walked homewards, after spending their whole evening among the neighbours in this manner. "My heart is often heavy, John, after listening to the paper."

"Then don't worry yerself with listening, Mary," replied John, moodily; "there's little good in women bothering themselves with papers, unless they've the spirit to stir their husbands up to what's for their good."

"Why then, John, I'm sure I've had that spirit; didn't I come over you about the drink, darlin'! and sure we've had luck with a blessing ever since you bought the brindled cow; and as to little Mary, never was anything like her im-

provement since you obliged me by letting her go to the dancing-school. I wonder, John, what you mean by saying I want spirit."

"I didn't say that, but there's a difference between wanting spirit and wanting tongue. I never meant you wanted that last, Mary; but what I'm thinking is, sure if what was in the paper is true, which, of course it is, it carries out what I'm always hearing: the more united we are, the better able we shall be to stand against our enemies."

"True for you, John; and yet there's many forced to fly the country that would have been in it yet, if they had kept themselves to themselves: times are hard, but some people are harder than the times. Still it's a comfort to be able to keep a fearless heart under the roof that was made by our fathers."

"Ah! I don't know," responded John, stretching his arms with the air of a man who had carried a heavy load and desired to lay it down. "I don't know; I can't stay in the country and remain as I am, belonging to nothing. Maybe it would be better to leave it."

As the young farmer said this, they came in sight of their neat cottage; the light of the early moon had steeped the landscape in silver, and its direct beams fell upon their dwelling. Mary had lived in it and loved it for years, but it never occurred to her until the moment that it was a pretty place to look at; two large elm trees shaded their little garden, and they could distinctly hear the brawl of one of those mountain streams

—one day a rivulet, the next a torrent—that rush into the valley from the ravines of Slieve-namon.

“To leave it!” exclaimed poor Mary,—“to leave the house, John?”

“Ah,” he said, “sure it’s only four mud walls after all.”

“Only four mud walls after all,” she repeated; “and that’s thrue! it’s only four mud walls! which I entered a bride, and have lived within to become a wife and mother! It’s only four mud walls! within which we suffered the burning fever, and where our prayers rose to God in gratitude when we were raised from the sickness; it’s only four mud walls! but they have sheltered us from the rain and wind, that when the turf has sparkled on the hearth, and I have looked round and seen the light of happiness on you and the children, I would not change for a palace; it’s only a cabin, I know, but it’s our own; in it I heard our first child’s cry; in it he learned to call you ‘father;’ in it we have never known *heart trouble*. Stay by it, John; stay by it, and by the bit of land; if we left it, it’s a broken-spirited woman you’d have as yer wife.”

“Very well,” answered John, whose feelings responded to her own; “I’ll do your desire, but I can’t stay in the counthry to be counted a mane craythur by every one; if I remain, I must do as others do—I won’t be looked down on and pointed at, that’s the whole of it; the people only join for their own good, and sure there’s no harm in that.” Mary continued sobbing, and

made no reply; bewildered by what she had heard, and wounded at the idea of leaving her cottage, without considering what her husband's observations led to, she felt satisfied at the time by his promise.

Time passed on, and John was numbered amongst those whose purposes are secret. He had been concerned in no decided act of violence, for he was regarded as a feeble ally. He had always been able to pay his rent, and his landlord had hitherto given him no offence; consequently, though bound by the mysterious bond to do as others did without objection or inquiry, he held back as much as he could, and his associates, not being certain how far they might trust him, did not push him forward. One evening he was hanging half asleep over the embers of his turf-fire, when a member of his lodge entered and gave him a sign that he perfectly understood; after a little delay, he departed for the appointed place of meeting, knowing that something important would be mentioned that night. His wife made no inquiries, but saw him depart with tearful eyes; and when he was gone, consoled her weakness with sundry exclamations, "God protect him!" "Well, it is all for the best!" "Sure, it's kept him in the counthry anyhow!" and then she knelt down by the side of her sleeping children, and her prayers dried up her tears.

John entered the appointed place of meeting—a large barn—a few moments after the principal leader had commenced an inflammatory

speech that preceded actual business; two thin tallow candles flared in glass bottles before him, giving only sufficient light to render the darkness still more intense at either end; the atmosphere was hot almost to suffocation, and impregnated with the offensive odours of tobacco and whiskey. When first John had forced his way among the people, he could not see clearly, but by degrees he distinguished eager, earnest faces peering forward; strong features, rendered more strong by excitement, and feeble ones gaining strength from the exciting power of those around them; there were but few whose hair was grey; they were chiefly men in the vigour of their days, or youths between the ages of fifteen and twenty;—men, of whose personal appearance any country might be proud, and who now seemed prepared for any act. Some there were whose torn coats, soiled and tattered shirts, bespoke poverty, but, in general, the closely-pressed assembly was decently clad; there were no women present, and every variety of countenance was moulded into an expression of intense eagerness. The man in the act of speaking had none of the marks or tokens of a ruffian about him; he was slight, fair, and pale—his brow was singularly full and expanded, and every portion of his head well developed—his mouth *bitterly* close in its formation, and the whole bearing of his features told of power to concentrate energy of no common order upon a single object. The Irish have a great respect for personal beauty—a handsome face and commanding figure are thoroughly ap-

preciated by the peasant, so that a small man of feeble frame, to gain influence over them, must be a person of no ordinary skill and tact. Nothing could exceed the attention with which the pale-faced man was listened to; he told them he had received information that the landlord of a particular district intended removing their land-marks, and turning them adrift on the world. John's brain became dizzy, and the room with strange faces swam round. In a voice choked with emotion he called upon the orator to repeat his statement; he did so—there was no mistake then, and *he* was doomed amongst others to lose the cherished cottage and bit of land he had so desired to retain. No one thought of inquiring if the account were true; no one asked if any recompense were to be made, any fresh location given; they responded to the man's eloquent description of tyrant landlords with groans, to his pictures of vengeance with cheers; it was unanimously resolved that the landlord should be served with the regular "notice," and if that did not change his purpose, he should be dealt with *as others had been*.

The system of assassination was justified; their noblest feelings, their love of home and country, which command sympathy and respect, were worked upon by their violent leader, who, like many other misguided men, confounded notions of patriotism and outrage. Before they separated, they bound themselves by a solemn oath not to accept of any terms from "the tyrant," but to keep possession of their land at all haz-

ards; lots were then drawn as to who should serve the "notice" to be despatched that night; the lot fell upon John Magee, who at once set forth on his journey, as the offending landlord lived more than twelve miles from his dwelling. He accomplished his purpose soon after the dawn of day; having thrust the paper under the hall-door, to which he had crept stealthily. Despite himself, he remembered seeing the man he had sworn to murder, if he failed to do what was required of him, standing on the same spot, surrounded by his children, his voice was in his ear, a kind inquiry for his family, and an assurance that he should not want help if he needed it; he almost asked himself if it would not have been wiser to rely on one who had never treated him unjustly, than on a man who had rendered him no service; he felt he had been too rash, but the deed was done. He hurried down the steps and into the plantations; he was surrounded on all sides by evidences of how great a number of persons were employed to keep the place in order, and perfect new improvements; he felt that he must not be seen there, and hurried forward: the sun rose—groups of labourers were on the move towards their work. For the first time in his life, John felt it would be dangerous to meet his fellow-men—it was the first time he had ever feared to walk on the broad high road in the face of the open day; he stole into a thick copse that skirted the wayside, and lay down amongst the long grass, listening and trembling. He slept, but his dreams were troubled; and the day was

far advanced before he awoke, faint and hungry, and sought his homeward path; but not until within a few miles of his cottage did he venture to strike into the high road. He had hardly entered it, when a rider came cantering over the hill; and in a moment he recognised his landlord. The old gentleman drew up, and saluted him with—

“Oh, John, I have been to your cottage and seen your wife; she will tell you all I wished to say. Good day.”

“The tyrant!” muttered John; “then it was all true. So he chose to serve the notice himself. I’m glad now I did what I did, I am very glad!” and with this feeling he entered his cabin.

Instead of the tearful face he expected, his wife was perfectly calm. The landlord, she said, had been there; he wanted to clear that particular part of his estate, so as to run a road through it that would be of great value to his tenants; and he would give them the same quantity of land anywhere else, or the value of their cottage and improvements in money.

“I told him,” she said, “how my heart clung to the place;” but he answered, “that we’d be better off than ever, as he’d give us a long lease of the new ground, and pay us more than their value for the house and bit of crop on the land. It’s sad for ourselves at present,” she continued, “but maybe it would be better for the children by’n by; there’s no knowing: it’s a poor look-out having no lease, because,” as he said, “he could

turn us out after a warning, or without a warning, if he liked."

"He said that?" inquired her husband.

"He did, and in earnest too," was the reply; "but hard as the thrial is to lave what we love so well—better that than have him turn our enemy."

His landlord had been one of those who had, for a long time, stood out on the "no-lease" principle—not because he wished to act unjustly, but because he desired to have a firm hold over his tenants; latterly, however, the fear that they might be treated harshly by his successor, had overcome that feeling; and having arranged a plan of his estate so as to benefit both parties, he thought he might venture to change their locations without danger, as he was willing to recompense them for present inconvenience, and secure to them land at a fair value, so as not only to enable them to pay their rent, but to live. Peculiar habits had prevented his being a popular man, for it requires immense tact to manage the people of a disturbed district; he had a stern belief in a landholder's rights, and living a great deal on another estate where "the law" is a thing regarded and respected, he thought that, acting with strict justice, he had nothing to fear. John strengthened himself in evil by repeating to himself all the evil things he had ever heard of "the landlord;" his self-reproaches were overwhelmed for a time, and he lashed himself into actual fury by muttering, "And he to boast he

could turn us out with a warning, or without a warning; let him try it—let him try it, that's all!"

The next night there was another meeting, at which it was resolved to withstand their landlord—to yield him no possession on any terms, but to fight it out to the last. This resolution was by no means unanimous: one man ventured to suggest, that a lease was a fine thing and a sure thing; that a good lease made a strong tenant, and it might be better to give in peaceably; who knew what might come of it? a set of poor men against a rich one; he'd rather have his own bit of land to be sure, for it was only natural to love the sod he turned himself; but what was to be must be, and a lease was a fine thing. The old man was quickly put down; he was called "a slave," and was told, if he talked that way, they must make him silent—what security had they but that they might be turned adrift the moment he got the land into his own hands—that the society would suffer no man to take possession—that they had sworn to unanimity, and should keep their OATH. This was the substance of what was said; but how could it be given so as to convey a correct idea of the exciting and strong language—the mighty power thrown into every sentence? The landlord, thwarted where he knew his intentions just, determined to show his power; and, after some delay, resolved to eject the people who, in his opinion, were not merely blind to their own in-

terests, but had caused him much vexatious annoyance; for his plantations and cattle had been wantonly injured.

It was a bleak November morning, and Mary and John had shared their usual breakfast with their children.

"John, agra!" said the care-worn woman—"sure it's no wonder the gentleman would be angry, thinking of all that's been done to vex him; is it too late intirely, dear, for you to give in?—is it, John?—sure——"

"Hold yer tongue!" he said in a firm voice, "hold yer tongue—how do ye know one hour before another how you may be served yourself?—we've stood out like the rest, and we're the last; let him look to himself when I'm so treated; it's entirely owing to me that he has had the consideration he has had; he's had more warnings than any other,—let him see to himself."

The atmosphere was heavy with drizzling rain, and the dog crouched among the embers of the fire; suddenly he started, and flew growling to the door. Mary became still more pale, and John seized a pitchfork.

"Don't, dear—don't," she exclaimed, clinging to him, "even if it should be them that's like a plague among the people; it's heavy on my soul that we'd the choice given us; we had, dear—and maybe, if we'd take it easy, he might listen to rason; yer a good tenant to any man, John, dear—for the love of the Almighty," she continued, as the shadow of "Long Jim" crossed

the threshold, "keep clear of that man—you're the last they have to work their will on—John, John, for the sake of your children!"

"Poor foolish craythur," he muttered, and hurled the pitchfork to the other end of the cabin. "I am the last, and it isn't with such a hangdog as Jim I have to dale. Walk in, gintlemen, and do what's plazing to yez. Shall we turn out now, or to-night, or when?"—he continued, with forced courtesy of manner. "Maybe ye'd like to sit down, Mister James. Sitting's pleasanter than standing, when a man has so much walking as you have, sir."

Long Jim looked astonished—and more, he looked carefully round the cabin, for he expected an ambush. "It's only my duty I'm doing, you know, John Magee," he replied, "only my duty."

"Oh, the toil's a pleasure—to yourself, I dare say," was the bitter answer; "but you need not look, sir, that's all that's left of a wife that was the purtiest girl in the barony—three out of five children—a cat and dog—that's all; there's nothing, you see, in the house—worse than yourself."

"I must say," observed the process-server, after a pause,—“I must say, Mister Magee, you've behaved like a gentleman."

"Behavier is deceitful, then," said John; "I'm not a gentleman—I could not turn a poor man to the road."

Mary wept bitterly, and her children clung round her; her greatest trouble was the cold and stolid aspect of her husband. She would have relinquished all she possessed to see his face, as

she expressed it, with the sign of "living life on it;" but no—during the entire day he sat without exchanging word or token of recognition with any. Long Jim had departed in peace and safety, muttering that the times were changed, and yet he thought somehow the change was for no good; it was against nature to let the law take its course without resistance.

When evening had fully closed, John arose and walked forth. It was in vain that Mary entreated him to stay with her during their hours of sorrow. He kept his silence and his purpose together, and left her.

It was a fine clear frosty day, and the landlord, contrary to the advice of his friends, who anticipated violence from the various symptoms, which like the grumbling of the thunder, heralds the storm's approach, was fool-hardy enough to ride unattended in the avenue of his domain, forming plans for future improvements, and arranging what he would do next—what trees should rise, and what trees fall—when a man held out a letter to "his honour." The old gentleman drew up, and extended his hand to take it; before he had time to break the seal, he had received his death-wound from the pistol of an assassin. The horse started forward—the landlord made an effort to keep his seat, but reeled and fell, and a few minutes after was found by his servants (for the report was heard at the house) weltering in his blood.

The murder was noised abroad, and the landholders trembled. Mary Magee heard the deed

applauded by persons in her own sphere of life; she knew that a reward large enough to tempt any but Irishmen to disclosure would be offered; she was aware that scores knew who had fired the fatal shot, and yet an idea of betrayal never crossed her mind, nor was she even certain who had done it. Still, who could tell the agony endured by that suffering woman!

"Do you mean to walk the house all night to-night again, Mary?" inquired her husband, raising his head from their straw pallet, and staring, she thought, wildly at her. "Put out the end of candle, and be quiet—what ails you?"

"No, but what ails you, John, dear, that you can't sleep? I was thinking it's long since you've been to his reverence—not since the throuble came so strong on us. Maybe you'd better go to-morrow—it lightens the heart so to go to one's duty, for even if the penance is hard, it eases the heart."

John groaned, but made no answer. Shading the miserable remnant of candle with her hand, she stooped down to look at her children, who were sleeping peacefully on some clean straw heaped upon a board, and covered with a red quilt, beneath the little window, which consisted of a single, but rather large, pane of glass; as she lifted up her head that had been bent over them, she uttered a loud and piercing scream. A man's face, the face of Long Jim, was pressed against the glass, observing what passed within.

She had no power to move, but when her husband sprang to her side, she pointed with her

finger to the ill-omened countenance. A fierce knocking shook the pliant door almost off its hinges; and though John endeavoured to keep it shut, it was quickly forced, and the constabulary entered, followed by the process-server.

"I wonder," he said, in his usual hard dry voice, that sounded like the turning of a rusty key in the locks of a condemned cell,—“I wonder you didn't fire on us.”

“What was I to fire?” inquired John Magee, fiercely; “and why am I disturbed?”

“To come with us,” answered the sergeant of police; “and at once—I dare say you guess why.”

“If there was a reason, is it natural I'd remain where you could take me?”

“We want no reasons, you must come with us; we've nothing to do with reasons, only to obey orders.”

Mary dared not ask where they wanted to take him, nor why; he, on the contrary, became violent, and resisted until he was forced from the cottage. Mary afterwards remembered that Long Jim took no part in the struggle, but kept peering about, looking into the children's little books, and even taking an apparent interest in the boy's education by inspecting his copies. When the police secured their prisoner, Long Jim followed in the rear, addressing, to do him justice, every now and then a few consolatory words to the faithful wife, who was accompanied by her children; it was a melancholy procession, from the wretched cabin in which they

had taken refuge since the ejection, to the house where the body was awaiting the inquest.

The inquest proceeded without throwing any light upon the question as to who really committed the act, until the coroner, while addressing the jury, stated they were to bear in mind that a portion of a copy-book had been used as wadding to the implement of destruction, and lodged in the unfortunate gentleman's coat.

"It is much to be regretted," he added, "that so little is preserved; but here is part of a name, William M., and a date, October, the —; the rest is torn off."

"I ask yer honour's pardon," said Long Jim, who never scrupled intruding; "but maybe you'd be so good as to see if *this* part corresponds with *that*." All bent eagerly forward while the coroner fitted the torn edges together, and the conclusion of the copy signed by John's little boy was rendered almost perfect.

"Nearly a third of the leaf is still wanting," said the coroner.

"Here, sir," observed the sergeant of police, "is what we found in the prisoner John Magee's pocket."

The "contents" were poor enough—a bit of tobacco, a pocket-handkerchief, and *the missing portion of the written page!*

The unfortunate John Magee was subsequently executed; but only on circumstantial evidence; no one came forward to further the ends of justice.

Poor Mary, unable to "face the country,"

as she called it, when all was over, wandered far into the north, and, we were told, succeeded in bringing up her children in industrious habits. A gentleman who knew the circumstances recognised her not long since in the neighbourhood of Derry, and with earnest words she entreated him "not to sell the pass on her;" meaning, not to betray her. "There's none of the children with me now but her," she said, pointing to a modest-looking girl who was carding flax at the door; "born after the throuble, and knows nothing of it, though they had no *rale* proof of it after all; and sure it's a hard case for me to know that the *name* of him I took pride in, would bring the blush of shame to the face of his own child; the troubles from first to last war all about the 'bit of land,' and will be to the last, till it's more plenty; they bring it more into tillage than they used, thank God; but that nor nothing else will ever raise the sod from off the heart of those we loved."

WEXFORD

THE maritime county of Wexford holds a foremost rank among the more interesting of the counties of Ireland; not alone because of the fertility of its soil and its great natural advantages, but as intimately associated with the career of the first English invaders of the island.

As the interior is of far less importance than the sea-coast, we shall entreat the reader to accompany us—but our voyage must be, necessarily, a rapid one—into the various creeks, and bays, and islands, along its south and west borders, every one of which will amply repay inquiry; for with each is associated some fact illustrative of a period and a contest, the most eventful in the history of the kingdom. The march of the Anglo-Normans may be traced with remarkable distinctness; even of their watch-fires the ashes still exist; and, as evidences of their power, as well as of their peril in the midst of brave though unskilful enemies, we may count no fewer than six-score of their castles and towers, now in ruins, in the four southern baronies alone—in Forth, thirty-one; in Bargy, twenty-seven; in Shelburne, thirty-seven; in Shelmalier, twenty-five.

We commence our description with the very ancient town of “New” Ross, situate near the



confluence of the "stubborn Nore," and the "goodlie Barrow," and about six miles distant from the junction of both with the "gentle Suire." Tradition attributes its foundation to "a Ladye called Rose, who was daughter to Crume, king of Denmark;" and the surrounding it with walls to another "Rose," the sister of Strongbow.⁶⁹ It was certainly a place of importance in the thirteenth century, and enjoyed considerable trade so early as the reigns of the fourth and fifth Henrys, from the former of whom it is believed to have obtained a charter of incorporation. In 1572, it was declared "an antient borogh town." Of its towers, battlements, and gates, there are still many remains, as well as of the monasteries and abbeys, which "formerly abounded there," although two centuries ago they were described as "quite ruined," or "turned to dwelling-houses." There are, in Ireland, few towns more auspiciously situated than that of New Ross; the "goodlie Barrow" is here a river of great width, the wooden bridge that connects it with the county of Kilkenny being of prodigious length, and its depth is sufficient to permit vessels of the largest burthen to moor at the quays. Yet its condition is by no means prosperous; its natural resources have not been rendered available; and a heavy atmosphere of dulness and inactivity seems to have settled over and around it; the exertions of a single enterprising merchant might enable it to vie in commercial importance with either of the second grade towns of the south. The

adjacent scenery is of exceeding beauty; a majestic river runs between the two rich counties of Wexford and Kilkenny; its banks are thickly planted; and its surface is almost, literally, covered at low water, by cots of the salmon-fishers.⁷⁰

Although the early history of Ross is, like most of the other towns of Ireland, full of "battles, sieges, fortunes," its most remarkable page is filled by details of the unhappy events of the year 1798; the siege and defence of Ross being the memorable incident of the period. It is our intention to pass lightly and briefly over the melancholy era; but some notices of it are indispensable, for in this county commenced actual resort to arms, and here the contest assumed its most odious and appalling character. "The battle of Ross" was fought on the 5th of June; the rebels having previously assembled in immense force on the "rock of Carrickburn," about six miles from the town, and chosen as their "generalissimo," Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, Esq., proceeded on the night of the 4th to Corbet Hill—from which there is a gradual descent of about a mile into Ross—where they encamped.⁷¹

The army was commanded by General Johnson; but the available troops amounted to no more than 1500, with about 150 yeomen, natives of the town and neighbourhood. At daybreak, a man from the rebel camp, bearing a flag of truce, and a summons to surrender, having been shot by the advanced piquets, Mr. Harvey ordered an assault. A confused mass of half-armed and utterly undisciplined men

rushed "like a torrent" down the hill into the streets, driving the military over the bridge. They soon rallied, however, and forced back their opponents; were again driven to retreat, and again advanced; a third time a similar struggle took place, until, after a terrible slaughter that continued for about ten hours, the insurgents were effectually repulsed, and the troops held and kept possession of the town.

The battle of Ross was the most sanguinary, and by far the most severely contested battle of the period; it is admitted on all hands that the rebels fought with indomitable courage, and that, if they had been under the control of judicious officers, it would have been impossible for the handful of troops garrisoned in the town to have beaten the host that opposed them.

The severest struggle took place at the "Three bullet gate," where Lord Mountjoy, Colonel of the Dublin Militia, was killed early in the day.⁷² It is scarcely necessary to say that horrible acts of cruelty were perpetrated on both sides; no quarter was given; no prisoners were taken; murder was dignified with the title of patriotism on the one hand, and of justice on the other. Nearly three hundred houses of the town and suburbs were burned, and, perhaps, two ⁷³ thousand of the unhappy peasantry were slain; the loss, on the part of the king's troops, being about one hundred. The sequel to this terrible drama we would willingly pass over in silence; but the massacre at Scullabogue is too notorious an episode in the frightful history to remain alto-

gether unnoticed. The rebels, when they marched from their camp to Carrickburn, had left a number of their prisoners, chiefly, but not exclusively, Protestants, under a guard in the house of a Captain King, by whom it had been abandoned a few days previously. An adjoining barn was the prison in which most of the unhappy persons were confined; but several were placed in the kitchen of the mansion. On the evening of the 5th, the retreating army from Ross—no doubt under the influence of drink, their passions being excited to madness—brought, it would seem, a message to the commander of the party who kept guard over the prison, that the prisoners were to be all destroyed. Accordingly, the persons who had been confined in the house—to the number of, we believe, thirty-seven—were brought out, one by one, and shot on the steps of the hall-door; but those who had been shut up in the barn—above one hundred and fifty, including several women and children—were reserved for a worse fate. Lighted brands were flung into the building; they communicated with the hay and straw; and in the course of a very short time the whole of the wretched prisoners perished. It can now do no good to recapitulate the harrowing details of this wholesale butchery. It left an indelible blot on the character of Ireland. Time can never efface it.⁷⁴ The deed, however, was certainly not premeditated; and, in this respect, is surpassed in atrocity by the cold-blooded murders on Vinegar Hill and at the Bridge of Wexford. The cir-

cumstances attendant on the massacre have never been clearly explained. Mr. Cloney, a rebel officer, who published a "Personal Narrative" of the awful period, in defence of his party states, that the day after the event, when Mr. Harvey and the other leaders arrived at Carrickburn, they "used every possible exertion to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, but in vain;" and this is more than probable; for its inevitable effect was to ruin their cause; which in fact it did; from the moment that intelligence of it was bruited about, the few protestants of the south and the many presbyterians of the north who had supported it, immediately perceived that the nominal struggle for liberty was in reality a religious war, and withdrew from it to a man. The most just as well as generous interpretation of the dreadful business is, that it was the work of a few fiends in human shape; and that it excited entire horror in the minds of the vast majority of the population.⁷⁵

Pursuing the course of the river, we arrive—just where the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, enter the harbour of Waterford—at the beautiful ruin of Dunbrody Abbey; founded, according to Ware, by Hervey de Montmarisco, for Cistercian monks in 1182. The remains are very extensive, and in a good state of preservation, although the west window, a remarkably fine example, has been, within the last two or three years, permitted to fall; and for a long time previously, the stones of the venerable structure were regarded as common property.

Passing through Arthurstown, formerly King's-bay—a village where, it is said, James the Second passed the last of his doleful nights in Ireland—⁷⁶ we enter the poor village of Duncannon with its singular “fort,” situated about seven miles from the entrance to the harbour, and eleven S.E. of the city of Waterford. The fort is built on a point of rock, having precipitous cliffs 130 feet in height, and jutting out more than 300 yards into the estuary of the Suir and Barrow. The fortifications, including the glacis, occupy this rocky peninsula, and cover about three English acres of ground. The land face has a dry ditch, over which is a drawbridge, and is defended by a ravelin with two half bastions, the right one having on its flanked angle a circular tower. The north and south faces follow the natural indentations of the cliffs, which vary but a slight degree from the straight line, so that the outline forms an irregular quadrangle. The fort, which commands the entrance to the ports of Waterford and New Ross, was granted by Henry the Sixth to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, from whom it reverted to the crown; and the Castle, with some lands for keeping it in repair, was vested in trustees by Queen Elizabeth. In what manner the lands have been alienated does not appear. On the threatened invasions of the Spaniards in 1588, considerable additions were made to its defences. In 1645, the fort, which was held by Lord Esmonde for the Parliament, was surrendered after a ten weeks' siege to General Preston, for

the king; and in 1649, was besieged by Ireton, without success, the garrison compelling him to raise the siege after suffering considerable loss.⁷⁷ But it finally surrendered to the republican army on Cromwell taking possession of Waterford.

The peninsula that runs far into the sea between the harbour of Waterford and the bay of Bannow, is classic ground. But before we enter it, we may briefly visit the famous tower of Hook, standing at its extremity, now converted into a lighthouse, which tradition states to have been erected by Rose Macrume, the fair foundress of New Ross. It occupies a point of land high above the ocean; and is one of the many marks to mariners with which the county abounds.⁷⁸ From its summit there is a magnificent view of the coast, with its numerous creeks and bays, and miniature harbours; its bold barrier of rocks, and the small islands that dot the surface of the ocean. A glance at the map will exhibit its peculiarly "zigzag" character. First in interest and importance is the small promontory of Bag-an-Bun, where, according to the ancient couplet,

"Irelande was lost and won,"

and where the first hostile Englishman trode upon Irish soil. Farther inland is the castle and village of Fethard—a corruption of "Fought-hard,"—where the Irish made their earliest stand against the onward march of the invaders; at the extremity of its broad bay is the ancient abbey of Tintern; and, at the termination of a narrow

creek, are the seven castles of Clonmines. On the land opposite, the old church of Bannow crowns the summit of a small hill that looks down upon "the Irish Herculaneum"—a town buried, long ago, in the sand. Looking seaward again, the eye falls upon the two small islands called "the Keeroes"—then upon a narrow neck of land, that, stretching across from one peninsula until it almost touches another, forms the Lough of Ballyteague; due south of which are the far-famed Saltees,⁷⁹ famous in the sea-calendar; for to mariners the sound was, for a long period, one of fear. Farther west, again, and passing Carnsore point, is the Tuskar rock, beside which many a gallant vessel went down, the calamity being briefly noticed with the melancholy post-script "all hands perished." But Wexford county is now far less perilous than of yore; for from the very spot—the Tower of Hook—on which we have placed the reader, we may count at least half a score of "lights;" and wrecks are now rare upon this once merciless coast.⁸⁰

We have glanced at the objects of leading interest along the southern shore of Wexford county, but some of them demand more particular notice: and chief in importance is the small promontory of Bag-an-bun. The county lies directly opposite to Cardiganshire in Wales, at the distance of but a few leagues; and between the natives of both countries—from the earliest periods—a friendly intercourse had existed. It was at length broken—the Anglo-Normans availing themselves of an excuse to obtain possession

of the fertile lands to which they were occasional visitors. Dermot Mac Morogh, king of Leinster, having seduced the wife of O'Rourke, prince of Breffni, and taken her to reside at his castle of Ferns, the bereaved husband, "full of affliction and wounded pride, addressed himself to Roderic O'Connor, king of Connaught, complaining of the wrong and scorn done him by the king of Leinster, and imploring his aid to avenge so great an outrage. O'Connor, moved with honour and compassion, promised him his succour." So writes Maurice Regan, who, when the Anglo-Normans landed, was secretary to Dermot, and an eye-witness of, and actor in, the events of the invasion. He describes the wife of O'Rourke as "a fair and lovely lady," but so far wicked that she was a consenting party to the abduction; and justifies the sneer of Cambrensis—"Rapta nimirum fuit, quia et rapi voluit." Out of this guilty amour arose the invasion of Ireland, and its subjection to the English crown; and from this "*causa teterrima belli*," the frail beauty has been called "the Irish Helen." The crime of the seducer excited a general spirit of indignation; and when Roderic marched with an army into his dominions, Dermot, finding himself deserted by his subjects, fled to England, and laid his case before the king, craving his protection, and swearing allegiance to the English monarch. Henry II., however, although the conquest of Ireland had long been with him a favourite project, was too busily occupied in France to engage personally in the business. He therefore

issued an edict, stating, that whosoever within his jurisdiction should aid and helpe his trustie subject, Dermot, king of Leinster, for the recoverie of his land, might be assured of the favour and license of his sovereign "in that behalfe." The deposed monarch's liberal offers of money and land, backed by the recommendation of Henry II., led to proposals on the part of Richard, earl of Chepstow, surnamed Strongbow. The earl agreed to enter Ireland at the head of a sufficient force, and restore Dermot to his throne; and to receive in payment for his services, the hand of Dermot's only daughter, Eva, and a settlement of Dermot's whole inheritance and property in Ireland upon him and his successors—a contract which was afterwards fulfilled. Strongbow, however, being somewhat tardy in his preparations, was anticipated by Robert Fitzstephen, who had agreed to assist Dermot, on condition of receiving a grant of the town of Wexford, with two cantreds of land adjoining. Accordingly, in the month of May, 1169, he embarked with a small army, consisting, it is said, of no more than five hundred men, knights, esquires, and archers, and landed safely in the Ban;⁸¹ being the next day joined by Maurice de Prendergast, another adventurer, with an additional force of ten knights, and two hundred archers. They fortified themselves on the promontory⁸² until they obtained guides and assistance from Dermot, who remained secreted in his castle at Ferns, waiting the arrival of the strangers. In a short time he was able to send them his natural son Donald,

with five hundred horse; thus reinforced, they made their way to Wexford, which, after a brief and gallant defence, surrendered; and so, at comparatively little cost, the ostensible object of the invasion was attained; for Dermot was restored to his throne, and the Welsh knights received the promised payment.

Our space will not permit us to trace the march of the invaders: suffice it, that Strongbow, in pursuance of his bargain with Mac Morogh, landed in the bay of Waterford,⁸³ on the 23rd of August, A.D. 1171, accompanied by two hundred gentlemen of service, and a thousand soldiers. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and so the Anglo-Norman warriors obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England, though it took them a much longer time afterwards to establish it. Henry adopted the example of Dermot; he made the Irish metropolis a present to his "good citizens of Bristol;" and the original of this extraordinary gift of the capital of a kingdom to the traders of a commercial town, is still extant in the Record Office of the Castle of Dublin.

The ancient town of Fethard, now dwindled to a small village, although before the Union it supplied two members to Parliament, is on the western bank, at the entrance to the bay of Banow; and a few miles north of it are the remains of the fine old abbey of Tintern.⁸⁴ "It was originally founded by William, Earl Marshal of England, and Earl of Pembroke, who wedded the lady Isabella de Clare, daughter of Earl

Strongbow by his second wife, the Princess Eva Mac Morogh, in whose right he claimed the lordship of Leinster. The Earl, when in great danger at sea, made a vow that, in case he escaped, he would found an abbey on the spot where he landed in safety." His bark was sheltered in Bannow bay, and he scrupulously performed his vow by founding this abbey, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and filled with Cistercian monks, whom he brought from Tintern, in Monmouthshire, a monastery that owed its foundation to the house of De Clare. After the dissolution, the buildings and appurtenances were granted, by Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Anthony Colclough, captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners, to hold *in capite*, at the annual rent of twenty-six shillings and fourpence, Irish money. In this family it still remains, part of the ancient structure having been converted into a modern dwelling-house.⁸⁵

The most remarkable ruin, or rather assemblage of ruins, in the county, stand nearly at the extremity of the bay. The "Seven Castles of Clonmines," for so they are termed, lie together in a field, on a bank of "the Scar," and have a singular and picturesque effect. A MS. description of Wexford, written in 1684, speaks of the town as "a very ancient corporation, but now quite ruined, there remaining only four or five ruined castles, an old ruined church called St. Nicholas, and a monastery, also ruined, called St. Augustine." This account clearly makes out the "seven," as no doubt the belfries of the church

and abbey came in time to be reckoned as war-like towers. One of these edifices is still in possession of a descendant of its builder, seven centuries ago—Mr. Richard Sutton, a farmer, occupying the tower that was erected by Sir Roger de Sutton, a companion of Fitz-Stephen. Clonmines was a town of great antiquity, and of some extent, covering about twenty acres, surrounded by a vallum and fosse. In the time of the Danes, it had a mint for coining silver. The old MS. we have quoted, states that it “was a place of great trade in times passed, and a harbour for shipping, until the sand filled up the passage near the town of Banno, which was the destruction of both these townes,” and that it “tooke its name from the silver or royall mines formerly dug there and on the other side the river; there are still to be seene five or six deepe pitts or mines, and some of the oare y^t was cast up, which seemes to contain more leade than silver. There lived in these partes, within a few yeares, a very old man, y^t sayed he remembered to have seen miners at worke there, but that the river ⁸⁶ water came in upon the workmen so fast that they were forced to quit the undertaking for good and all.”

A still more striking and interesting ruin, however, is the small church of Bannow, standing on the summit of a hill that overlooks a plain of limited extent, undulated with hillocks, between which are long straight and regular depressions,—clearly pointing out the site of the “Irish Herculaneum”—the old town of Bannow, buried,

many years ago, beneath the sand. The little church, a few dilapidated walls, and a square tube of masonry, believed to have been the massive chimney of the town-house, that peeps above the soil of the churchyard, are the only relics of the work of man now visible in the district.⁸⁷ But the town may be easily traced; consisting of several wide streets, crossing one another, and extending generally eighty or a hundred yards before the traces are lost.

There are no existing data to determine the precise period at which the submersion took place; but there can be little doubt that the destruction was gradual, enabling the inhabitants to remove their goods, and leaving nothing but bare walls for the sand to cover. The process by which it was destroyed is still going on in the vicinity, and it is curious to watch the perpetually changing character of the adjacent soil, as small clouds, of peculiarly fine sand, hover about it, now settling and now shifting, and, where it meets an obstruction, forming round it a nucleus, and altering in a few hours the form of a particular spot.⁸⁸

The church is obviously of very remote origin. The windows are not of the pointed Gothic, such as were introduced by the Normans; but Saxon, similar to those of Cormac's chapel, and in the style of architecture known to have existed in Ireland long prior to the invasion. The interior is filled with sculptured ornaments of great beauty as well as antiquity; and the comparatively modern graves of the "lords of the soil"

are mingled with those of their great English progenitors—for perhaps in no county of Ireland can there be found so many who trace their descent in a direct line from the triumphant knights of the reign of Henry the Second. For us, these graves have a deep and sacred interest; here repose the dear friends and beloved relatives of our childhood, and a visit to the scene we are describing is, with us, though a sad, a profitable pilgrimage—calling back to memory the neglected flowers of childhood, that were so fair and so fragrant. Surely they may blossom, in imagination, upon the graves of the true, the generous, the wholly virtuous!

Bannow, so entirely isolated, and so completely “out of the way,” enclosed by its own bay and the outstretched arm of the Scar, and being the high road to “nowhere,” is remarkably fertile in character. When, in our early youth, our studies were made among its people, they had little intercourse with other parts of the country; three or four families of resident gentry providing them with employment and protection. At that period, there were neither magistrate, attorney, doctor, nor “post-office,” within eight miles of the sea-girt parish; the gentry dispensed medicine, and the tenants trusted to their wisdom to reconcile their differences about a trespass, a bit of land, an ill word; or if an obstinate son or daughter refused to be married according to their parents’ desire, “his honour” was called upon to “make them listen to reason,” and often succeeded in compelling the parents to act rightly

and wisely, by suffering love to have his turn, instead of law. John Williams, the Bannow postman, supplied this primitive neighbourhood with news twice a week for, we believe, more than thirty years; a right honest poor fellow, who brought all manner of, as he called them, "odd come-shorts to obleege the neighbours," managed to keep the accounts of some dozen families in his head, and was never known to miscalculate a single penny. It is with no ordinary emotion we look back to our childhood's years, spent within the now decaying walls of Graige; every tree has, for us, a history—every rock a tongue—the waters that dance within the bays, or sparkle on the sands, are full of eloquence; and yet how melancholy is the tone in which they hold discourse with us; and yet how changed—we will not, cannot say with truth, "sadly changed," for the present "Lord of Bannow" merits all praise for his judicious improvements of a lovely district, now entirely his own. He sees the reward of his care and pains, in a prosperous and well-ordered peasantry; land, fertile by nature and cultivation; roads, the trees and hedge-rows of which might rival those of sunny England; not a beggar to be seen in the whole neighbourhood; a national school, filled with eager scholars, which, with all our partiality for that excellent arithmetician, "Master Ben," we must admit to be a vast modern improvement.⁸⁰ A post-office is to be found perched on the hill of Carrig; a dispensary is close at hand, where the poor are well supplied and carefully tended; there was a police station,

but we learn that, as the men had nothing to do but make love to village coquettes, it was deemed advisable to remove it. Cottages, white as snow, and garlanded with flowers, are so common that they fail to extort notice. These are the characteristics of the Bannow of to-day. Still we may be permitted to lament the many changes that have been wrought by the changer, Time. One of the houses of the "good old times" stands bleak and tenantless beside the sluggish Scar; its master, who blessed, and was blessed, by all within his sphere—gone! The good priest, who guarded every protestant of the parish during "the troubles," so that no drop of blood was shed there—gone! the rector, and his stately wife, and smiling lovely daughters—gone! the friends and relatives of our own early and beloved home—that home silent and solitary in the green-leaved wood, where they passed through the chequered scenes of life—they are all gone! Our readers will, for once, we trust, forgive a brief indulgence of our own strong feelings; we shall not have to ask it again. Twenty-and-four years ago seem, at this moment, but as yesterday. Dear Bannow! how mysterious and deep-rooted are the feelings that make the scenes of our early days a fairy land! We shall never see any earthly spot to love as well!

But the people—what quaint, amusing people they were; how they used to pour out their troubles, and enlarge upon their plans! There was Kelly the piper, everlastingly complaining that some urchin, at wake, fair, or pattern, had cut

his pipes, and "let out the music;" there was Paddy Cahill, the Bannow boatman, as everlastingly complained of, for refusing to ply the ferry, and gravely arguing that "upon his conscience he didn't see why he should bother the boat by taking the water, when he had money in his pocket, and whiskey on his hob;" there was Elsee, the fairy woman, who would sell any girl a love-charm for sixpence, and secure to a wife her husband's safe return from a fishing trip, for the quarter of a maze of herrings; there was a poor scholar who wrote poetry in Latin and English, a pale, attenuated creature, who found "a drop of sweet milk and a mealy potato" in every cottage, or a new-laid egg on the high shelf: the Irish peasants worship talent. There was our old coachman, "Old Frank," who, in "the miserable year '98," buried the plate in the asparagus beds, the wine under the haystack, and concealed the old fat coach-horses in the fowl-house! Stiff old Frank, whom no one ever contradicted, and who contradicted everybody; who would insist that his livery never grew old; who broke dogs, and who, for mastering horses, was almost as famous as "the Whisperer;" who was forty years coachman in one family; who came in every day after dinner for his tumbler of punch, and when invariably asked by his master how he liked his punch, as invariably answered, with a cough and a smile, "Ladies' punch, plaze yer honour, hot, strong, and sweet." Poor Frank! few servants, now-a-days, are as faithful!

Ah! we could fill a volume with memories of

our old friends, high and low, rich and poor; and sketch their characters with an untiring pen from a store almost inexhaustible. We may draw one portrait at full length; premising that "a jolter"—a man selling oysters, brooms, and sundries—was as welcome to the servants' hall, as a pedlar, with shawls and laces, to the drawing-room, in our isolated and "out-of-the-way" Bannow. We remember when the return of the crows to the rookery was an event eagerly looked for in our solitary and thoughtful childhood.

"Pat the Oyster," or "Paddy the Broom,"—for his cognomen changed with the seasons,—was a tall piece of mortality, who guided his spare donkey by means of what he called a "Devil's tail," a long branch of sea-weed, from which sprang several broad sea-ribands—his hat ornamented with various tufts of, to quote again from his vocabulary, "the same illement." When the oyster season was passed, Pat threw aside his ocean emblems, trimmed his hat with heather, swayed his donkey with a broom-wand, and, instead of singing hoarsely, "Old Ben Bow," as he trudged through the narrow lanes, muttered, "The Wind that shakes the Barley." At that time he was considered by no means a good-tempered person, but rather cross-grained and bitter, of sour, or whatever people choose to denominate the continual sharp and snappish mood of mind and manner, anything but amiable or agreeable. Yet "Pat the Oyster" no sooner made his appearance at the back entrance than every servant in our house gathered round him, some for the

purpose of tormenting, and others to watch the tormentors. "Fair weather to you, Pat! Pat, what has crossed you this morning?—you look sour enough to turn the cream to curd." "Pat, I wouldn't be the woman that owned you for a thrifle;" and one, very like the "Mrs. Candour" of serving-life, would add, "Ah girls! let the poor fellow alone, if he does look cross: surely two wives at a time are enough to make any man fractious."

"There's one thing," was Pat's answer to this raking up of an old grievance, "there's one thing would make it worse." "What is it, Pat, dear?" inquired the scandal-monger. "Having you for a third!" was his reply. Now a woman never forgives a "slur" of this kind; and it is our firm belief that half the idle, tattling, ill-natured, gossiping stories that went about the country concerning poor Pat, originated with the insulted laundress. This she denied; but certainly, if she did not actually invent, she wove a yarn out of a spider's web. Pat's responses, in general, were very epigrammatic; but when he descanted on the delicacy of his oysters, or the power of his brooms, he became eloquent. He was also proud of being a Wexford, or as he pronounced it, a "Waxford" man; and nothing affronted him so much as being asked if he belonged to Munster or Connaught.

"Is't for a Connaught boy you take me? One of the three grate backbiters—a flea, a fly, or a Connaught man! Och! tare-an-ounnty. Agh-a-

Wisha! No, I'm for Waxford—as the Mimber said; and not a taste ashamed of my county, nor my county of me: look at thim oysters now; there's whoppers; they scorn to open their mouths at ye behind yer back—there's an oyster! every sacret he has he keeps to himself, and himself in the bargain, until some murderin' Oliver Crummel of a knife brakes into his castle—the way he did, the thieving marauder, all over the world, and Ireland to the back of it!”

The servants would complain that his last brooms were bad; now, it was always an undetermined point whether he most resented an insult offered to his county, his oysters, or his brooms.

“Tare-an-ouny, woman, do you expect the broom to go forward into the flure, and sweep on of itself?—is that what you want? a broom that would clane the flure without any trouble—the same as a leprehawn or a fairy!—it's the laziness hinders ye from taching the innocent broom to do its duty—the laziness—the pure laziness!—the worst disease and the hardest to cure that ever got into the country—brooms in troth! Next to the oysters, which the Almighty made, are the brooms that I make, which every house and cabin-keeper in Bannow swears are pattern brooms—dacent women! good right have they to know. Show me a Bannow woman without shoes on her feet, a bonnet to shade her face, and fair fame as her fortune; there's no tramp of a beggar's foot on the sands of Bannow; no starvation! they know

the taste of good oysters, and Bannow and the Bar'ney-forth smell from one end to the other of beans and bacon. Agh-a-hah!"

"Why Pat," interrupted another tormentor, "why do you call them Wexford brooms; you know you cut them in Wicklow!"

"And where's the odds? If they were cut in Wicklow, they were tied in Waxford: I don't want any one to buy them; the Bannow postman can tell how it's with every one in the town.—'Mister Patrick, when the oyster saison is over (and sure it's your oysters that *are* the beauties), you'll not forget the brooms.' Don't I, travelling from Fetherd, come round over Wellington bridge, just out of consideration for my customers—to keep my brooms dry?"

So they all chafed "Pat the Oyster" with such variety as circumstances might suggest. But all things are liable to change. One day Pat made his appearance with a strip of black stuff pinned round his hat, from which seaweed and heather had both vanished. "What's yer trouble Pat, my poor fellow? we're sorry for it," was the observation.

"More than I am," was the honest reply. "The ould woman's gone at last, God be good to her. So I put this black strip about my hat for dacency."

"Was she very old, Pat?"

"Bedad! she was; tare-an-ouny ould!"

"Oh, then," said a sharp, black-eyed, laughing, lovely, Barony-forth girl; "Oh then, Pat, that could not be the one you brought to our place

last autumn, for she was a bright little woman intirely—mighty nate.”

“And pray why not? You’re a fine judge of ages, to be sure! you women have a way of making yourselves look young—a fine cap about your face, with bordering for all the world like crimped cod—to hide the wrinkles; and eighteen pennorth of false hair—like the fringe on a lobster’s leg—and the father of mischief would not tell your age! If a body could guess yer years as they do the horses’, troth you’d all be apter to keep your mouth shut. And it’s only afraid that I won’t make you an offer, as the song says, of my ‘hand and heart,’ that sets you down upon me. I’m sure the weather ought to have grate care intirely over poor bachelors and widow men, seeing how they’re hunted through the counthry by all the idle girls that’s wanting husbands. It’s myself will be obliged to marry one or other of them soon, just out of regard to the pace of mind of the town lands I travel, and the safety of my own soul!”

This declaration was received, as all declarations invariably are, according to the temper of the hearer, rather than according to the meaning of the speaker; and Paddy departed, leaving an impression—rather from the new life of his manner, than from his spoken words—that he was really a free man. Certainly the belief that he was a free man caused a change of opinion in his favour. A wonderful degree of charity mingled with the comments that followed his departure. “The straame was deep, and the cliff high—but

neither so deep or so high as they were made out.” “Everybody knew ‘Pat the Oyster’ was cross-grained, but no one knew the provocation he got from a fractious old woman; but he was as honest as the sun in June, and never spoke an ill word of friend or foe behind their back.” “If he was nothing but a jowlter, there wasn’t a gentleman in the county that would not discoorse him.” And the laundry-maid—the very “Mrs. Candour,” who had twitted him in so public a manner about his two wives—added, “That to be sure there was no believing the talk of the country—she only repeated what she heard about his wives—it might not be true—she dared to say, it was a lie—indeed she always thought so—only she liked to *get a rise* out of Paddy—he was so ready with his answers!” Then came calculations amongst the elders as to the amount of Pat’s funded property, and all agreed that “his stocking” was heavier with silver than copper; and that he was a good-looking man of his years, with no worse word in his mouth than “*tare-an-ounty.*”

In the meantime, Pat seemed to rejoice in his liberty like an old eagle freed from his chain. His voice cleared—he gave “Old Ben Bow,” as he paced down Graige avenue, the following week, with increased spirit—sporting a new hat—new panniers—and fattened the old donkey until it looked like a new one. “Pat the Oyster” was decidedly changed—the perpetual blister had been removed—the chain broken.

“If you please, ma’am,” said the laundry-maid

to our grand-dame, a day or two before the commencement of Lent,—“ If you please, I’m sorry to leave the service, but I want to have it over before Lent is on us. He’s taken a nate little shop in Wexford, and between the oysters and the brooms, and letting a couple of the rooms *furnished*—with the blessing!—we’ll not be bad off. His reverence would not ‘say the words’ for us without telling your honour. I never would have married a jowlter,” she added, “but a shopkeeper, ma’am—a shopkeeper is very different.”

“She’d have me any way she could get me, madam, and tare-an-ouny glad to catch me!” said “Pat the Oyster,” poking his head into the parlour window. There is little doubt that Pat was right.

The baronies of Bargy and Forth, which extend along the coast from the bay of Bannow to the bay of Wexford, form, perhaps, the most singular and remarkable district of Ireland; its inhabitants being, to this day, “a peculiar people,” more distinct from the aboriginal Irish than from the Welsh, of whom they are undoubtedly descendants. Of the peculiar locality from whence they originally came, however, there is no evidence; they seem to have settled as colonists rather than as invaders, and probably preceded, by a long period, the arrival of the Anglo-Norman allies of Dermot Mac Morogh. Vallancey, who published, in the second volume of the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, a “memoir of the Anglo-Saxon colony,” has thrown little or

no light upon the subject; his inquiries appear to have been limited, and his information meagre; the chief value of his report being a scanty vocabulary of their language—valuable still, for it is daily becoming less and less, and in a few years will, no doubt, be obsolete.⁹⁰

Whatever may have been the origin of the colonists, their posterity have continued to the present day a very peculiar race. The various wars under the reigns of Elizabeth, the second James, and the government of Cromwell, appear to have affected the chiefs or head-men of these baronies only, and to have left the humble classes undisturbed, except by a change of masters. Extraordinary comforts and unusual independence were still the lot of the majority.

The peninsular position of these baronies—the sea on the one side, and the mountain of Forth on the other—contributed, no doubt, in a great degree to the safety and stability of the colony; yet had it not been for the numerous castles, or, more properly speaking, *fortalices*, the ruins of which form so remarkable a feature in the landscape, the courage and daring of the native Irish would have caused their extermination. Over a surface of about 40,000 acres, there are still standing the remains of fifty-nine such buildings; and the sites of many more can still be pointed out. The walls of solid masonry were equally secure against the arrows and javelins of the foe, and the effects of fire. Their roofs could not be given “to the flames” nor their “flesh to the eagles,” while intrenched in these strongholds; the castle



PLATE NUMBER SEVEN

of the chief was the rendezvous of the vassal, and the flocks and herds. A plentiful supply of pure water was never wanting where a castle was erected; and from the warder's watch-tower on the summit, two at least, and often six or more, castles were in sight. The beacon fire, or other signal, raised on one, spread the alarm in a short time over the entire county.⁹¹

These castles have, for the most part, the same character; a single tower at one corner of a square battlemented courtyard. Mr. Nichol sketched for us the castle of Rathmacnee, the property of H. K. G. Morgan, Esq., as a characteristic example, in a very good state of preservation. (See Plate No. 7.) Some time ago it was falling to decay, when Mr. Morgan had it roofed, and the foundations properly repaired—so that it is likely to illustrate the style of the period of its erection for some centuries to come.

The people of Forth and Bargy are, on the average, rather above the middle size; stouter, generally, than the native Irish, and of a slower and more sober footstep. From early life they are accustomed to active habits of industry; and there were, until very lately, but few cottagers or working men who had not from one to three acres of ground attached to the dwelling. The children are removed, early, to the employment of the farmers under whom their fathers worked, and sons have succeeded parents in the same families for many generations. The dress of all classes of farmers and cottagers, for general use, even at the present day, consists of home manu-

facture—formerly there was nothing purchased from a shop. The flax grown on the farm is dressed and spun in the farm-house, woven by some neighbouring weaver, and very often bleached by the frugal housewife herself. Wool is also shorn from the farmer's own sheep by himself or son, spun by his wife, daughters, and maid-servants, and manufactured into cloth, linsey-woolsey, flannel, blankets, and stockings, for domestic use. Increased facilities for trade have tended to diminish, but not to supersede this habit.⁹²

The dwelling-houses and out-offices are far more convenient and comfortable than most Irish houses. They are generally clay built, but dashed, or encrushed, without and within, with lime-mortar, neatly thatched, and have solid chimneys of masonry, not wicker-work plastered, so common and so dangerous elsewhere. Habituated to live dependent on their own resources, modern improvements were slower in gaining admittance among them than in other districts; and their customs being for ages superior to those of their neighbours, they were unwilling to hazard changes. Their industry is more uniform, not only throughout the day, but throughout the year—seldom breaking into fits of excessive action, and then as listlessly idling or resting.

Of native travelling beggars there are none in the district. Such as have no direct personal means of support apply to their more fortunate neighbours, and neither consider themselves, nor are they considered by others, as beggars. In

every farm-house, a sack of meal was formerly placed, open in the kitchen, with a plate, to be dealt out in charity to the wandering poor, whilst food and lodging was to be found wherever it was required.

While the male portion is engaged in out-door work, the females are no less so within; and the winter evenings are employed in spinning, knitting, and sewing. The manufacture of straw-plait is to be found in every house; and many a young girl has exhibited no discreditable an imitation of Leghorn, the work of her hands, and from her own preparation of the *traneen*. In dress, the farmers' daughters will imitate the fashions of the higher orders, and are in general remarkable for a pleasing feminine beauty and fairness of complexion, combined with a general superior symmetry of person. They are remarkably careful in rearing all kinds of domestic fowls, and especially for forcing or cramming poultry; the moneys received for which are, by immemorial usage, the perquisites of the industrious daughters. Thus they are enabled to procure, independently of their fathers, many little articles of finery they would not otherwise ask for, and a spirit of thrift and cleanliness and honest pride is firmly established. Honesty, and even absence of suspicion of theft, prevailed so generally, that locks were unknown, and a simple bolt formed the interior fastening, whilst the barn, and all the outhouses, were left *on the latch*.

We have joined, in our description, the two

baronies, because their habits are precisely similar; and they present nearly the same aspect of cheerfulness, good order, and prosperity. As we have intimated, they abound in remains of old castles, all of them having nearly the same character. The most interesting in the barony is Bargy Castle, formerly the residence of the unfortunate Bagenal Harvey. After his execution, his estates were of course forfeited to the crown; but they were subsequently restored to his brother. In the rebellion of 1798, no properties changed hands: a generous and a wise arrangement on the part of government.

The erection of a lighthouse on the Tuskar Rock—the extreme south-east point of Ireland—has been one of the most valuable works ever raised on the Irish coast. The work was commenced in the summer of 1813,⁹³ and on the evening of Sunday, June 4, 1815, the light, the mariner's guiding-star to the Irish Channel, was first exhibited. It consists of 21 argand lamps, acting on reflectors, having seven lamps presenting one light every two minutes, and one seven of the 21 presents a deep red light each six minutes—the term of the revolution. The lights are 105 feet from the base, and the vane from high-water mark is 134 feet. The entire construction is a fine work of art; and though the furious billows have beaten to the height of fifty feet on the cone-shaped building, not the least effect or injury has been yet sustained.

Numerous Rathes are dispersed throughout the baronies; but in most places the vallum, or ram-

part, has been partially carried away, and a more than usual fertility is the distinctive mark of the site. The most perfect one is at a place called Ballytrent, in Forth, near to the sea-shore. It is formed of two concentric circles, or ramparts, formed of clay, sand, and stones, carried thither from the sea-bank. It is now planted as an ornamental garden, and has a fine effect. On the top of each rampart are gravel walks bordered with evergreens. The summit circumference of the inner and lower one is two hundred and fifty yards; the summit of the outer is six hundred and forty-nine yards, its height twenty-one feet, and thickness thirty-seven. In the immediate vicinity are the remains of two others.⁹⁴

Nearly in the centre of this fertile barony of Forth is Johnstown Castle, the seat of Hamilton Knox Grogan Morgan, Esq., a descendant of the great Scottish reformer. The castle is modern, but built on the site of a very ancient structure, a tower of which, indeed, is part of the present building. It is formed entirely of granite, procured from the quarries of Carlow county; and, when finished, the mansion will rank among the most elegant and magnificent in the kingdom. The limits to which our work is confined, preclude us from noticing, as we progress, the various seats of the gentry; we shall in this instance depart from our usual plan, less because we owe a large debt of affection to the estimable proprietors of this domain, than as affording us a fitting opportunity to exhibit the vast improvements and great good that may be

effected by a considerate and generous "lord of the soil" in Ireland. We have examined no estate in the kingdom which affords more unequivocal proof that a landlord may, if he pleases, surround himself with a comfortable, a prosperous, an attached, and a grateful tenantry.

Happily, Wexford is, in one respect, highly privileged—few of its landed proprietors are absentees. There are no huge estates, over which several agents must, of necessity, be placed; and as very few of its gentry have involved properties, it follows, as matter of course, that the tenants are in easy circumstances, and are neither rack-rented nor pressed for sudden payments.⁹⁵ Unfortunately, few of the Irish counties are so auspiciously circumstanced; in many instances a nominal rent-roll misleads the owner into an expenditure far beyond his actual income; the consequence naturally is, that the landlord and the tenant are mutually embarrassed, that an air of poverty equally pervades the mansion and the cottage, and that prosperity to either is totally out of the question.⁹⁶

The estate of Mr. Morgan is as beautiful a picture of healthful improvement and happy independence as the country can supply. Possessed of a very large fortune, and resident in one of the most fertile tracts of the kingdom, his efforts, seconded by those of his estimable lady, have been devoted to bettering the condition of their tenantry—and they have been eminently successful. The visitor sees no miserable hovel in this neighbourhood; no sickly, or squalid,

or sturdy mendicant; no ill-clad workmen; nothing in short, which indicates that hard-handed labour is barely sufficient to keep the wolf—hunger—from the door. Cottages such as this, are abundantly scattered over the district; pretty without, and comfortable within. We have entered them at all hours, and invariably found everything neat and well-ordered. Irish poverty, with its attendant ills, would here seem a fable. And how has this glorious object been attained? The secret is told in a sentence: by letting land upon terms so just and equitable—and, we may add, wise—that every industrious renter of it is assured a profit sufficient, not alone to supply his wants, but to surround himself with the comforts which invariably elevate the mind, and convert the thin and decaying tie which too frequently connects landlord and tenant, into an enduring link that cannot be broken.

It is not alone the physical wants of their dependants that are cared for by the proprietors of Johnstown Castle. A schoolhouse, which for its external aspect and internal arrangements may be accepted as a model, is supported by them, and is open to all applicants to share in its advantages. They are so taught, that if their learning be not “better than house and land,” they may know how to acquire both. Some of the best farmers, mechanics, and house-servants in the county have been educated there.⁹⁷

The demesne is less indebted to nature than to art; for although situated at the head of a fertile valley, and but a short distance from the foot of

a fine and remarkably picturesque mountain, it lies in a hollow, and it is only from the summit of one of the castle's towers that a glimpse can be had of the sea.

A noble sheet of artificial water immediately adjoins the castle, procured at immense cost, but having supplied for a considerable period a means of giving employment to the neighbouring people. On its borders there are several turrets of carved stone, and the hand of taste is everywhere apparent.

We cannot have wearied our readers by these details, for they show that what has been done here may be as easily effected elsewhere; they exhibit proofs how completely the character and habits of a people may be improved by just and judicious management; how greatly moral beauty may enhance the value of natural beauty; and, perhaps, the bright example may induce others to "do likewise." We have no desire that our statement should be considered as divested of private feeling; the friendship of persons such as those we have described is a high privilege, and a large reward for many cares and anxieties; but we discharge a serious part of our public duty in rendering this homage to their many virtues, and bearing testimony to the immense good they have achieved already:—

Our hearts are with thee, Johnstown, and we pray
Such lords of those who toil may be less few;
That Ireland, bountifully dower'd, may say,
"See what my patriot sons and daughters do."

So shall her natural blessings still increase;
So shall she safely proud and prosperous be;
So shall she triumph with internal peace,
And be, indeed, all "glorious, great, and free!"

From Johnstown—and still through the barony of Forth—to Wexford, a distance of about three miles above the rich and fertile valley, the road all along commands an extensive and beautiful prospect; on one side is the dark and rugged mountain, on the other St. George's Channel. We pass a memorable spot, still called "Cromwell's Rock," where the great Irish bugbear planted his cannon to bombard the town, then surrounded with strong walls, of which there are several remains. The town was betrayed by the governor, who, being as Cromwell states, in his letter to the Speaker, "fairly treated," surrendered just as an agreement was about to be signed for its evacuation. The soldiers of the Usurper enacted again the tragedy of Drogheda. Wexford is an assemblage of remarkably narrow streets; the memorable jail is now an asylum for paupers; the still more memorable bridge exists: it was originally composed entirely of wood, but of late years has been partially rebuilt of stone. Its length is very great, crossing a broad part of the Slaney.⁹⁸

The town has a thriving aspect; and but that its harbour has the disadvantage of "a bar," which there are good reasons for believing may be removed, its proximity to England would render it one of the most flourishing ports of the south. To displace this bar would indeed,

probably, convert Wexford into the great thoroughfare between England and the South of Ireland, as its distance is no more than forty-five miles from Milfordhaven. The evil, however, is of too ancient and firm a nature to be easily removed. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, that when Henry the Second set sail from this town for Pembroke, on Easter-Monday, A.D. 1173, the king "took shipping without the bar." That its removal may be effected is certain; although the cost of the work might be considerable, and the undertaking too great for private enterprise. But public money could not be better expended; for besides the advantages that would accrue to both countries, an immense tract of land might be gained from the ocean, which in course of time would afford an ample return. As it is, however, Wexford carries on a considerable trade; and there are steamboats to Liverpool plying twice a week.⁹⁹ There are several ruins within the old walls, the most picturesque and interesting of which is the old abbey of Selsker; ¹⁰⁰ the modern parish church has been built close to it.

The road from Wexford to Enniscorthy—about thirteen miles—runs for some miles along the banks of the Slaney; but to see this river to advantage, the tourist should take the boat at Wexford. Every spot is interesting, either for its natural beauty, for some historical association, or for its legends of the olden time. At a short distance, surrounded by fine timber and extensive woods, is Artramont, the seat of the Le-

Huntes; it was granted to their ancestor, Colonel Le-Hunte, whose commission, signed by Cromwell, as captain of his body-guard, is still in the possession of the family. Under the mansion, among venerable cedars of Lebanon, may be seen a moss-covered donjon-keep—all that remains of the fortress of the Roches, formerly Lords of Roche's Land.

“Beneath those battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions, in proud state,
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will.”¹⁰¹

A little further on and we arrive at a most interesting relic of ancient days—the site of Carrick Castle, the first castle that was built by the Anglo-Normans in Ireland—not the small antique tower which, situated on the pinnacle of a rock, forms one of the most strikingly picturesque objects in the kingdom, and which has long usurped the name and “honours” of the fortress of Fitz-Stephen. The true castle of the first Anglo-Norman—‘adventurer and conqueror’—was on the opposite side of the river; a stately pile, that crowned the summit of a rugged hill, barely enough of which now remains to mark the space it occupied—for the plough has passed over nearly the whole of it.¹⁰²

In this castle, Fitz-Stephen was besieged by the Wexford men; but he defeated all their attempts to take it, until treachery effected their purpose. The Irish demanded a parley, and informed the English knight that Strongbow and

all the British adventurers in Dublin had been destroyed, and that an immense force was on the march to Carrick. The information was of course doubted by Fitz-Stephen; and so the Irish compelled three bishops, who were their prisoners, to go to the walls of the castle and make oath to the truth of the statement, upon which Fitz-Stephen surrendered, and was subsequently treated with great cruelty.

Passing Ferry Carrig, and under its long narrow and "rickety" wooden bridge, we reach a very wide part of the river, that has more the appearance of a spreading lake. The banks are richly wooded, and a delicious landscape is nobly backed by the distant mountains; the loftiest, on the summit of which a fleecy cloud seems always resting, is Mount Leinster; the longer and nearer range is Black-stairs, three pinnacles of which are known as "the Leaps of Ossian's greyhounds;" the lower hill, more eastward, is the White Mountain. The singular conical hill to the north, is Slievebuy; beneath it, nearer, is Vinegar Hill; and beyond again are the Wicklow Mountains and Tarah Hill—not that of the "Palaces" and other "long-faded glories." To the west is Brandon; so that four counties can be seen from this point: the rock, nearer, is Carrickburn, and, more southerly, is Slieve-kielter, or the Shorn Mountain. A little further on—and passing Pole-Hore—a property that has remained in one family, from the time of Strongbow, through ages of wars and forfeitures—we reach the Glynn, a district broken by innumer-

able rivulets into glens and vales, bordered with luxuriant wood, in old times famous for the lordly sports of hunting and hawking.¹⁰³ Further on is Carrigmenan, the ancient and beautiful demesne of the family of Devereux.¹⁰⁴

A mile or two farther, and we reach the pretty and prosperous town of Enniscorthy; and at a distance of nine or ten miles, and still on the banks of the Slaney, where it borders upon Carlow, the beautifully situated town of Newtown-Barry. But we have nearly reached the limits to which we reluctantly confine ourselves in our description of the county of Wexford. We may not, however, part from Enniscorthy¹⁰⁵ without some notice of the far-famed "Vinegar Hill." In the dark year '98, the rebels had possession of it for several days, during the early part of June; and here, having previously committed great atrocities in Enniscorthy, the most deliberate and cold-blooded of their murders were perpetrated. The hill immediately overlooks the town; it is of considerable extent and height; and a windmill, the ruined walls of which are still there, stood upon its summit. This mill they crowded with their prisoners, dragging them out occasionally for massacre.

It was a sunny summer day when we ascended the hill, walking over the unmarked graves of hundreds, who, of different and warring creeds, the victim and the victor, sleep peacefully together. The heather, the starry daisy, and the bright buttercup, gem the green sward—and it is hard to fancy that it was ever a place of slaugh-

ter. As we sat upon a large stone, the murmur of the town would have sounded like some disturbance in the heavens, but for the occasional and distinct halloo of one boatman to another, as they glided over the waters of the bright blue Slaney. The prospect is extensive, not as magnificent as that from the mountain of Forth, but more varied, and of the gentlest and most tranquil character; the distant mountains, rich valleys, winding river, fringed in some places to the water's edge, and the bridge and castle of Enniscorthy in the foreground, form a beautiful whole.

It was with anything but a pleasant feeling that we entered the ruined windmill; and when we stood within its walls, we found we were not alone; a stern-looking man, whose long grey hair played around his bald uncovered head, was walking round and round the walls inside, somewhat in the way of a wild animal, caged, pacing about its den. He paused and looked at us; we felt that he was there from some higher motive than mere curiosity, and turned to withdraw. "Don't, don't," he said; "I'm long enough in it—quite long enough—God knows!" He went out, and in a few moments after we saw him moving rapidly backward and forward over the top of the hill, in the same half-unconscious manner. He was dressed like a farmer of the better class. At last he sat down, rested his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands so as to shut out the scene altogether. We were about to descend the hill, when a very old gentleman of our party, who had known the country





for more than fifty years, fancying he recognised the stranger, whose peculiar manner and appearance had attracted our attention, walked up and laid his hand upon his shoulder, calling him by a name. It was alarming to witness the effect the action produced: he started up—looked earnestly in his face. “Good Lord of mercy!” he exclaimed, “Who is it that knows me? Below there in the town, nobody bid ‘God speed me!’ The old inn is filled with new faces; and yet it seems but yesterday that I stood where we all stand now. I’m free long ago to walk through my own country wherever I please to set my foot; but God help us—sure it isn’t Master Ned I’m speaking with! Oh then, dear sir, but the change has come over you very soon. I ask your pardon, but I should not have known you at your own hall-door! You’re not like the same Master Ned I tended duck-shooting over the slob; you took the cares of the world early on yourself—and the young mistress—your honour’s handsome bride.” Our old friend’s wife had been dead more than twelve years, but his love was alive as ever, and the exile noted his changed countenance. “I’m sorry for your trouble—I didn’t think she could have died so soon; sure that can’t be her daughter; she’s like, but older than her mother—there’s nothing as handsome as it used to be. Ah, but I ought to mind how sudden death comes! Sure my father and my two fine brothers were alive, and yet buried like dogs in a few hours—buried in that glen. I could hardly bear to cross it a while ago, for fear of walking

over their bones." The poor man, deeply affected, passed his sleeve several times across his brow, in the effort to hide his tears; at last, unable to conquer his emotion, he turned his face to the valley, and wringing his hands in bitter anguish of heart, repeated "Oh, that day, that day!"

After a while he continued: "I couldn't rest any longer away from the place, for I know I'm dying, and I thought I'd like to lay my bones under the sod of my native land; and somehow I thought I'd care more about the people here than I do; but I can't steady my mind upon anything present; only keep going back, going back, until my eyes see every one dead long ago. Two or three to whom I have talked think my head's not right; may be so; God knows best." There was a melancholy cadence in his voice when he said this, that was very touching; and the stern expression of his strongly marked features relaxed into almost childish weakness. "I was," he continued, "as you know, Master Ned, forced to fly—though six years younger than your honour—a boy, a mere boy, hardly able to shoot a crow; not but I was ready and willing to do my best; I'll not deny that. My father brought his three sons—all he had—to the cause. His three sons, and his heart's blood."

It was next to impossible to imagine the man who said this, the same who, a few moments before, had confessed his brain was turned. He was, he told us, standing beside his father in yon gap when he fell, and as he stepped forward to

take his place, his eldest brother said, "It is my turn, not yours," and then he stood beside his eldest brother, as he had stood beside his father; he looked across the valley, and it was smoking with blood and fire; just one minute he took his eyes off his brother, and when he turned there was no one there; he was lying a corse on his father's body. "Then," he continued, while his eyes gleamed and the summer wind tossed his grey hair about; "then I stood in the gap myself, proud of their death, and longing to meet such another; but the second boy forced his way, and pushed me aside—he was my mother's darling—and though he had a better right there than I had, being older, I strove to get the spot, for death was over it; but he would not give in. The soldiers came on, and he fell. I never knew how I escaped, until I found myself at my mother's door. She asked first for my father, and I told her the truth; then for John, that was the eldest. I saw she dreaded asking after her *white-headed* boy—her darling! and no tears came to her eyes, only she stood erect as a spirit before me in the moonlight, and at last she laid her hands on me, and looked straight in my face. 'Mother,' I said, 'I stood in the gap beside my father, and beside John, and beside *him*, and I would have taken his place, but he would not let me!' She made no cry nor moan, but fell flat on the grass. I raised her in my arms—the mother that bore me—for she was a small delicate woman; and I ran down with her to a brook that used to come welling up out of the earth, and laid her beside it,

and bathed her face, and called to her; but she did not hear me, and my grief was greater about her than about those I had lost on the hill; and while I was there, alone with my dead mother (for she was dead), I heard a shout and a tramp. Where I carried her was beside a shroud of bushes that had gathered over and about the well, not two hundred yards from the house, yet overhung in such a way that nothing could be seen of the water from the house. I heard, as I tell you now, Master Ned, the tramp and shout, and I knew the soldiers had got sight of the house, and would be on us; so I took up my dead mother in my arms, and crept with her into the heart of the bush, keeping the brambles from touching her, and trying, God help me! to warm her face in my bosom. I lay there while they fired the house; I heard their curses, and returned them in the depth and bitterness of my silence; I heard the crackling of the fire and the howls of our dog; the blaze might light the bush, and I could see the death-glaze on my mother's eyes. They found out the well when the burning ceased, and stabbed at the bushes as they passed, and yet I escaped, though they drank and washed in the stream. I stole away in the night, which darkened when the moon went down, and before the morning came in; but still I carried my mother with me: she seemed the last thing left me in the whole world. I got into the wood yonder, and sheltered about for two days, until meeting one or two more, who were hunted like myself,

we carried her into holy ground, and buried her in the silent night."

And here we part from this melancholy subject—to which we shall not have to revert. Some notices of it were inseparable from a description of the county of Wexford. Nearly half a century has passed over the period; yet there still exist too many living witnesses of the "Irish reign of terror," to permit its being considered strictly as the property of history. We have conversed with many of them; our note-books are full of their sad anecdotes; but to enlarge upon the topic is neither necessary nor desirable.

The towns, north of Enniscorthy, are Ferns and Gorey. Ferns, although now dwindled into insignificance, was formerly a place of note. The diocese is said to have been founded by St. Edin, or St. Mogue, A. D. 598; and a beautifully wrought monument to the memory of the founder occupies a niche in the present cathedral, a modern structure. The saint is represented *in pontificalibus*; wearing his mitre; with his short crozier, or *baculum*, across his breast. There are no existing documents to determine the period of its erection. The see was governed by a regular succession of bishops, until about the year 1600, when it was joined to that of Leighlin; but in 1836 both dioceses were united with that of Ossory. The episcopal palace was first erected by Thomas Ram, Bishop of Ferns, in 1630; the prelate being of an advanced age, placed this inscription above the porch:—

“ This house Ram built, for his succeeding brothers,
Thus sheep bear wool, not for themselves, but others.”

Adjoining the church are the ruins of an abbey believed to have been founded by Dermot Mac Morogh, and where tradition states him to have been concealed while awaiting the coming of his English allies. The remains of this ancient fabric preserves traces of considerable beauty; but they consist merely of two sides of a cloister, with rows of tall windows of the lancet form. Here were interred the remains of the king of Leinster, who died at Ferns on the first of May, 1171; but even tradition is silent as to the place of his interment, his memory having been execrated in all ages, as the monarch by whose guilt and treason ¹⁰⁶—

“ The emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.”

There are but few other remains of antiquity in the neighbourhood; we noticed, however, let into the wall that encloses the churchyard, an ancient cross, which bears marks of extreme age; and is, in all probability, coeval with the foundation of the see. These crosses, as will be supposed, abound in all the old graveyards; some of them are elaborately and beautifully carved; and the labour bestowed upon them would cost an immense sum at the present day. The custom is still kept up; and crosses of plain wood are to be found in numbers wherever the dead are interred. Another relic, a font of very

rude workmanship, lies among the broken grave-stones.

The "city" of Ferns consists of a few poor houses, containing little more than five hundred inhabitants; it is built on the side of a hill, at the summit of which stand the ruins of an ancient castle, which formerly ranked among the most famous in Ireland; and may still be classed among the more interesting military edifices of the kingdom. It occupies the site of the humble palace of Mac Morogh; and also, it is said, that of a fortress erected by Strongbow, but destroyed by the Irish.¹⁰⁷ Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, that William de Burgh gave Ferns to the sons of Maurice Fitzgerald in exchange for Wicklow castle, "which albeit it were in the middle of their enemies, yet, like lustie and courageous gentlemen, they builded there a strong castell, which they kept and inhabited maugre all their enemies." Other historians, however, assert the gift to have been that of the lion who dictates the lamb's share of the feast. It was a royal garrison for a very long period; its constables being appointed by letters patent, and ruling the adjacent country, which was inhabited by septs of "the turbulent Irish." One of the towers is still perfect, and, with other portions of the building, has much architectural beauty. It contains a chapel of highly ornamental workmanship.

From Ferns to the borders of the county, the road ceases to be picturesque; but a few miles

from Gorey we enter the county of Wicklow, the northern boundary of Wexford.

The great feature of the county is its peculiarly English character. This is apparent not only in its external aspect—the skilfully farmed fields, the comparatively comfortable cottages, the barns attached to every farm-yard, the well-trimmed hedge-rows, the neat “gardens” stocked with other vegetables than potatoes, and the “acres of beans”—the peasantry are better clad than we have seen them in any other part of Ireland, and have an air of sturdy independence, an independence which they really feel, and to which they are justly entitled, for it is achieved by their own honest industry; they very rarely owe any debt to their landlords except “good-will,” and an arrear of rent is a thing seldom heard of. A peasant is never seen without shoes and stockings; and a young woman very rarely without a bonnet. Both are always decently clad, rags being as rare in Wexford as they are in Kent. Those who encounter an ill-dressed or dirty person along the roads, may be very sure they have met a stranger. The interior of their cottages is in corresponding order. The most fastidious guest may not hesitate to dine under the thatched roof of a labourer of the southern baronies. Their integrity is proverbial. They are, in general, proud of their English descent—of their ancient names, and their advanced civilization.¹⁰⁸

The county cannot be termed mountainous, although enclosed by mountains, which form a magnificent screen to it, and in “savage” times

completely severed it from the rest of the kingdom, for these were covered with wood, and were the strongholds of the Irish septs; so that, for nearly two centuries, Wexford could not send members to Parliament. Its only great river is the Slaney, which has its source in the barony of Talbotstown, in the Wicklow mountains, and which, receiving the Banna and the Boro as tributaries on its course, enters St. George's Channel at the Bay of Wexford, being navigable for large boats only to Enniscorthy.

The county is divided into eight baronies—Forth, Bargy, Ballaghkeen, Bantry, Gorey, Scarawalsh, Shelburne, and Shelmalier.

The fertility of Wexford county is proved by the fact, that it contains 564,479 English statute acres, of which 18,500 only are unimproved mountain and bog. In 1821, the population was 170,806; and in 1831, 182,991. Its boundaries are, on the north, the county of Wicklow; on the west, the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny, and Waterford harbour; on the south, the Atlantic Ocean; and on the east, St. George's Channel.

QUEEN'S COUNTY

ALTHOUGH the Queen's County is by no means among the least interesting of the Irish counties, it possesses no feature of a distinguishing character; we shall, therefore, be enabled to dismiss it briefly—for we are reminded of the necessity of compressing—in cases where compression may be admitted—in order that we may enlarge where greater space is requisite or desirable. The county is formed out of the extensive tracts of Leix and Ossory, the conquest of which was not accomplished by the Anglo-Normans until long after the neighbouring districts had submitted to their sway. It received its modern appellation in compliment to Queen Mary, in the fifth year of her reign. It is an inland county, bounded on the east by the counties of Kildare and Carlow; on the north by the King's County; on the west by the King's County and Tipperary; and on the south by the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny. According to the ordnance survey, it comprises an area of 396,810 statute acres; 60,972 of which are mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 134,275; and in 1831, to 145,851. The baronies are nine in number:—Ballyadams, Cullinagh, Maryborough East, Maryborough West, Portneinch,

Slievemarque, Stradbally, Tinnehinch, and Upper Ossory.

The capital town of the county is Maryborough; a place of little note; but distant from it about four miles, is one of the most striking and interesting objects in the kingdom—the rock of Dun-a-mase. The ruins of a castle stand upon a solitary rock in the centre of a fertile plain, and occupy nearly the whole of it from the base to the summit. It is thus described by Dr. Ledwich:—"The rock is an elliptical conoid, accessible only on the eastern side, which, in its improved state, was defended by the barbican. From the barbican you advance to the gate of the lower ballium; it is seven feet wide, and the walls are six feet thick. It had a parapet, crenelles, and embrasures. The lower ballium is 312 feet from north to south, and 160 from east to west. You then arrive at the gate of the upper ballium, which is placed in a tower; and from this begin the walls which divided the upper and lower ballium. The former is a plain of 111 feet from east to west, and 202 feet from north to south, where broadest. On the highest part was the keep, and the apartments for the officers: there were a sallyport and a prison." Although from its great natural strength the castle would seem impregnable—except to "the giants," who, we were told, leaped into it from a far distant hill, leaving the impress of their feet, still shown "in the solid rock"—it was several times taken and retaken by the "ferocious Irish" and the English invaders, their brave but

merciless enemies.¹⁰⁹ From the earliest period, it would appear, that some rude fortification existed on the spot; and perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there a place so completely formed by nature either for a stronghold of the aggressor, or a refuge for the oppressed. It commands an uninterrupted prospect of the country to an almost inconceivable extent, being seen from a distance of nearly twenty miles in every direction around it. On all sides but one an ascent is impossible; and although it may be approached from the east, even that is a task of some difficulty, as we found in our efforts to reach the top upon a more than usually sultry day of summer; but in truth it

“Well o’er pays the scaler’s toil.”

The view is to the highest degree magnificent; the spectator stands in the centre of an amphitheatre; gazes over fine and fertile valleys; and notes how bountifully nature has endowed the land. At his feet are huge masses of masonry, scattered in picturesque confusion, which form a strange contrast to the tranquil beauty of the surrounding scene. The fortress seems to have been built for eternity—yet there it is—scarcely one stone upon another.¹¹⁰

There are the ruins of numerous other castles in the Queen’s County; but the political history of each is nearly similar to the one we have described: among the most remarkable are those of Lea, at Portarlinton, and Stradbally,¹¹¹ of which the remains are now scarcely discernible;

the history of which is intimately associated with the Wars of the Pale.

Of the ruins of ecclesiastical structures, of which this county contains some of considerable beauty, the most interesting is that of Aghaboe, the ancient seat of the see of Ossory, founded by St. Canice in the sixth century. Dr. Ledwich, author of the "Antiquities of Ireland," obtained the advowson of the vicarage in 1772, and published an account of the parish.

The principal towns are Portarlinton (the only one that sends a member to Parliament), Mountrath, Abbey-Leix, and Mount-Melick,—the latter being a "quaker town," and remarkable for its neatness and the air of prospering industry that pervades it. The county is generally flat; its rivers are not numerous, the Barrow only being navigable from Portarlinton to the sea at Waterford. It contains an undue proportion of bog; large tracts are, however, richly cultivated; and its principal wealth arises from the labours of the agriculturist, although the manufacture of serges and stuffs is carried on to a limited extent in the vicinity of some of the towns.

KING'S COUNTY

THE King's County being, like the Queen's County, without any peculiar characteristic, may be described briefly. It received its comparatively modern appellation in compliment to Philip of Spain, the consort of Queen Mary. Its boundaries are, on the east the county of Kildare; on the north the counties of Meath and Westmeath; on the west the Shannon, which separates it from Roscommon and Galway, and part of the county of Tipperary; and on the south the Queen's County. Its population was in 1821, 138,088; and in 1831, 144,225. It comprises an area of 528,166 acres, of which 133,349 are mountain and bog—an immense proportion of which is the famous bog of Allen. Its baronies are eleven, viz.:—Ballyboy, Ballybrit, Ballycowen, Clonlisk, Coolestown, Eglisk, Garrycastle, Geashill, Kilcoursey, Lower Philipstown, Upper Philipstown, and Warrenstown.

The King's County abounds in ruins of old castles; one of the most striking is Garry Castle. It stands beside the road leading from Birr to Banagher, and was the ancient fortalice of the Mac Coghlan's.¹¹²

We visited the King's County in one of the canal-boats which run from Dublin to Shannon Harbour; passing, for nearly the whole distance

of, perhaps, eighty miles, through the bog of Allen. The boat is called a "fly-boat;" it is composed of iron, and proceeds, drawn by two or three horses, at the rate of nine English miles an hour; the country being very flat, there are comparatively few locks, fifteen miles of the journey being made without encountering one. It is, however, by no means a pleasant mode of travelling; for the boat being exceedingly narrow, the passengers are painfully "cramped" and confined. The "bog" commences at Robertstown, in the county of Kildare, twenty miles from Dublin, and continues, with little interruption, to Shannon Harbour.¹¹³ In the midst of this bog are the two principal towns of the county,—Philipstown the former, and Tullamore the present, capital. They are by no means remarkable either for cleanliness or picturesque character; and after visiting both, one might quote, without incurring a charge of bad taste, the old rhyme:—

"Great bog of Allen, swallow down
That odious heap call'd Philipstown;
And if thy maw can swallow more,
Pray take—and welcome—Tullamore."

The passage through the bog of Allen, although dreary and monotonous, is by no means without interest; and as the recurrence of locks enables the passenger occasionally to walk on land, the "voyage" will amply repay curiosity. The aspect that surrounds him on all sides is very singular; huge "clamps," or stacks, of turf

border the canal, and here and there a cabin rears its roof a few feet above the surface, from which it can scarcely be distinguished. It is hardly possible to imagine more wretched hovels than those which the turf-cutters inhabit. The man rents usually from two to five acres; the turf he cuts with his own hands, and conveys to market as he best can. When settling, his first care is to procure shelter from the wind and rain; he selects, therefore, a dry bank a little beyond the influence of floods; here he digs a pit, for it is nothing more, places at the corners a few sticks of bog-wood, and covers the top with "flakes" of heath, leaving a small aperture to let out the smoke. Yet the inhabitants of this miserable district, existing in this deplorable manner, are by no means unhealthy; and around their huts we saw some of the finest children we have seen in Ireland.

There can be no doubt that, in ancient times, this huge tract of country was one immense forest, although its remains are less numerous here than elsewhere, the turf being for the most part peat, with little admixture of wood—a circumstance to be accounted for by the fact that, in consequence of the difficulty of drainage, the cutters seldom work far beneath the surface. Many attempts have been made to drain portions of it, and with partial success, those which border the canal having been in several places converted into good arable land. When internal peace in Ireland has been followed by prosperity, the expenditure of capital will certainly convert this immense waste,

which contributes so little to the national wealth, into fertile and productive fields; the next generation may see the merry harvester taking the place of the miserable turf-cutter, and smiling and happy cottages occupying the sites of the now wretched hovels that would be contemned even by the bushmen of southern Africa.¹¹⁴

The western parts of the King's County, where it is bordered by the mighty Shannon, are infinitely more picturesque than those we have been describing, which lie to the north and south, or rather occupy the centre of the county. On the banks of the Shannon, and also adjacent to a branch of "the Bog," are the interesting ruins of Clonmacnois, the school where, according to Dr. O'Connor, "the nobility of Connaught had their children educated, and which was therefore called Cluan-mac-nois, 'the secluded recess of the sons of nobles.' " It was also, in ancient times, a famous cemetery of the Irish kings; and for many centuries it has continued a favourite burial-place, the popular belief enduring to this day, that all persons interred here pass immediately from earth to heaven. The abbey is said to have been founded by St. Kieran about the middle of the sixth century, and soon became "amazingly enriched," so that, writes Mr. Archdall, "its landed property was so great, and the number of cells and monasteries subjected to it so numerous, that almost half of Ireland was said to be within the bounds of Clonmacnois." The ruins retain marks of exceeding splendour. In the immediate vicinity there are two "Round

Towers." One of the many richly carved stone crosses scattered in all directions among the ruins, we have copied (See Plate No. 7). We shall have so many opportunities of examining other relics of the magnificence of remote ages, that we must content ourselves with this meagre reference to those of Clonmacnois; taking no note of the few natural beauties of the King's County, in order that we may devote greater space to those of the County of Wicklow, to which we now direct the attention of the tourist.

WICKLOW

WE have no design to write a guide-book; although our leading object will be to offer some observations for the guidance of those who design to visit Ireland—with especial reference to the most picturesque of its counties.¹¹⁵ To picture adequately half the beauties of beautiful Wicklow would require a large and full volume. We must be content so to stimulate the appetite of the tourist, that he may long for the rich banquet which nature has abundantly provided for him. Wicklow is the garden of Ireland; its prominent feature is, indeed, sublimity—wild grandeur, healthful and refreshing; but among its high and bleak mountains there are numerous rich and fertile valleys, luxuriantly wooded, and with the noblest of magnificent rivers running through them—forming, in their course, a series of cataracts. Its natural graces are enhanced in value, because they are invariably encountered after the eye and mind have wearied from gazing upon rude and uncultivated districts, covered with peat, upon the scanty herbage of which the small sheep can scarcely find pasture. It is to this peculiar feature—its richly adorned borders, and the rugged character of its interior—that Dean Swift referred, when he likened the county to “a frieze mantle fringed with gold-lace.”

The chief attractions of Wicklow are its glens—"splits," as it were, in the mountains, through which the hill-torrents have burst; every one of them falling, repeatedly, from immense heights; often, for considerable space, without encountering a single break. Down the sides of each, the perpetual dripping of moisture has nourished the growth of trees and underwood. Usually, the work of nature has been improved by the skill of art, and it is impossible to imagine a scene more sublime and beautiful than one of these ravines, of which there are so many. Some of them, as the Vale of Avoca, become valleys of miles in extent; others, as the Devil's Glen, are little more than graceful "passages;" and in other cases, as the Scalp, the "cuts" are barren, and covered only by the debris that have fallen from above, or been shaken from the sides—huge rocks without verdure, but of singular varieties in size and form. Every now and then, we meet with places of very gentle beauty; small rivulets that have been sent out, as young and innocent things, by the brawling and rushing river, as it forces apart all impediments that would bar its voyage to the sea—brooks that mimic their rough parents, in the rippling music they make among the comparatively tiny stones—"brooks" such as have been pictured by the most eloquent of our living poets—

"—— whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue

Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks."

These natural graces have ample scope and time to fix themselves in memory; for, as we have intimated, they are situated in the midst of arid plains, or utterly barren mountains—land that yields but little, and that reluctantly, to the industry and enterprise of the husbandman. Descending from any one of the hills, the moment the slope commences, the prospect becomes cheering beyond conception; all that wood, rock, and water—infinately varied—can do to render a scene grand and beautiful, has been wrought in the valley over which the eye wanders; trees of every form and hue, from the lightest and the brightest green, to the most sombre brown, or—made so by distance—the deepest purple; rivers of every possible character, from the small thread of white that trickles down the hill-side, to the broad and deep current that rushes along, furiously, a mass of foam and spray, scattering, now and then, fertilizing contributions, in pleasant streamlets, among the adjacent fields; or gathering into huge lakes, in the midst of mountains that deny exit.

The vicinity of the county of Wicklow to the Irish metropolis is of prodigious advantage to those who, "in populous city pent," require occasional intercourse with nature, either as a relaxation or an enjoyment. And, perhaps, there are few crowded capitals in the world so auspiciously situated—so immediately within reach of

such a concourse of natural beauties. Splendid mansions and cottages ornée have, consequently, been numerously built in happily chosen sites; they are, for the most part, in the midst of foliage, and rarely, or never, mar the effect of the adjacent scenery; on the contrary, they very frequently advantage it, crowning the heights of closely-clad steepes, standing upon the borders of broad lakes, or occupying promontories that jut out into, and turn the current of, the rivers.

The principal roads from Dublin into the county are—first, that to the east through Bray, Wicklow, and Arklow; second, that to the west through Blessington on to Baltinglass; the great military road between, and nearly parallel to both; and the Enniskerry road.¹¹⁶ We shall conduct the tourist by the eastern routes, upon which lie the several objects of attraction he will have to visit; the one leading through Dundrum to Enniskerry, and so on to Roundwood; and that which, passing through Black Rock, enters the county at Bray; leaving unnoticed nearly the whole of the western district—through which there is but one road, a wild and cheerless one, bordering upon the counties of Kildare and Carlow—a district comparatively barren of interest, except to those who admire nature in a form that has been scarcely altered since the creation.¹¹⁷

The two routes—which we shall, therefore, more immediately refer to and more particularly describe—may be said to join at the entrance to the Vale of Avoca, where the “waters,” the

Avonmore and the Avonbeg, have their "meeting." The obvious plan of the tourist will be, to proceed by the one and return by the other; a plan we shall here adopt; but we beseech him so to arrange that he be not compelled to rush through the valleys and race over the hills. A mile or two of wandering off the beaten track will often repay him largely. Let him make up his mind to loiter. His "idle time" will not be "idly spent." He will scarcely tread over an acre without arriving at some source of gratification; such as to afford an ample recompense for his labour, either by a close inspection or the distant prospect.¹¹⁸

By the Enniskerry road—we shall proceed by that—the county is entered at "the Scalp," a chasm in the mountain which separates it from the county of Dublin. The mountain appears to have been divided by some sudden shock of nature. The sides are not "precipitous," although the ascent is difficult, in consequence of the huge masses of granite that prevent the semblance of a path, and not unfrequently so jut out, as to suggest the idea of exceeding danger—seeming as if they may be driven into the vale by a sudden gust of wind. Through these overhanging cliffs the road runs; enormous granite blocks, of many tons in weight, having been "rolled back" out of the path of the traveller. The sides are perfectly naked; and so similar are both in structure and appearance, as to lead the spectator to imagine that the disruption had

but recently occurred, and that another earthquake might reunite them, without leaving a fissure between.¹¹⁹

The road into Enniskerry gradually slopes, until the pretty little town, entered by a bridge over the river Kerry, is seen in a deep valley beneath—especially cheering to the eye after the rugged Scalp and the barren district through which the traveller has passed.

Before we proceed onwards, we must direct him to make a detour to the west; for in the hills of the barony of Rathdown are many objects of surpassing interest—among others, the source of the Liffy, and the dark Lough Bray. Lough Bray is situated in the centre of a peculiarly lonely district; the lake—or more correctly, the lakes, for there are two, the upper and lower, the lower being the larger and more remarkable, and the one to which especial reference is made—is almost circular, near the summit of a mountain; from one side of which protrudes a huge crag, dark and bare, called “the Eagle’s Nest.” It is, indeed, “walled in” on three sides by lofty and precipitous hills, and is open on the fourth—at the lowest point of which its waters are poured through a narrow opening into the valley of Glencree, forming the Glencree river, which, joining with the Glenislorane in Powerscourt demesne, passes through the Dargle, and finally flows into the sea, under the name of the Bray river. The waters of Lough Bray are coloured very deeply by the peat which covers the surrounding hills, through which the water perme-

ates, and the deep and gloomy tint is increased by the shadow into which the lake is thrown by the overhanging mountain to the south and west. There is one object connected with Lough Bray that looks like the work of enchantment: the Swiss cottage and grounds belonging to Sir P. Crampton, Bart. (the surgeon-general), appears suddenly in the wild bog, and seems as if "rising at the stroke of a magician's wand." The wall that surrounds these grounds is not, in some places, as high as the bank of peat within a few feet of it, and the contrast between the neglect, desolation, and barrenness that reign without, and the order, cultivation, and beauty within, is very striking, exhibiting the mastery which science and civilization hold over nature even in her sternest and most rugged domains. The cottage and grounds are here, in this lofty and unreclaimed region, "like Tadmor in the wilderness, or an oasis in the desert."¹²⁰ The view, looking north from the road, a little below the lake, is most glorious; to the right the mountains of Douce and War standing out in bold relief; to the left the Kippure mountains; before us the valley of Glencree and the demesne of Powerscourt; and further on an apparently il-limitable succession of hill and valley, wood and grove, towns and villages, as far as the eye can reach.

Several miles further to the west—and to be more easily visited by the direct Blessington road from Dublin—is the solemn and dreary solitude, out of which rushes the waterfall of

Phoul-a-Phooka, terminating in a whirlpool of depth, it is said unfathomed, and where the famous spirit-horse holds its nightly revels, luring unhappy wayfarers into the frightful vortex formed by the waters of the cataract. Its summit is crossed by an exceedingly picturesque bridge—of a single arch—the span of which is sixty-five feet, thrown from rock to rock.¹²¹

The tourist, after visiting Lough Bray, will have to return to Enniskerry, and ascend a steep hill, on which the village is built, to visit both the Dargle and Powerscourt—the former to the left, the latter to the right, of the main road to Roundwood.¹²² The demesne of Powerscourt contains 1400 acres; the natural advantages of the locality have been heightened and improved by taste; there are few mansions in Great Britain so auspiciously situated; hill and dale, and wood and water, are so skilfully blended or divided, and the whole is so completely inclosed by mountains, apparently “inaccessible to mortal feet,” as to realise the picture of the “happy valley.” The “waterfall”—distant between two and three miles from the house—is, perhaps, the most magnificent fall in the county of Wicklow; it is nearly perpendicular, its entire height being, it is said, about 300 feet; but it is only in winter, or in very wet seasons, that the water is precipitated the entire distance at a single bound, and then it seems an immense arch of foam. After heavy rains, it descends in one broad sheet unchecked and unbroken by a single rock; but in dry weather it more resembles a thin covering of



white gauze, through which the interstices of the hill and its several breaks and crevices are distinctly visible. When fully charged, however, the rapidity and fury of the descent is almost incredible; accompanied by an absolute roar, amid which the sound of the trumpet would be scarcely audible at the distance of a yard. The cataract is formed by the Dargle (or Glenislوران) river, an obscure mountain stream, until it reaches the precipice, part of the Douce mountain, from which it falls, making its way through the glen of the Dargle, and meeting the sea at Bray; having been united in "the Deer Park" with the river Glencree.

"The Dargle" commences, as we have intimated, on the side opposite the gate to Powerscourt; but more correctly speaking, the glen terminates here; the authorised entrance being through a gateway at the opposite end—near the Bray road. Before treading the lonely path that leads through it, the tourist will do well to visit a small hillock just over Tinahinch (the seat of James Grattan, Esq.);¹²³ and then to climb a steep hill that rises immediately above it, on the south. As the Dargle is, usually, the beauty of Wicklow first introduced to its visitors, and as, in consequence of its short distance from Dublin, many travellers examine no other portions of the county, the glen has attained to greater celebrity than others—more solemn, magnificent, and picturesque; yet it may be a question whether, in variety, it is anywhere surpassed. The ravine is of great depth; the hills on either side clothed

by gigantic trees and underwood, out of which occasionally protrude bare and rugged rocks; the slopes are not precipitous, but may be easily ascended to the summits, or descended to the river, natural seats being formed here and there by the moss-covered banks, upborne by huge trunks of mighty oaks. At times, however, the sides are exceedingly steep, and in some instances perfectly barren; very often they are completely overhung by the branches of aged trees, impending directly over the current, and forming a natural bridge to connect the two sides. The thick foliage produces continual screens, so that the river, although heard, is often unseen; but a step or two in advance, and its full glory meets the eye—breaking over masses of granite, topped by its spray, raging and roaring onwards in a succession of falls, sometimes so narrow that a child might leap across it, and anon widening out into a miniature lake. Nearly in the centre of the glen is a large crag, covered with herbage, “the brightest of green,” called “the Lover’s Leap;” it hangs over the torrent, and from this spot the best view of the valley is to be obtained.¹²⁴

Yet the glen of the Dargle, to be estimated justly, should be seen from one, or both, of the adjacent hills we have referred to. The first, which forms part of the demesne of Tinahinch, rises but a little above it, and is almost on a level with the topmost branches of the trees—near enough to the river for its subdued murmurs to fall with gentle harmony upon the ear. The

view, although limited in extent, is of exceeding beauty. Before approaching the hill-brink, the windings of the glen may be traced by the foliage that seems to inclose and shelter the rapid current; drawing nearer, the several breaks become visible, with the waters rushing and foaming along. From the higher hill the prospect is infinitely more extensive—immediately beneath us was the dark ravine—a line of trees, let in, as it were, between the mountains; and these surrounded us on all sides but one—left open to the sea, where, beyond Bray-head, the island of Dalkey gladdened the bosom of old ocean. To our left was Powerscourt House: the waterfall was hidden from us by an intervening hill; but the emerald sward and the brilliant foliage sparkled in the clear sun of a dry and most refreshing morning; nearer, and almost buried in a corner of the romantic dell, was Tinahinch—the smoke from the chimneys of which was curling “gracefully” up the rocks and through the underwood—the birch and furze, that adorned their sides—producing a singular effect; for it seemed as if a vapour was issuing from the clefts. The quiet glory of the picture was heightened by the cheerful song of a thrush, from an adjoining brake; it followed us long after we commenced our return to the valley, as if repeating our expressions of exceeding delight, and seeking to give the delicious scene a stronger impress on our memory.¹²⁵ The prospect reached to the mountains above Dublin; and, in an opposite direction, “the Paps,” and the

“Sugar-loaf,” looked down upon us, as if they were the guardians of the glen. The latter, with its peaked top, seemed to invite a visit; and we paid it. But in our mode of ascending the “Sugar-loaf” we committed a serious error, against the danger of which we warn our readers. While overlooking the Dargle from the mole heap—for in comparison to the giant mountain it is little more—and ignorant that we must ascend 2000 feet above the valley, with the summit in our sight, and without a guide to direct us, we imagined the straightest line to be the shortest at least, if not the easiest, and so took the most rugged and most difficult path, achieving our purpose at length, but by a large sacrifice of time and labour. We commenced our progress on the northern side, before which there is a small hill, like an out-work; after we had surmounted this, the goal of our ambition was not a whit nearer to us; for between the lesser and the greater Sugar-loaf, there intervenes a deep valley, from which the sides of the latter rise “like walls;” down the one and up the other, we had to climb “with toilsome steps and slow,” until we arrived at the base of the conical hill, that gives a name to the mountain. The sides of this cone are covered with heath, which grows from a surface of peat of variable depth, huge masses of rock being scattered at intervals among it. Our way was lost; and we were forced to follow, as guides, the gullies or water-courses; after a weary tramp, ankle-deep in bog, one of them conducted us to the summit. The top of the

mountain, which, from a distance, appears so small and peaked, is a level space of several yards, sheltered on the west by a number of very large stones, the remains probably of a Druidic temple. And here we had evidence of the number of currents and their different degrees of velocity at different heights. In the plain we had scarcely felt a breeze; but when near the summit, the wind grew boisterous even to annoyance; and when we had reached the top it assumed almost the character of a hurricane. The day was clear; and the prospect was indeed magnificent—the views being numerous, beautiful, and varied. To the north, beneath us, lay the Little Sugar-loaf, Charleville, Enniskerry, the Scalp; farther on, Cabinteely, Killiney, Dalkey Hills, Kingstown Harbour, Dublin Bay, Clontarf, Dollymount, Howth, and Lambay, and—but very indistinctly, although when the atmosphere is more than usually clear, they can be seen perfectly—the outlines of the Carlingford and Mourne mountains. To the north-west, Powerscourt House, Glencree Vale, and barrack—on to the mountain that hangs over Lough Bray. To the south, as far as the eye can reach, hills upon hills, one rising above and beyond another, like a succession of ocean-waves. To the south-west, Powerscourt waterfall, diminished by the distance, and looking like a broad silver band upon the dark mountain side; the vale into which its waters rush—the superb back-ground being formed by the lofty and barren “Douce,” rising nearly 2400 feet above the level of the sea. To the south-east,

the beautiful Glen of the Downs; behind and beyond it, Delgany, and still further on Wicklow-head. To the east the Irish Sea; to the north-east, Kilruddery, Bray, Bray-head, and Killiney Bay. Our brief catalogue of objects placed within our ken, as we stood

“Upon the summit of that mountain hoar,”

will, we imagine, sufficiently tempt the bold and hardy pedestrian to encounter the labour of the ascent. It is needless to comment upon the wonderful magnificence of the scenery that will be on all sides presented to him.

We, again, return to the village of Enniskerry—where the tourist, if he follow our steps, will find refreshment necessary—for the purpose of taking the road to Roundwood; verging to the right, in order to visit Luggelaw.¹²⁶ A dreary and uninteresting road it is, running nearly all the way through an arid and unproductive common; a few miserable hovels now and then skirting the wayside, with wretched patches of shrivelled potatoes, planted in bits of land, the forcing of which into comparative cultivation can scarcely recompense the very extreme of poverty.

When within about two miles of Roundwood, a turn to the right leads for about three miles up the mountain—or, more correctly, up a long hill; for on either side the winding road is looked down upon by the mountains that rise above it—the Douce on the north and Ballenrush on the south. It leads to the great “lion” of the county—Luggelaw. It was early morning when we

commenced the ascent; the clouds were dense and heavy above and around us; and our view was limited to the huge masses of granite that skirted our path, scattered among the slopes to our right, and abundantly strewed among those to our left, that led into the valley, through which we heard the river rushing.¹²⁷ Suddenly we paused, for the mists were vanishing; and, almost with the rapidity of thought, a most glorious and magnificent scene burst upon our sight; we beheld the whole of the beautiful vale: Lough Tay immediately below us; and, stretching to the east, the wild grandeur of Loug Dan, connected by a long stream of white—the broad river Killough, that runs between them—diminished by the distance almost to a thread. Luggelaw, or Lough Tay, is a small dark lake, in the midst of perpendicular mountains—on one side utterly naked, on the other richly clad from the base to the summit with trees—fir and mountain-ash, thorn, oak, and elm—nourished to gigantic growths. Out of this gracefully covered hill proceed the thousand miniature cascades which form the lough; they come bubbling or trickling among rocks and huge roots, now and then concealed both from sight and hearing; but anon forcing their way through tangled underwood, and forming, when their journey is nearly over, most deliciously clear and cool fountains. Nature has here received little check or training, but is left mainly to her “own sweet will.” At one end of the lake is a pretty cottage-mansion of Mr. Latouche, and the “beach” that adjoins it con-

sists of pure white sand.¹²⁸ From hence we return to the main road, and journey to the small town of Roundwood; but the pedestrian will seek it by a less easy though far pleasanter route—walking four miles, crossing Lough Dan in a boat, always at hand for the purpose, and passing through one of the wildest of wild districts.¹²⁹ If he be “a brother of the angle,” he will have an additional inducement to this course; for the ferryman throws a fly, and carries his tackle with him; and Charley Carr is unrivalled as an auxiliary on such occasions, being

“As skilful in that art as any.”

The village of Togha, or Roundwood, is small and unimportant; it is, however, situated in the midst of mountains, and the neighbouring scenery is remarkably grand. As it lies in the road to Glendalough by this route, and is usually the resting-place of tourists to the Seven Churches, it is much frequented; more especially as the river Vartrey, which runs by it, is famous for an abundance of fine trout.¹³⁰

From Roundwood, passing the church of Derrylossery, we reach the village of Anamoe, where a bridge crosses a river of the same name, which flows from Lough Dan. The village consists of a few thatched houses; but its situation is highly picturesque; and in its immediate vicinity there still exists a ruined water-mill, memorable for an incident in the life of Laurence Sterne.¹³¹

Passing the deserted and half-ruined barrack

of Laragh—built in the midst of an arid common, with which its broken walls and desolate aspect are in keeping—we cross a small but picturesque bridge, and enter a narrow road that leads, between hills, to the “dark valley,” in which are the long-famed and far-famed ruins of the “seven churches of Glendalough;”—to quote an expression of Sir Walter Scott, “the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities.” The Round Tower first takes the eye; and as we advance, one after another, the several points of interest come in sight. It is impossible to imagine aught in Nature more awfully grand than the lake,—

“Whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o’er,”—

in the midst of mountains that surround it on all sides except the east—in some parts bare of verdure to the summit, or covered with huge stones, among which revel the descending rivulets; in others, clothed with brown heath or the sable peat; in others, a series of jutting crags, between the interstices of which the grass grows luxuriantly, where the sheep and goat feed fearlessly secure, but where human foot has never trod; in others, perpendicular precipices, from the base almost to the top, where the eagle makes his eyrie far away from the haunts of man; and in others, chequered into cultivated patches, forced, by persevering industry, from the unwilling, and still unyielding, soil. Except along the borders of the Lower Lake, and on the heights that

divide the mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn, not a tree is to be seen, and scarcely a shrub large enough to shelter a lamb—nothing indeed to humanise its utter loneliness. It is hard to fancy that a few centuries ago the now barren district was a huge forest—a den for wolves and a nest for outlaws—or that, almost in our own day, the lesser hills were covered with foliage.¹³²

But the absence of trees is felt as an evil far less at Glendalough than elsewhere; to naked grandeur it is mainly indebted for fame; the shadows that fall upon the lake, from the bare mountains which so completely environ it, giving a character of peculiar gloom—in solemn and impressive harmony with the ruins of remote ages—churches unroofed and crumbling; oratories levelled to the height of humble graves; sculptured crosses shattered into fragments; broken pillars, corbels, and mouldings, of rare workmanship; gorgeous tombs of prelates and princes confused with the coarse headstones of the peasants; and the mysterious round tower—comparatively untouched by the destroyer—standing high above them all! In contemplating these worn-down and subdued relics of ancient power,

“A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon our spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past.”

We are first introduced to the ruins, within about a mile of “the city,” on the road from Laragh bridge, but on the opposite side of the river; the remains are those of a church, which

the peasantry call the "monastery," but to which Ledwich refers as "the Priory of St. Saviour," and which is so marked in the ordnance map. It seems to have escaped the notice of travellers, although, beyond doubt, the most elaborately finished of the structures; two of its round pillars still endure in a good state, one of them being nearly perfect, and containing several sculptured ornaments,—that which originated the legend of the "dog and serpent" being very prominent. The ruin is overgrown with brambles, and a flourishing mountain-ash has forced its way through a crevice of the wall. Mr. Nicholl, who searched the ruins with exceeding care and perseverance, informs us there is scarcely a stone in the vicinity that did not afford some subject for his pencil, although they were nearly all broken, and scattered without the smallest regard to their preservation. A mass of the most valuable had been formed into a kind of rude chair, the carved portions being thrust into it according to the whim of the mason who raised the shapeless mass. The remains of another church—"the Trinity"—are also to be inspected before entering "the city."

The "city of Glendalough," a name which signifies "the glen of the two lakes," owes its origin to St. Kevin, by whom the abbey was founded early in the sixth century, and where he is believed to have died on the 3rd of June, A.D. 619, the anniversary of which is still commemorated by the peasantry, who, until very recently, honoured the memory of the patron saint by as-

sembling in the churchyard to drink and fight; a custom put an end to by the parish priest, who, a few days before one of our visits, had actually turned the whiskey into the stream, gathered the shillalahs into a huge bonfire, and made wrathful and brutal men, who had been enemies for centuries, embrace each other, in peace and goodwill, over Kevin's grave.¹³³

Here, in this solitude, the saint laid the foundation of his monastic establishment; it grew rapidly—became a crowded city, a school for learning, a college for religion, a receptacle for holy men, a sanctuary for the oppressed, an asylum for the poor, an hospital for the sick ¹³⁴—and here he lived to superintend it for nearly a century, having, according to Usher, “completed the uncommon and venerable age of one hundred and twenty years,” before he was, in the language of the Ritual, “born to the blessings of another state.” The city is now desolate—the voice of prayer, except when some wearied peasant is laid beneath the turf, is never heard within its precincts—year after year the ruins fall nearer to the earth, the relics of its grandeur are trodden under foot, and another generation may search even for their foundations in vain. It is impossible to look upon the scene without “waking some thoughts divine,” receiving a lesson upon the mutability of the works of man, and feeling as if a fearful prophecy had been fulfilled:—

“The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;

The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age."

The ruins are stated by "the authorities" to consist of the Priory, the Cathedral, St. Kevin's kitchen, Teampull-na-skellig, Our Lady's church, the Rhefeart church, and the Ivy church, making the mystical number of seven; the other sacred edifices "appearing to be later constructions."¹³⁵

We had scarcely arrived within sight of the "holy ground,"—our minds sobered by observing its solemn grandeur, and prompted almost "to take the shoes from off our feet"—when our car was surrounded by a most vociferous group, of all ages and sizes, each eagerly laying claim to "the honour and glory" of being our guide. A brief scrutiny and a short examination ended in our retaining the services of George Wynder,¹³⁶ a wild and picturesque-looking fellow, with loose drapery and a long beard, and whom we at once ascertained to be "a wit;" for on our asking him how he could accompany us with bare feet, he replied, "Ah! these are the soles that never wear out, and one set of nails lasts for a life." A further inquiry as to whether they were his Sunday shoes, led to the answer, "Be dad, they're the shoes I wear every day." So we engaged him; and a capital companion he was, and is; for he has infinite humour, an exhaustless store of stories, is a poet in his way, and although he makes it his boast—but not openly—that he "can coin laagends enough overnight to entertain the quality all day," he "lies like truth;" and his marvels

are just as natural and rational as those of the learned historian, Giraldus Cambrensis. As second in command, we commissioned James Brough, an infinitely more sober and sedate personage, who will do very well when Wynder is away; for he has contrived to pick up most of his "laagends," and is cherishing the growth of his locks in humble imitation of his superior. We set out on our voyage of discovery "guided" by these two, but with a concourse of "followers;" for as there chanced to be no other visitors on that day, they could lose nothing by becoming volunteers; each and all had something to exhibit—a "bit of mine,"¹³⁷ or a splinter of the yew-tree that St. Kevin planted with his own hands,¹³⁸ a sure preservative from fire and shipwreck, and of inestimable value to ladies "who love their lords."

We were first conducted over a bridge of planks, laid upon gigantic "pebbles," that crosses the Avonmore, the beautiful river whose source is in this lake, and which running, or rather rushing, through "a fair country as eye can look upon," meets "the waters" in the vale of Avoca, and joins the sea at Arklow. The entrance to the city is through two Saxon arches, kept together by the embraces of ivy—up a steep and narrow paved pathway—a wall at either side enclosing the whole of the area in which the chief ruins are contained. We were led at once to "St. Kevin's kitchen" (its ancient name is lost),—the most perfect of the churches,—with

its stone roof, and its steeple, a round tower in miniature, the conical cap being uninjured; near it is the great round tower,—with the unusual number of seven windows, its height being one hundred and ten feet; the cap fell to the ground in the year 1804. The cathedral, the abbey or the church of St. Peter and Paul, Our Lady's chapel, and the ivy church, are also within this enclosure.¹³⁹ The churches of Rhefeart and Teampull-na-skellig are at some distance on the borders of the Upper Lake. With the exception of the kitchen, "decay's defacing fingers" have been very busy with them; traces of their architectural beauty are nearly all lost; that of Rhefeart is a heap of stones, and that of Teampull-na-skellig can scarcely be distinguished from the rocks that surround it. The entrance to "Our Lady's church" is composed of stones of immense size. "The door," writes Mr. Archdall, "consists of only three courses; the lintel is four feet six inches in length, and fourteen inches and a half in depth. The door is six feet four in height, two feet six in width at top, and two feet ten at bottom. A kind of architrave is worked round the door six inches broad; and in the bottom of the lintel an ornament is wrought in a cross, resembling the flyer of a stamping-press. The walls are carried up with hewn stone, in general of a large size, to about the height of the door, and the remainder are of the rude mountain ragstone, but laid incomparably well." In the churchyard there are none of the

finely-sculptured crosses such as we have met with elsewhere; we found one of magnitude, and entirely without ornament, although the broken fragments of several smaller ones are scattered about, as headstones to the graves.

Our next duty was to visit the famous "Bed" of St. Kevin; it is on the south side of the lake, and, as it is far more easy to climb up than down to it, a boat is always at hand to convey the curious to this especial object of curiosity. When comfortably seated, and the boatman had taken the oars, we had leisure, and certainly inclination, to listen to the "laagends" of our guide Wynder. Some of the most original of them, as well as a few that are to be found in "veritable histories," we preserved for our readers. First was the story told by Cambrensis to illustrate the piety and humanity of the saint:—how, "when he retired to keep the forty days of Lent in fasting, meditation, and prayer, as he held his hand out of the window, a blackbird came and laid her four eggs in it; and the saint pitying the bird, and unwilling to disturb her, never drew in his hand, but kept it stretched out until she brought forth her young and they were fully fledged, and flew off with a chirping quartette of thanks to the holy man for his convayniance." Next, how "the stone—called the deer-stone (he had previously pointed it out to us adjacent to 'the kitchen')—was turned into a dairy by the saint. A poor widow-man was left with a baby; and what to do with it, he didn't know in the wide

world; so he went to his holiness, and his holiness says, says he, 'Did ye never hear tell of the lilies of the field,' says he, 'and who clothes them? Come to this stone, my good man, every morning after airy mass,' says he, 'and I'll go bail ye'll get a drop for the baby;' and sure enough at day-break the poor fellow saw a deer come, and lave a quart o' new milk in the stone, and that fed the cratur till he grew big enough and learned enough to be the saint's coadjutor; but the stone is there to speak to the miracle this day." How, "one day in spring, before the blossoms were on the trees, a young man, grievously afflicted with the falling sickness, fancied that an apple would cure him; and the dickons an apple-tree, at all at all, was about the place; but what mattered that to the saint! he ordhered a score of fine yellow pippins to grow upon a willow; and the boy gathered, and ate, and was cured."¹⁴⁰ How "the saint was one day going up Derrybawn, and he meets a woman that carried five loaves in her apron. 'What have ye there, good woman?' says the saint. 'I have five stones,' says she. 'If they are stones,' says he, 'I pray that they may be bread; and if they are bread,' says he, 'I pray that they may be stones!' So, with that the woman lets 'em fall; and sure enough stones they were, and are to this day."¹⁴¹ How "a vagabone from Connaught stole the saint's mare and her fole, and the saint overtuck him and shtruck him dead upon the spot, wid a look he gav him; and immediately he ris a cross

in the place as a warning to all marrauders; and the cross stands there now, with the marks of the mare's feet on the one side, and the fole's feet on the other!"¹⁴² How "the saint banished the larks; not, as the foolish imagine, because they disturbed his orisons, but because the workmen who built his churches 'struck,' complaining that the larks woke them too airy; so says the saint, 'Do yer duty for this day,' says he, 'and they shall trouble you no more;' and ever since no lark floats above the holy waters." Of other "haros" besides Saint Kevin, our guide had a store of tales. Of Fin Mac Cool's Cut—a singular gap in the mountain—he told us that "Fin one day met a countryman and axed what news of the battle. 'Bad,' says he; 'we're bet into smithereens.' 'Och! murder,' says Fin, 'why wasn't I there! I'll show ye what I'd have done;' so he makes a blow with his soord, and cut a piece out of the hill. We call it the giaunt's cut; himself and another giaunt used to shake hands across the lake." Of course, the "laag-ends" of King O'Toole are many and various; we have space but for one: how "the saint managed to get from the king a grant of the land upon which he built his churches. The king was ould and wake in himself, and took a mighty liking to a goose, a live goose; and in coorse o' time the goose was like the master, ould and wake. So O'Toole sent for his holiness; and his holiness went to see what would the Pagan—for King O'Toole was a hathen—want wid him. 'God

save ye,' says the saint. 'God save ye kindly,' says the king. 'A better answer than I expected,' says the saint. 'Will ye make my goose young?' says the king. 'What'll ye gi' me?' says the saint. 'What'll ye ax?' says the king. 'All I'll ax will be as much of the valley as he'll fly over,' says the saint. 'Done,' says the king. So wid that Saint Kevin stoops down, takes up the goose, and flings him up, and away he goes over the lake and all round the glin; which in coorse was the saint's hereditary property from that day out." How "the saint got rid o' the last of the sarpints: Ye see, yer honours, he was the ould sarpint that was 'cute enough to bother St. Patrick, when he druv out of Ireland the whole of his seed, breed, and generation. My gentleman walks off to Loch-na-Peche; and soon after St. Kevin comes to make his bed and build his churches; and the sarpint couldn't forget his ould tricks, having a dale o' spite agin the clargy. And the saint was, in coorse, intirely bothered, when, as fast as he ris the tower, down it came agin; so he set his dog Lupus to watch, and the dog brought him word that his innemy was curled up in the sinter of the loch all day; but when his rev'rence went to bed, mee black-guard comes out, and does the world and all o' mischief. 'Och! what'll I do!' says the saint; 'is it to be nonplushed by a thief like this, that I'm after sleeping in a hole,' says he, 'and giving up the best o' good living,' says he, 'to say nothing of the ladies,' says he. Well, yer honours,

the saint was only a soggarth in them times; and, in coorse, his prayers hadn't the strength they had afterwards; and all he could get by them was, that if he'd walk to the top of Kamaderry before the dew was off the grass, he'd see something. Now Kamaderry was a grate wood in them days, and it wasn't asy travelling. But the saint wasn't to be daunted; so he axes a lark to wake him (for this was before he made 'em quit the place), and he puts on his new ponticalibey, and away wid him up the hill. Well, when he gets to the top, what would he hear but the sarpint snoring! and the saint was mighty unasy, till Lupus wint up to him and 'Whisper, yer rev'rence,' says the dog; and the baste tould him a sacret, and slips something into his hand. 'Bathershin,' says the saint, 'I understand,' says he. So wid that he takes out his braviary, and sthreeles along pretending to be at his matins; but he had one eye off the book, watching. 'Good morrow, Saint Kevin,' says the sarpint. 'Good morrow kindly, sir,' says the saint. 'You're up airy, I'm thinking, yer rev'rence,' says the sarpint. 'But faiks, you're afoot before me,' says the saint. 'The pleasure of your company for a walk would be agreeable, Saint Kevin,' says the sarpint. 'Wid all the pleasure in life,' says the saint. So the two went sthreeeling, arm in arm, through the wood; but when they came to the end of it, what would they see but a grate hair trunk! 'What's that?' says the sarpint. 'Bad luck to the bit o' me knows!' says the saint. 'I'm thinking it's a trunk,' says the sarpint. 'So it is,' says the

saint; 'and I never see a bigger.' 'Och! then many's the one I have,' says the sarpint, 'in Bully's-acre; and that's in the city Develin,' says he. Develin, ye see, was the ould ancient name o' Dublin. 'Pho,' says he, in continuation, 'it isn't big enough to hould me.' 'Och! honour bright,' says the saint; 'it 'ud hould two o' the likes o' ye.' 'I'll bet ye a gallon o' sperits it wont,' says the sarpint. 'Done,' says the saint; and 'Done,' says the sarpint. So wid that the omathawn crawls into the trunk, laving the ind of his tail outside. 'And now ye see, St. Kevin,' says he, 'it isn't big enough to hould me; and so I've won the wager.' 'Let me have occular damonstration,' says the saint. So, like a flash o' lightning, he slaps down the cover; the sarpint pulls in his tail—not to have it cut off; the saint takes the kay out of his pocket, and locks my gay fellow up, in a jiffy. 'I have ye now, Mister Sarpint,' says he, 'cute as ye think yourself.' 'I own myself bet,' says the sarpint; 'let me out, Saint Kevin,' says he, 'and I'll pay ye yer gallon like a gentleman,' says he. Oh! yah! the holy man wasn't to be done that way; so he tuck the trunk upon his showlders, and carried it all the way to Croagh Phadrig, and threw it off the top of a big hill into the say. And every now and again, when the winds are roaring and the waves lashing along the shore—that's the sarpint twisting and twirling his tail round about in the trunk, and screaching out, betwixt the pauses o' the storm, 'Let me out Saint Kevin, and I'll pay ye yer gallon o' sperits like a gentleman.' And

so, yer honours, that was the way Saint Kevin got rid o' the last o' the sarpints." ¹⁴³

"Will I tell yer honours about the Holy Saint and Molche, that's Mogue Murphy's wife?" Our answer, of course, led to her story. "You see it was a brilin' day; sitch a day that if the red herrins cum up to the top of the wather they'd be done of thimselves. It was a brilin' day intirely, and a fine, gay-looking, hearty, elderly travellin' man cum into Mogue Murphy's house, though it wasn't himself was in it, but his wife,—'God save all here,' says he, not seeing the pusheen cat that was sitting under the settle. 'Barrin' the cat,' says Molche, Mogue's wife. 'How do you know but I said that to meeself,' says Saint Kevin, with great consideration,—'how do you know but I said that inside to meeself, for where was the use of hurting the cat's feelins?' Now that might have towld Molche, Mogue's wife, if she had any sinse in her, that the consideration showed the gintleman; but she was a proud struchawn of a woman, without understanding, and didn't care a traneeen for the feelins of anything. 'Good 'ooman,' says the saint, 'gi' me a drink of wather, for I'm chokin' alive wid the druth!' 'Choke away,' she says; 'choke away, good man, we've no time here to be tendin' the likes o' yez; if ye want a drink, go dhraw it for yerself.' Well, the patience of the holy saint wid Molche, Mogue's wife, bates all I ever heerd tell of: instead of striking her dead wid the lightning of his two good-looking eyes at once—'May I take a noggin,' he says, 'to draw it in?' he says.

‘Don’t bother me,’ says Molche, Mogue’s wife. Now wasn’t that aggravatin’? but *he* makes no answer, only says nothin’; but whips off his big coat, which he always wore about him, God bless it—the same as any other man—*whips it off, and hangs it on a sunbame* that came in through a hole in the thatch, and goes out to draw the wather. ‘Ye’re not so druthy, I’m thinkin’,’ says the baste of a ’ooman whin she turned round, and seen the coat hanging on the sunbame; ‘ye’re not so druthy, or ye’d ha’ gone before.’ Now didn’t that show what an ignorant craythur she was, not to know the differ betwixt a man and a man’s coat? Well, she’d no sooner spoke the word, than the cat says—‘What a fool you are!’ And she went up to it; and as she did, she saw the coat hanging on the sunbame, and it struck her then what a holy man she had in the house wid her; and she fell on her knees as Saint Kevin cum in, and lift up her hands—‘Och, I know ye now,’ she says, ‘holy saint; can ye forgive me?’ And he agreed to forgive her, if she’d draw wather seven hours a day, for seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven years in purgatory, for the souls that war thirsty. And sure enough she took the penance, and died a continted woman on her bed afther all.”

But all the legends of Glendalough sink into insignificance compared to that which the genius of Moore has immortalised—the legend of the Saint and Kathleen! When the saint was young and beautiful—our guide is the authority for fixing the event in the twentieth year of his age—

he retired to this solitude, and manifested a singular taste, for so young a man, by selecting, as his bed, a hollow in the rock, scooped—we again trust to Mr. Wynder—with no other chisel than his nails. He was striving to hide himself from the eyes of Kathleen, “eyes of most unholy blue;” and so—

“Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep;
‘Here, at least,’ he calmly said,
‘Woman ne’er shall find my bed.’”

Yet the saint was mistaken; for when the lark, not yet banished, roused him from his “bed,” what should he see but Kathleen bending over him! The angry saint, according to Mr. Wynder, “put his two feet agin her breast, and kicked her into the lake.” But if we may credit Mr. Moore—

“Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.”

Both authorities, however, agree that the saint “drownded” the lady—a wicked deed, for which the poet offers no excuse, although the guide ingeniously accounted for it by affirming that “Kathleen wasn’t Kathleen, but Satan in the disguise of a woman;” for that “no Irishman, born and reared, could do such a thing at all, at all.”

As we neared “the bed,” we noticed a female form high above it, and presently saw it skipping

down the cliffs. "There's Kathleen!" exclaimed the guide; and, for a moment, we looked to hear her "light foot nigh," and gazed upon "the smile that haunted the young saint." The Kathleen of the nineteenth is, however, we may presume, the very opposite to her of the sixth century, or the "good saint" might not have been so cruel, after all. We shall draw her portrait presently, but must first describe "the bed." It is a hole in a rock, on the side of the mountain of Lugduff, about thirty feet from the surface of the lake. The ascent is exceedingly difficult, and somewhat dangerous, for a slip would inevitably precipitate the adventurer into the lake below; yet the peril is scarcely sufficient to justify the character given of it by Dr. Ledwich: "nothing," he says, "can be more frightful than a pilgrimage to the bed."¹⁴⁴ We confess, nevertheless, that we picked our steps carefully, both up and down, and had little hesitation in taking the advice of Kathleen and the hand of Wynder. The bed is about four feet square, and the saint must have slept in a very uncomfortable position; at one end of it is a large though shallow cavity, "big enough," quoth our guide, "for the saint's head, if it was a thousand times bigger than his heart," which it surely was if he murdered his "lady-love." The bottom, top, and sides are literally tattooed with names and initials of daring pilgrims who have ventured there; among the rest is the venerated signature of Walter Scott (W.S.), carved by his son, when the great magician of the mind visited Glendalough in 1825, in

company with an associate scarcely second in the world's honour, esteem, and love—Maria Edgeworth.¹⁴⁵ Midway up the cliff is a small jutting rock, called St. Kevin's Chair, where the wayfarer may take rest.

Teampull-na-skellig is a ruin on the edge of the lake, close to the bed; so little of it now remains, that a sturdy labourer might carry the whole of it away upon his shoulders. At the extreme end of the lake, and seen to great advantage from this spot, is a fine and graceful waterfall, that carries into it the collected streams of the adjacent mountain, which are again poured out, at the eastern extremity, into the lovely river Avonmore. There is another waterfall—the Pollanass—of considerable extent, but hidden among shrubs and trees between the mountains of Derrybawn and Lugduff, a little above the church of Rhefeart.¹⁴⁶ And this church of Rhefeart—or, as it is usually called, “the sepulchre of the kings”—in which lie interred generations of the O'Tooles, to whose history we have referred elsewhere, is perhaps the most striking and interesting of the ancient remains; although Time has left barely enough of it to indicate the extent of its consecrated ground. It stands south of the glen that separates the two lakes, and bears token of very remote antiquity. The interior is thronged with briers and underwood, that, in many instances, completely conceal the graves of which it is full. On one of the most remarkable—an oblong slab, much broken—may still be



traced the letters which indicate that it once bore this inscription, in Irish characters:—

Jesus Christ.

Mile Deach feuch corp re Mac Mthuil.

Behold the resting-place of the body of King Mac Toole, who died in Jesus Christ, 1010.¹⁴⁷

Near to the Rhefeart church is another piece of ruin—a circle of stones; but the most singular relic of this description is just above the waterfall of Pollanass, and nearly between the two mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn. It is known as St. Kevin's cell, and consists of masses of flat stones, heaped one above another, and forming a circle, in the centre of which is a rude cross—or rather the relics of it, for time has mouldered it almost to a shapeless mass. And from this point there is a magnificent view of the valley: it is situated in a rock, which juts forward, and exhibits to great advantage the whole of the surrounding scenery in all directions.

From this part of the lake, too, we have a splendid view of the overhanging mountains—Derrybawn, Lugduff, Comaderry, and Brocagh. The two lakes are divided by a rich meadow.¹⁴⁸

Before we leave Glendalough, we must offer a few additional remarks concerning “the guides.” For ourselves, we confess a strong desire to sink the whole tribe, male and female, into the deepest pit of the deep lake. They are amusing enough

to those who study human character, and care little for the character of the scene. But after the Eagle's Nest at Killarney, the beauty and sublimity of which should be free from human intrusion, and the Giant's Causeway, where the wonders of creation press so strongly upon the mind as to demand silence from all things, except the ocean—after these, we would wish to be alone at Glendalough. It is in vain you tell the people, old and young, that you will double their pay if they will quietly wait your return; that particular batch may do so, even though they assure you that your honour will “see nothing unless it's shown ye.” You pass over this affront to your habits of observation, and congratulate yourself upon being what you may call alone, that is, having only one guide, and “Kathleen, yer honour, the *rale* Kathleen of Saint Kevin's bed; no one could understand the seven churches without her, to show yer honour how she climbed the rock to him, and the tratement she received—God help her.” Kathleen and the guide promise not to speak but when spoken to, and Kathleen, to prove her sincerity, smooths down the floating borders of her cap, and takes “to the needles” (*i. e.* knitting), while the guide puts a particularly snake-like piece of tobacco into his pipe; and you, in the innocence of inexperience, believe you have secured the peacefulness of your paths. You have passed the stepping-stones in safety, and stand with a ready pencil to mark down a thought, or run over an outline, when suddenly,

planté before you, stands a thick, dwarfish boy (one of a fresh legion), who, with the most expressive good humour, "hopes yer honour will make a table of his head, and depind upon his standing steady." You give up all thought of quiet, in despair. Guides of all degrees start from beneath the bushes, and from amid the crags—we had almost written, from out the lake—and "they will do anything in the wide world to serve and obleege yer honours," except leave you to yourselves.—"Is it let the likes of you alone, plase yer honour?" said a razor-faced youth. "Be the dads! we've better manners than that anyhow, to lave the quality alone by themselves in such a lonesome place; and sure the lady won't forget the dawshy dancing sixpence among us, just as a compliment for our company!" If you get angry with them, their civility increases, and the end of it is, that you submit with the air of a martyr, while Kathleen and the selected guide, seeing that you are really in earnest and wish to be alone, keep the mob at a distance, who then follow in the wake. Our only astonishment, on such occasions, is, that such crowds are so well-behaved. Luxury and wealth are continually before them, while neither their work nor their solicitations can procure them the commonest necessities of life. And yet how honest they are! They carry your cloaks, umbrellas, books, and you never lose anything: they are not unkind to each other either, and will frequently bless the trifle you bestow on

others.—“ Well, God bless you, we want it bad enough ourselves, but she wanted it as bad; God help the widow and the fatherless! ”

As we were returning from “ the bed ”—where we had, of course, “ left our names ”—and where Kathleen had, according to custom and duty, “ hung over us,” though she did not, like her prototype, “ weep,” when she gave “ the good-morrow kindly ” to a poor woman who curtsied as we passed, and her pale cheek and the remains of beauty made us inquire who she was. “ That, madam, that poor woman is *me*, when I’m not in it.” This we did not comprehend, so Kathleen spoke again. “ When the *rale* Kathleen’s not in it, that poor, heart-broken, God-fearing woman, acts Kathleen for Saint Kavin. The saint, ma’am, ye understand, would be nothing without Kathleen.” “ And how long have you been Kathleen?” we naturally inquired, glancing at the weather-beaten and not juvenile features of our guide, a short, thick-set, bustling little body, whose white cap boasted a multiplicity of deep full borders, which contrasted with her sunburnt complexion. “ Ever since I left soldiering on the Peninsular and the Western Ingees, and got upon the pace establishment,” she smilingly replied; “ I’ve been tramping all my days, and shall until, maybe, I’ll grow wake in myself, and tumble off the rock like the *rale* Kathleen.” We, of course, “ hoped ” this might not be the case. “ Ah, lady! what does it signify? water and land are all the same to an ould soldier—it’s all luck, as I have good right to know; and the worst of

luck has been hunting me, as the hounds hunt the hare, the whole of this summer." The woman spoke this with deep feeling, and tears gathered in her eyes. It was only kind to inquire what ill luck "had followed her." "Ah, sure, wasn't Mrs. Putland herself here, with ever so many fine ladies and gentlemen, only last week; and when she, who never forgets the poor or distressed—let alone those who live over her own land—asked for 'her poor Kathleen,' I wasn't in it, and that was as good as a pound-note out of my pocket." "And is that all your ill luck?" "No, indeed, that's throuble, but not heart-throuble—only I don't like to be making ye dull, and you out pleasuring. Sure the quality have mighty quare notions of pleasuring, and it's well for us who live here they have. If I was a lady," she continued, and the spirit of the soldier's wife roused within her, "I'd take pleasure in the sunny country of Portingale, or the gay town of Paris, and not among ould walls and—but it's a wonderful holy place, that's for certain, and so any one may tell. The heart-trouble I had and have is about my son! My boy! my own boy! that I carried for scores of miles in an ould drum strapped on my back. Oh, sure the more trouble we have with a thing, the more we love it. Oh my! to think of *his* being in jail, *he* that was like a young eagle in the sun! my brave, handsome boy!" Poor Kathleen burst into tears, and sobbed so bitterly that our distant followers heard her, and set up such a sympathising murmur of "God look down

upon ye, Kathleen! poor craythur! Holy Mary comfort her!—hear to that now!—Och hone!” At last she rolled her stocking round the needles, put them into her pocket, dried her eyes with her apron, and proceeded with her story in right earnest.

“My boy grew up—it isn’t that I say it because I’m his mother—but every one admired him; as a child he had as many divartin tricks as a monkey, and they grew with him, until no sport of any kind went on through the place as it ought without him. I’d have got him a trade, but somehow he never seemed to take to anything but being a soldier, like his father, and people thought it was owing to my having carried him in the drum that he had such a wonderful taste for music. I wanted to get him a bugle, which would be a trate to the quality on the lake and in the mountains. Ah! he fancied nothing but the red coat. Now, when he had so much war in his head, I at last made up my mind to lose him the first time a recruiting sargint came in his way; when one day—‘Mother,’ he says, ‘there’s something weighs heavy on my heart.’ ‘What is it, darlin’?’ I says, and taking a thought, started up on my feet, and had hardly breath to say, ‘you’re listed!’ ‘For life,’ he says, growing scarlet in the face, ‘for life, mother, and my commanding-officer is little Ally of Roundwood.’ Well, the first thought I had was to knock him down with a spade-handle—a boy not nineteen, and the purty innocent child he had brought into trouble not fifteen years of

age! but I couldn't touch him—he *looked so like his father*. 'It's done now, mother,' he says, 'and when I see you and the house full of brothers and sisters, my heart's like to burst; but I'll list, mother, at once, and then I'll be able to support her, as my father did you.' 'God help you,' I says to him, 'your father was one of those who'd spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day.' His poor father, ma'am, kept himself, and I had to keep myself and the children, ever and always. Yet on parade he was as fine a picture as ever you saw, and when I looked at him I forgot all but the pride I took in his beauty. But to my trouble. When it begins, one keeps following the other, and the end of it was that her people had turned little Ally out, and she was shivering with the cowl under the hedge; and what could I do, when my passion was over, but bring her in and let her stay as my own? When I looked at the two, sleeping upon a wisp of straw, with a log of wood for *his* pillow, and *his* arm for *hers*, and saw the young, innocent, handsome faces, *hers* the gentlest I ever blessed, I thought I'd have broken my heart; for what was before them but starvation, and trouble, and early death? She would work, if there was work to be had; but there was not; and the trouble he had fastened on us all struck him so deep, that he listed in earnest, and sent us the bounty. Poor Ally! she grew ill, so ill that before I came down to the churches to be ready for the quality every morning, I used to lift her into the sun at the door, and leave a child to watch her as I would an

infant. At last, poor thing! her time came. I never thought she'd live to be a mother; and knowing that *he* was in Wexford, like a fool as I was, I sent to him to get leave, and come and see if his wife was living or dead. Oh my! I might have known the deep love of his heart; he could not get leave; he took it; he deserted. The first cry was hardly out of his child's lips, when he stood forenint me, as white as chalk, and the next instant he was on his knees by her side, poor thing! and she to be a mother, not sixteen till Martinmas! You might have knocked me down with a feather, I grew so wake, and didn't dare ask him if he had leave. But I wasn't long till I knew how it was without the asking, for at every step that came nigh the door he changed colour. Oh! the panting struggle that was in me, between love for my boy, and shame that one I nursed at my breast, who woke with the reveille and went to sleep with the last roll of the drum, should disgrace his colours. He staid with us all that night, but at the dawn of day one of the neighbours told me that my poor fellow was 'set;' so all I had for it was to put him on his guard. Oh! how I prayed of him to go to headquarters, deliver himself up and tell the truth, tell about his young wife, and his foolish mother!—but no, he would not. All I could say or do, he could not bring himself to that, but went out and hid in the mountains all day, and would steal in some time in the night to get a look at the wife, until he found himself close watched, and then he couldn't come near us at all; and for six weeks

he was hunted about like a wild animal, not daring to set foot in a house, in rain, hail, or sunshine, and would have been starved to death but for his sisters and the neighbours, who, God bless them! would leave a bit of food, a couple of potatoes, or half a cake, where he'd be likely to get them. But they took him—they took him at last, and he asleep under a rock just beyant. Oh, the disgrace of that bitter day! My fine boy handcuffed like a common thief, and all from love of his wife, and minding a foolish mother. I thought poor Ally would have died; but she went with me to the officer—all the way to Wexford town—a long and weary way; and then it was that Lady Putland came, and I not in it; and we waylaid the officer when he was walking with his wife and children. 'That's our time,' says I to Alice, 'when his heart is soft with his own children;' and I did my best to wind her up, but she *had no heart* to speak, only fell trembling like a leaf on her knees before his lady, holding up her innocent babby, as if it could speak for her, while I beat up my best.—'Noble commander,' I says, and I flattered him, and spoke of my husband's service and my own with a firm voice, and held on wonderful until I came to tell him of my poor boy, and his fault, and its cause, and then I failed intirely, and was forced to surrender, and fall on my knees for mercy. The lady cried like a child herself, and slipt a crown-piece, God bless her! to Ally; and the officer got into a passion with us all three; but I saw his heart was tender, and then he gave us leave

to see him, and every one pitied the two young craythurs, and nothing could draw Ally from the prison-gate when the time was up. 'Leave me here, mother, jewel,' she says, 'I'm among Christians, who won't see me want a bit of food; and go you back to Saint Kavin, and maybe some of your grand quality friends will ask to have his pardon. He'll make none the worse soldier for her Majesty, God bless her! if she'll forgive him. She's young herself, with a husband and a child,' she says, 'and though I know the grate differ, yet I don't think the Queen of England could love her husband and child more than I love mine.' Ally's a sweet spoken girl, and *well reared*," quoth poor Kathleen; "and sure if ye have any friends in the army, you'll mind and say a good word for poor Kathleen's son."

We cannot doubt that the poor boy's first error, originating in such a cause, was lightly punished; and we may readily believe that the son of an old soldier, and an old soldier's wife, will not repeat it. Some visitors to Glendalough, however—and all visitors will be sure to encounter Katty Haly—may question her on the subject; and if her story touches them as it touched us, we shall have been the means of putting many an extra shilling into her pocket; and, verily, we think it will be well bestowed; for a kinder, more attentive, or more affectionate-hearted woman we have rarely met, although two-thirds of her life have been passed in the unsoftening school of the camp, and her hard features may be very different from those of the hapless lady



whose name she assumes; for we may, without offence, repeat her own words, and say, "Bedad, it's a queer Kathleen I am, sure enough!"

A still wilder part of this district is Glenmalur—through which runs the military road, to the vale of Avoca, by the side of the Avonbeg. The more picturesque road, however, is to the east; passing through the vale of Clara, the town of Rathdrum, and the valley of Avondale. We may proceed rapidly over this ground, for its leading features are common to the county—wild and barren grandeur, relieved by touches of gentle beauty. But the tourist will travel more leisurely; and, verging from the beaten track, plunge into a deep dell, or climb a steep hill,—receiving for his toil

"An over-payment of delight."

"The meeting of the waters" commences the vale of Avoca, which extends, a distance of about seven miles, almost into Arklow. The genius of Moore has immortalised the spot; but those who approach it with imaginations excited by the graceful and touching verses of the poet, will be inevitably disappointed, unless they bear in mind that

"'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill"

which gave "enchantment" to the scene, so much as "the friends of his bosom," who were "near;" where Nature was "charming," chiefly because her charms had been

"Reflected from looks that we love;"—

spells that might convert a desert into a paradise. Not that the place of meeting is without beauty—far from it; but its attractions are small in comparison with those of other places in its immediate neighbourhood. It is, however, the opening to a scene of exceeding loveliness; “a valley so sweet,” as scarcely to require the poet’s aid to induce a belief that nothing in “the wide world” can surpass it in grandeur and beauty. The visitor will pause a while at the pretty and picturesque bridge, under which roll the blended waters of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg; forming here a placid lake (in the centre of which is a small island, covered with underwood), as if the rivers lingered for a first and last embrace, before they ceased their separate existence, and under a new name, the Avoca, rushed together to the sea. Upon their calm and quiet “meeting,” the mountains look down—one in the distance, bleak and barren; the other immediately above them, mixing the dark hues of the fir with the light tints of the ash—“the brightest of green”—and flinging its subdued and gentle shadow, as if in sympathy, upon the tranquil union of a thousand torrents, here met, and “mingled in peace.”

The road leads along the west bank of the Avoca; on both sides the hill-steep, are clad with forest-trees, the opposite being especially rich. From above their thick foliage, peep, occasionally, the turrets of some stately mansion, beneath which the eye detects “clearings” skilfully formed, so that the best points of view may be

obtained; and, as the river takes a winding course, the means of amply examining the grace and splendour of the scenery are very frequent. Nearly midway in the valley, are the copper-mines of Cronbane and Ballymurtagh—the former to the left, and the latter to the right, at opposite sides of the river.¹⁵⁰ A prettily situated inn, “the Avoca Hotel,” is upon its margin. Scenery similar in character, yet perpetually varied, as new breaks present themselves, continues until the “second meeting” is reached, where the river is crossed by a handsome bridge of stone, although the locality is still recognised by its ancient cognomen, “the Wooden Bridge.” And here is another inn, at the base of a hill, which the tourist will do well to ascend; for nowhere is the valley seen to so much advantage. A winding path, arched by the branches of finely-grown trees, and bordered with myriads of wild flowers, conducts to the summit—and what a view! Our readers may form some idea of it; for here all we have been describing is taken in at a glance.¹⁵¹

From the wooden bridge to Arklow, the river narrows and deepens; and the trees being more directly over it, a darker shadow is thrown along the waters. The woods of Glenart, the seat of Lord Carysfort, are to the right; on the other side of the Avoca, is Shelton Abbey, the mansion of the Earl of Wicklow.¹⁵² It is a very elegant structure, situated almost on the margin of the river. But the district through which we are now passing, although a continuation of the vale of Avoca, is properly the vale of Arklow; and it

leads almost into the town, where we are again introduced to the arid and coarse features of the county, which continue until its borders are reached, and we enter the county of Wexford. Arklow has the aspect of a thriving town; but, like all the harbours between Dublin and Waterford, it has the disadvantage of a bar. The remains of an ancient castle still exist; but of its once famous abbey there are now scarcely the traces left; ¹⁵³ and here the Avoca passes under a bridge of thirteen arches.

We must retrace our steps through the valley, and proceed up the mountains—the Croghan mountains—a chain that separates Wicklow from Wexford, for about four miles, from the “wooden bridge.” Passing a chapel prettily situated on the side of a hill, and looking down upon one of the loveliest of all the valleys, thronged with forest-trees, and skirted on one side by the beautiful demesne of Lord Carysfort—we enter a remarkably wild district, in which are situated the “Wicklow gold mines.” Until the period of our visit, we confess we had considered the stories in circulation concerning the discoveries here, as little less than seductive fictions, and fancied that only in the poet’s verse we should find

———“our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine.”

We were, as our readers will learn, greatly mistaken; for we actually saw “gold—yellow, glit-

tering, precious gold," dug from the bowels of the earth; weighed it in our palm, and were satisfied of its veritable existence;¹⁵⁴ readily confiding in the truth of statements, that gold, to the value of many thousands of pounds, has been, from time to time, collected by the peasantry; and that, within two months after the discovery, they made, by the sale of what they had gathered, no less than £10,000.¹⁵⁵

Upon this subject a few facts cannot fail to interest our readers.

The origin of the discovery of gold is variously told. Tradition attributes it to a schoolmaster who, in consequence of his perpetually wandering about the adjacent streams, was considered by his neighbours to be insane. He grew gradually rich, however; but at length the secret of his wealth became known, and a similar madness seized upon the whole population for many miles around the place where nature had deposited her treasure.¹⁵⁶

It does not appear that gold was found in any quantity until the autumn of 1796; when "a man crossing a brook found a piece in the stream weighing about half an ounce." The circumstance was noised abroad, and almost immediately every river, stream, and rivulet, for miles round the spot, was thronged by eager searchers after wealth; the news ran, like wild-fire, through every district of the county. Young and old of both sexes, from the bed-ridden to the babe that could scarcely crawl, were to be seen raking the gravel in the waters, or pulling away the clay

from the hill-sides, washing it, and peering into it for the "sparkles of golden splendour." Their search was not unsuccessful; during the period that elapsed between its commencement and the occupation of the place by troops stationed there by government—less than two months—it is conjectured that above 2500 ounces of gold were collected by the peasantry, principally from the mud and sand of "Ballinvalley stream," and disposed of for about £10,000.

On the 15th of October, 1796, two companies of the Kildare Militia took possession of the ground by order of government; a sum of money having been issued for the purpose of conducting the works upon scientific principles; "a separate account being kept in the Exchequer of the receipts, in order that it might be given to whoever might be entitled thereto;" but the experiment was comparatively unsuccessful—the produce of the mine during these operations amounting to little more than £3,500; in 1798, they were discontinued, in consequence of the disturbed state of the county; and although partially resumed in 1800, the result was so unsatisfactory, that the attempt at farther discoveries was relinquished, and the mine was abandoned.¹⁵⁷

Since this abandonment—a period of more than forty years—the peasantry have still, occasionally, found morsels of the precious metal. At first, the pursuit was resumed with exceeding avidity, but the appetite grew less and less strong as the chances of discoveries diminished; and although now and then, very recently, a group

might have been noticed raking the débris which the streams had brought from the mountains—or, more frequently, a solitary wanderer detected scraping the edges of the current, and peering with longing eyes into the mud and gravel of the river—the people generally had returned to the more profitable labour of drawing riches from the earth by the spade and plough. Within the last two years, however, a company, formed in London, have taken a lease of the district; and at the period of our visit (July, 1841) they had about sixty persons at work, under the superintendence of a practical miner from Cornwall. They are conducting the works upon a small and poor scale; scarcely, indeed, a remove from the rough process of the peasantry, making no attempt to trace the gold to its source, but contenting themselves with obtaining as much as they can from the clay that borders the stream. Yet the scene was one of exceeding interest.

The manager of the works very kindly accompanied us through them; explaining the principle upon which he proceeded; and placing in our hands, within an hour of our arrival, several pieces of gold, collected from a barrowful of clay and small stones, taken in our presence, from the side of a bank through which the current had been diverted from its natural channel. The gold is obtained only by continual washings; to quote an expression of one of the workmen—miners they can scarcely be called—"the pick, the shovel, and the trowel do it all." Nor is there any great exercise of judgment required to

select a spot upon which to labour—the result being almost a matter of chance; although the gold is principally found along the sides of the stream, and sometimes at a depth of many feet under it; supporting a theory, that “there is no regular vein in the mountain, and that the fragments had probably existed in a part of the mountain which time had mouldered away, and left its more permanent treasure as the only monument of its ancient existence.” A barrowful of the clay is conveyed to a wooden trough, into which a stream of rapid water is made to run; this clay is constantly raked, the workman occasionally skimming off the top, which he pushes aside out of his way as useless; for if there be any gold in the heap, it will of course sink to the bottom. In this way he labours for perhaps half an hour, until his barrowful of “stuff” is reduced to a quantity barely sufficient to fill “a buddle” (an iron bowl), which is taken away by another person (very trustworthy); this bowl he keeps continually shaking, every now and then scraping off the surface with his hand, and throwing it aside, until his quantity is again reduced to as much as will merely cover the bottom of the bowl: this he examines very carefully, detecting the gold by its bright colour, which he places apart until the manager (who, by the way, usually stands by) takes it under his immediate charge. During the time of our visit we saw three washings, each of which yielded from three to nine bits of gold, varying from the size and thickness of a spangle

(worth perhaps sixpence) to a small "lump," of about the value of ten shillings. We were given to understand that these yieldings were by no means peculiarly fortunate ones, and that it was rare to obtain a washing without any beneficial result. We apprehend, therefore, that as the works are conducted on a very limited scale, the company are at all events meeting their expenses, and giving employment to a considerable number of persons—the majority of whom are girls.

We again retrace our steps—through the vale of Avoca; and, ascending the hill that looks down upon the bridge which crosses "the meeting," enter the road to Rathnew, leaving to the left, about two miles distant, the town of Wicklow—the capital of the county, but inferior in size and population to both Arklow and Bray.

For several miles round Rathnew the scenery is especially beautiful; it is, however, a poor village, but there are two good inns in its immediate neighbourhood—one at Ashford, and one at Newarth Bridge.¹⁵⁵

About two miles from the inn at Newarth Bridge, and one from the village of Ashford, commences the entrance to "the Devil's Glen," or rather to that side of it which is the property of Charles Tottenham, Esq.; for the river divides it—the opposite land belonging to F. Singe, Esq. Mr. Tottenham requires that all visitors shall leave their names at his lodge, where an order for admission into the glen is given by the lodge-keeper, a kindly and gossiping dame, in whose company the stranger may spend a few

minutes very profitably. A narrow road—but not too narrow for ordinary carriages—shadowed all the way by luxuriant trees, runs, for nearly a mile, to the iron gate that bars the passage of all intruders; but where a call for admission is at once answered. We enter through a tunnel; and, as the overhanging foliage has hitherto concealed its character, the scene that at once bursts upon the sight is inconceivably grand and beautiful. We are between two huge mountains, the precipitous sides of the one being covered with the finest forest-trees, of innumerable forms and hues, the greater number having been planted by the hand of Nature; but where she had manifested neglect or indifference, Art has acted as a skilful and judicious attendant, and provided a remedy for the omission. The other mountain is rugged and half-naked; huge masses of uncovered stone jutting out over the brawling river, into which they seem ready to fall, and where gigantic rocks have already striven to stay the onward progress of the wrathful current—in vain. How striking and how exquisite is the contrast between the side rich in foliage, and that which still continues bare! for

“ Green leaves were here;
But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze: ”

while between both, at a prodigious depth below their summits, rushes the rapid river, brawling so loudly as to drown the music of the birds; now



a mass of foam, now subsiding into a calm miniature lake, where the trout find rest, and where the water is so clear that you may count their silver fins beneath it. The glen is little more than a mile in length; and midway a small moss-house has been erected; to our minds, the structure—although exceedingly simple—disturbed the perfect solitude of the place; where the work of the artificer ought not to be recognised. But this evil is insignificant compared to one, of very recent origin, against which we may justly enter our protest,—a wide carriage road has been constructed all through the glen; stolen partly from the river's bed, and partly from the mountain's base; Alas for the sylphs and dryads who have had their dwelling here! Alas for those who love untouched and untainted nature! Let us hope that the river, exasperated beyond control, will avenge itself upon the insolent engineer, who sought to restrain a mountain torrent within "licensed bounds." And this result is, indeed, to be looked for; the waterfall at the head of the glen, that dances so joyously and so "orderly" in summer, must be, in winter, a mighty cataract, full of fury, that no barrier, the work of man, can be expected to withstand.

Nothing in the county of Wicklow astonished us or gratified us so much as the Devil's Glen, with its roaring river, its huge precipices, its circuitous paths, and the noble and graceful "fall," that seems as a crown of glory to its head. It is impossible for language to convey a notion of our delight, when we had climbed the moun-

tain-steep—by the tangled footway that ascends from the moss-house—and gazed below and around us. It is perhaps the most graceful, if not the most stupendous, of the Wicklow cataraacts; it comes rushing and roaring down from the heights above, between rocks, through which it would seem to have worn a channel; then, as elsewhere, pausing awhile as if to gather a sufficient force with which to move onwards; and then dashing aside every impediment that would bar its progress to the sea.

Reader, to reach it is, literally, but A DAY'S JOURNEY from LONDON!

While we stood upon the summit of the mountain, and quoted a passage from one of the full and fertile poems of Barry Cornwall—

“ This spot, indeed,
Were worthy some tradition; hast thou none
Stored in thy memory, to beguile the time
While the sky burns above us? ”

we were suddenly startled by receiving—as from some wandering echo—an answer to our words. “ Tradition! troth, I have; a tradition about the glen? It's I that have, and a good one; and what's more, a true one! ” We turned to the direction from whence the words proceeded. “ They may call it a glen, if they like, ” said a crabbed-looking old fellow, who was seated on a rocky recess, close to the spot where we had been giving expression to our feelings of enjoyment. He was as dry and acid a specimen of Irish character as we have seen—just such

a face as might be cut with a blunt knife out of an old cork; and truly he was so small, so bent up and doubled either by old age or infirmity, that if he had not spoken, we were so intent on the beauty of the scene, that we should have passed him by unnoticed.

"And what do *you* call it?" we inquired.

"No one but a fool would call it a glen," he replied: "the glen of the Downs may be a glen, and so may be the Dargle, but this is too sudden, too steep, to have such a name; it is a land-gulf, a ravine, but no glen; it looks like what it is—a mountain split by supernatural means; it's no glen—a glen's a gentle up and down, undulating, sort of thing."

"Split by supernatural means!" we repeated.

"Ay, you don't believe that, I suppose," he said, and his eyes looked mischievous and sparkling. "You foreyners pass through Ireland, and instead of keeping your eyes and ears open, you want to bring everything—leaping torrents, mountains, hills, and all—down to the level of your own flat country. You believe nothing, and want to understand everything. Instead of letting Paddy's imagination have its fling, you always want to bring him to reason. You English want to *understand* all about Ireland, and yet you never understood an Irishman." Of course we laboured to refute the charge, and our conversation continued half in jest, half in earnest, for some time; it ended by the little brown man telling us by what "supernatural means" the Devil's Glen had been produced.

“ You have seen the ruins of the old nunnery, though you could not get to them, for the bridge was swept away by the flood. Well, when that nunnery was built, there was no glen here, but a swelling hill, that sheltered the holy women, and was planted with fine trees; but though the trees, the hill, the whole country were beautiful, their beauty put together was nothing to the beauty of the Lady Eva, who, when she gave out her intention to take the veil, threw the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught (as they are now called) into deep mourning. Every crow and black-cock in the island was killed to make into weeping plumes, and there was no crossing from one kingdom to another for the throng of gentlemen going to petition the lovely creature to change her mind; if I’d been their adviser, I’d have told them to petition her *not* to change her mind,” said the little man, laughing, “ and then perhaps she would have done so. Now the Lady Eva received them all, thanked them for the interest they took about her, but assured them they sought to persuade her in vain; her determination was fixed, she resolved to dedicate herself to the holy saint who presided over the convent, begged them to depart, and return no more. Well, the flower of the country, finding her resolute, strove, nevertheless, to pay her every homage; they magnified her beauty, drank her health until they did great injury to their own, inscribed her name upon their banners, and agreed not only to canonize her when dead, but to declare her the peerless

Queen of Beauty and Virtue while living. She was therefore proclaimed through the kingdoms, and every one who heard the proclamation was obliged to echo it with cheers. Now it was noticed by one of the young princes who took such especial delight in having due respect paid to the Lady Eva, that a certain ill-favoured, suspicious-looking foreigner heard this, and, instead of cheering, he sneered, and folded his black mantle more closely round him. 'If you don't open your mouth,' says the prince to him, 'and cheer like the rest, I'll cut off your head with one stroke of my skene, and make you eat it.' The foreigner only sneered the more. 'Talk of her virtue, indeed,' he says, 'I'll prove to you it's neither proof against gold nor beauty:' and with that he twisted his black moustaches over his yellow face, and whisked something that was under his cloak, so as to make the prince very wrathful; and it took twenty of his gallowglasses to restrain his fury. 'Take it easy, young gentleman,' continued the foreigner, who kept on, never heeding, 'take it easy, I'll prove my words—gold is stronger temptation to a woman than beauty, so I'll try the beauty first. Meet me to-morrow at one, at the convent gate, and if you have any doubt on the subject, you may follow in—if you please—as my page.' His page!—the gallowglasses could stand it no longer, and they all rushed upon the foreigner with drawn skenes and a hideous howl; but behold, he was gone—and when they looked about them, they found they had not only

missed their aim, but wounded each other, amid shouts of wild unearthly laughter which proceeded from the four points of the compass. The prince was in great sorrow, for he thought he had brought the noble lady into trouble; and by the dawn of the next morning he sat himself on a stone at the convent gate, as humble as any poor pilgrim; and about twelve at noon, just as the holy lay sisters had finished feeding the poor, he heard such a flourish of outlandish instruments as he had never heard before, and presently came a pair of coal-black horses, bearing a pair of black dwarfs clothed in yellow satin; then two more, with servitors, all black, and clothed in yellow, and many followed; and then came a band of music, the players black men, and all dressed in the same gaudy colour; and at every beat they gave the drum, it would strike fire, and from out of the trumpets came a blazing flame; then, immediately following the music, came the most exquisite baste of a horse that human eyes ever looked on, with a coat black and shining, and his mane was like floss silk. Upon this creature rode a young man of such perfect beauty that the prince could hardly believe him human; upon looking at him a second time, the prince thought he was rather dark-complexioned, but as he was a fair man himself he was supposed to be no judge. As he passed where the prince was, who with the courtesy of a true-born gentleman rose up to salute a stranger, he paused, and said 'that as he was bound on a mission to the Lady Eva, would he

follow him into her presence—as his page?’ and then the unfortunate gentleman knew the foreigner’s voice, and he shouted out, as loud as he could, ‘Treachery;’ but one of the Ethiopians who followed in the deluder’s train threw a yellow, glittering powder over him, and behold! he lost the power of speech or motion, and remained fixed to the spot. In about an hour afterwards the procession that had entered, began to return through the gates, and this time the music was silent, and the attendants hung their heads; and when the young and handsome tempter came out, he again paused, and said, ‘The strength of the lovely Eva is greater than I thought; I tempted her to the extent of the power of beauty in vain; but, unbeliever, fail not to meet me on the morrow, and I will prove to you that *she*, the pure, the peerless, will yield to the power of gold.’ It was not until the last of the train was out of sight that the loyal prince recovered his presence of mind: he then found that his powers of speech and motion had returned; he had often heard it said that the devil’s livery was black and yellow, and he had no doubt whatever that the mysterious foreigner and his satanic majesty were one. So he sought comfort from the cross that had been erected near a little spring that sparkled and murmured through the long grass and broad-leaved weeds. Before this cross he knelt, resolved to pass the remainder of the day and all the night, in prayers for the good of the Lady Eva. He went over and over his rosary; and when the moon had not only

risen, but descended into the heavens—and her ladies in waiting, the bright silver stars, were creeping one by one to their blue beds—the poor prince bent his head on his bosom, and fell asleep. And while he slept, the murmur of the little trickling spring became a voice, moaning as if in trouble, and it said, ‘Let me out, for I am pent up and sore straitened within the bowels of the earth; I am not permitted to overflow the land, but to any who would cause a way to be made for me I would impart great knowledge.’ And the prince awoke and looked for the voice, but he could see nothing save the cross, the fading moon, a few pale sleepy stars, and the little rippling of a brook that was whimpering among the sedges and long grass. Again his head drooped on his bosom; he saw the streamlet rise into the thin shadowy likeness of a beautiful maiden, and she said, ‘Let me out; I pant for the freedom of the torrent; I long to sport with my sister breezes, to leap among the rocks, to be wooed by the rainbow, and repose, when I am tired, in silence and in the shadow of towering woods, instead of amid sedges and long grass; and to whoever would hew a path for me—a mountain way, befitting a mountain river, I would impart his heart’s desire.’ And she looked upon the prince with her pale and watery eyes, and seeing that he was born of courage, he inquired, ‘What wouldst thou give to me?’ and she said, ‘I would secure her thou lovest from the lust of gold.’ And he replied, ‘False and fair spirit, she is secure against that, and all other

lusts, by the purity of her own heart.' And again he awoke, and could see nothing but the cross, and that dimly, for the moon and stars had passed away; nay, hardly could he see the little brook; and sleep overpowered him a third time; and the streamlet this third time appeared to him again, fairer than before, and she said, 'My trust is in thee, O prince, for there is courage in thy heart to rely upon the power of virtue; rightly didst thou say that she is secure in her heart's purity, but listen, and I will teach thee how to punish the tempter, and trust that then thou wilt remember how I desire to be free.' She placed her cold, chilling lips to his ear, and when the short whisper was finished, he sprang up like a giant from the earth, and would have embraced the vision, but it was gone—and behold! he was alone with the dim cross, the little murmuring rivulet, and the first light of morning. About mid-day, he felt the earth groaning, as it were, beneath the weight of riches that were moving towards the convent to tempt the fair Lady Eva—borne by camels, laden with ingots of gold, and caparisoned with jewels; a black elephant, whose ears and trunk were clustered with diamonds, served the tempter as a horse. 'Wilt follow as my page now?' he inquired of the prince. The prince replied not, yet followed, and was unrecognised in the crowd. The disguised demon entered into the presence of the lady, and expatiated upon his wealth, and the power of wealth; and the prince kept close behind him, but unheeded by the tempter, who was

so wrapt up in his purpose and his eloquence. He displayed before her the treasures of the deep and the treasures of the earth, but they glittered only in her pure eyes as the baubles of a foolish world; and the wicked spirit stood aghast before the right mind of a simple woman; and he was so astonished at it, that—his tail, which had been curled up behind, under the folds of his robe, fell to the ground, and the prince, slyly and suddenly, slipt his rosary upon it, so that it caught in the hook at the end; and this caused the devil so much pain, that, without another word, he flew over the convent, and then fell upon the earth, crawling along it like a great serpent; and as he crawled, the mountain split from very loathing of its burden; and he crawled and writhed on and on, until he came to the little spring, and would fain have drunk of its waters, but for the cross that shadowed them: at last, with a great effort, he arose upon a cloud of evil spirits which had been the riches of temptation, and floated away from the island; and the little spring leaped into the ravine—a liberated torrent. And the ravine is called ‘the Devil’s Glen’ unto this day.”

“And the Lady Eva?” we inquired.

“I have told you all I know,” said the little chronicle, “and that is the utmost I can do: the prince no doubt became a monk; but that is only an addition of my own imagination.”

We never could make out who that little man was.

As we were leaving the glen, we encountered

a being of a far different order: one of the prettiest little girls we had seen in Ireland was crossing a small brook—an offset, as it were, from the rushing river; but as rapid, and brawling as angrily, as the parent torrent, which it resembled in all save its width. She was completely enveloped in one of the huge cloaks of the country; it had been *flung* on, carelessly and hastily, but it flowed round her form in a manner peculiarly graceful. Her attitude, as she stepped somewhat cautiously over the mountain cascade, was so striking, that we strove to pencil it down.

Dunran—another of the wonders of Wicklow—is but a short distance from the Devil's Glen; a very short distance to those who go on foot. It is a creation of art rather than of nature; half a century ago, it was almost as barren of verdure as the Scalp; the granite rocks—one of which, of stupendous height, called “the Lady's Rock,”—assume occasionally the most fantastic forms. The defile is a narrow pass between lofty hills; in the several interstices of which trees have been planted, where there is, apparently, scarcely soil enough to cover their roots. As Dunran lies upon very high ground, no water flows through it—another variety in the characteristics of the county. The views from this point are most magnificent; let us borrow the poet's aid to describe them:—

“ Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;

And river, now with bushy rock o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean!"

Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, a large village, distant seventeen miles from Dublin, is also surrounded by beautiful scenery; within a mile and a half of it, in the demesne of Altadore, is a small glen called "the Hermitage," for which nature has done much, and art more. And here is another of the magnificent waterfalls for which the county is so famous. It is but one of many attractions in this delicious spot; the grounds have been laid out with exceeding taste; the walks through it are very varied; and considerable judgment and skill have been exhibited in so planting and "trimming"—the one being even more necessary than the other where the growth is rapid and luxuriant—as to obtain a new and striking view almost at every step. A mile or two farther on is the rich vale of Delgany, seen to great perfection from the main road, where a small bridge passes over a ravine. Delgany is the property of the family La Touche, whose name has been long—and not in this county alone—synonymous with goodness; for to nearly every branch of it may be applied a passage from the epitaph to one of its most distinguished members—"Riches in his hands became a general blessing."

From Delgany to the commencement, or,

more correctly, the termination, of the glen of the Downs, the distance is but a mile or two; and the public road runs through it. The glen is formed by two abrupt hills, between twelve and thirteen hundred feet high; clothed with the most luxuriant foliage from the base to the summit of each. To describe the scene would be but to ring the changes on the terms sublime and beautiful; but to no part of the county could they be more justly applied. All along the valley, as elsewhere, we are accompanied by

“The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o’er the slippery rocks.”

The glen is of considerable extent; and in leaving it we enter once more a district comparatively barren; although, as we approach Dublin, the influence of cultivation is more apparent in changing the arid character of the soil, and giving the wild common the aspect of civilisation. As we advance from any of the heights, there is a glorious and cheering prospect of the sea; mansions and cottages are more thickly scattered about the landscape, and the lofty mountains take the eye from every point of view.

Leaving to the left the romantic Dargle, we draw near the northern border of the county, —and before we quit it altogether, visit the town of Bray. Here the scenery assumes a new character:—a few steps from the main road, and we are upon the shore of St. George’s Channel.

Bray is the largest town of the county, and, from its proximity to Dublin, is extensively vis-

ited by persons in search either of the benefits of sea air, or the enjoyment to be derived from beautiful scenery; and here, in consequence, is one of the most splendid hotels in the kingdom. A large number of fishermen live in the neighbourhood of Bray; but, unfortunately, the want of a quay for shelter greatly militates against them—an evil for which, we believe, a remedy will be ere long provided by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Putland, whose charities are so boundless as to have made the name proverbial for good. Their seat, Bray-head, is remarkable, not alone for its natural advantages; judgment and taste have been exercised over large expenditure, to render it, in all respects, beautiful; the grounds and the conservatories are in exquisite “trim,” under the superintendence of a Scotch gardener.¹⁵⁹

And here we must leave this lovely county of Wicklow; passing unnoticed innumerable objects, in describing any of which we might occupy pages. As we have said, “to picture adequately half its beauties would require a large and full volume.” We trust, however, we have written enough, notwithstanding our limited space, to direct towards it the attention of the tourist—a place so easily within reach from any part of England; and a visit to which necessarily includes one to the Irish metropolis, so abundant in matter of the deepest interest to the antiquary, the man of science, the philanthropist, and, in short, to all who have at heart



the welfare of the country, and desire its moral, social, and physical advancement.

The county of Wicklow is bounded on the north by the county of Dublin, on the south by the county of Wexford, on the west by the counties of Kildare and Carlow, and on the east by St. George's Channel. The population in 1821 amounted to 110,767; and in 1831, to 121,557. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises 494,704 statute acres, of which above 94,000 are unprofitable mountain and bog. It is divided into the baronies of Arklow, Ballinacor, Newcastle, Half-Rathdown, Shillelagh, Lower Talbotstown and Upper Talbotstown.

NOTES

¹ We found in an "Album," deposited in one of the cottages, where visitors are expected to insert their names, the following epigram, which we considered worth transcribing:—

"Here, in this happy Eden of our earth,
Dwelling with Nature and her holy train,
A mortal woman gave a spirit birth,
And Psyche made immortal once again."

² We may, perhaps, be allowed to extract a few stanzas from a boyish poem, written, and "privately printed," anonymously, many years ago, "On visiting Jerpoint Abbey." It has been brought to our remembrance, less by the locality we are describing than by finding it quoted by Mr. Moore, in the third volume of his "History of Ireland," and there characterised as "a poem of considerable merit." We hope for pardon, therefore, if we are tempted—by a compliment, from so high an authority, to the muse by whom we have long ceased to be influenced—to trespass upon time and space that might be better occupied.

"I gaze where Jerpoint's venerable pile,
Majestic in its ruins, o'er me lowers:
The worm now crawls through each untrodden aisle,
And the bat hides within its time-worn towers.
It was not thus, when, in the olden time,
The holy inmates of yon broken wall
Lived free from woes that spring from care or crime—
Those shackles which the grosser world enthrall.
Then, when the setting sunbeams glisten'd o'er
The earth, arose to heaven the vesper song;
But now the sacred sound is heard no more,
No music floats the dreary aisles along;
Ne'er from its chancel soars the midnight prayer,
Its stillness broken by no earthly thing,

Save when the night-bird wake the echoes there,
Or the bat flutters its unfeather'd wing.

"Here, where I stand, perchance, was once the scene
Sway'd by the feudal chieftains of the spot.
No records live to tell what they have been;
Their laurels faded, and their fame forgot;
Save when some peasant quotes the name of Grace,
Allied to thoughts of noble deeds and days,
To give that ancient and heroic race
The heartfelt tribute of a peasant's praise;
Or sings, in rude but energetic strains,
Some legendary tale of times gone by;
Beholds yon abbey's desolate remains,
And quotes the annals of its brilliancy,
When to its stately porch and sculptured nave
In better days the poor and sorrowing hied,
And as the holy fathers solace gave,
Found their griefs soften'd and their wants supplied.

* * * *

Nor let thy last lord, Jerpoint, be forgot,
Whose sorrows teach a lesson man should learn;
But fancy leads me to the very spot
From whence he parted, never to return.
I mark the venerable abbot stand
Beneath the shadow of his church's towers,
Grasping the wicket in his trembling hand,
Reverting to past scenes of happier hours,
And dwelling on the many years gone by,
Since first his young lip breathed his earliest prayer,
To lisp of Him who lives beyond the sky,
And nurse the hope he might behold Him there.
And now he gazes, ere his steps depart,
While earthly feelings wake that long had slept,
When, with a look that spoke a breaking heart,
He turn'd him from his hallow'd home and wept.

* * * *

"But mark where yonder dusky clouds roll on,
To cast a darker shade on all below!
Now that the song of birds is hush'd and gone,
The stream makes lonely music in its flow;

Thy stream, thou lovely river! thine sweet Nore!
Flowing, though all around thee feel decay;
Thy banks still verdant as in days of yore,
Through the same plains thy crystal waters stray,
Still through the same untrodden pathway glide,
On, to the trackless ocean's silver shore,
Till mingling with the sea's eternal tide,
The fair, the clear, the pure, exist no more.
How like each early hope, each youthful thought!
When the young heart like yonder stream might stray,
Till from the world its spotless hue had caught
The taint of care and sorrow on its way.

"O Night! how many a thing we learn from thee—
Mother of contemplation! we may gaze
Through thy thick curtain on the Deity,
With eyes unblinded by the sun's bright blaze.
Oh, nurse of Fancy! on thy spotless wing,
When in thy holy west the day-beam falls,
To happier, brighter worlds the soul may spring,
And leave the day to its ephemerals.
How oft, when thou wert passing o'er the earth,
And trampling nature's fairest on thy way,
Thy shadows gave my pensive feelings birth,
And I have loved in thy lone hour to stray!
Thy coronet was gemm'd with worlds of light,
By distance soften'd; and thy sable dress
Was sparkled o'er by orbs, that beam'd so bright,
As they were conscious of thy loveliness.

"But now it seems as 'twere thy mourning hour;
The dew thou weep'st falls heavily around;
And nature feels not thy refreshing power
Give trees their bloom, and verdure to the ground.
Farewell! all chill and cheerless as thou art,
Thy clouds hang o'er yon fane; whose fallen state—
How true an emblem of the human heart!
That, once deserted, soon is desolate.
Farewell!—those relics of the days gone by,
Have waken'd feelings which thy shadowy reign
Has call'd forth into being; and thy sky,
Though dark, I have not gazed upon in vain.

Farewell! yon ruin'd tower and broken wall,
 Near which on many an eve I've loved to stray,
 Teach me that thus our proudest hopes must fall,
 And leave us, time-worn, darkly to decay."

³ Sir Piers Butler, during the suspension of the title of Ormonde, which was transferred to Bullen in 1527, was created Earl of Ossory, and was a very loyal subject of the king. The Earl of Kildare, the great adversary of himself, his predecessors, and his successors, proposed to him and his son, Lord James Butler, to unite their strength to subdue the kingdom and to share it between them, but received from the young lord the following answer:—"Taking pen in hand to write to you my absolute answer, I muse in the first line by what name to call you—my lord, or my cousin—seeing your notorious treason hath impeached your loyalty and honour, and your desperate lewdness hath shamed your kindred. You are, by your expressions, so liberal in parting stakes with me, that a man would weene you had no right to the game; and so importunate for my company, as if you would persuade me to hang with you for good-fellowship. And think you, that James is so bad as to gape for gudgeons, or as ungracious as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Were it so (as it cannot be) that the chickens you reckon were both hatched and feathered; yet be thou sure, I had rather in this quarrel die thine enemy than live thy partner. For the kindness you proffer me, and good-will, in the end of your letter, the best way I can propose to requite you that is, in advising you, though you have fetched your fence, yet to look well before you leap over. Ignorance, error, and a mistake of duty, hath carried you unawares to this folly, not yet so rank but it may be cured. The king is a vessel of mercy and bounty; your words against his majesty shall not be counted malicious, but only bulked out of heat and impotency; except yourself by heaping of offences discover a mischievous and wilful meaning.—Farewell!"

⁴ Ormonde used often to tell her majesty in plain terms, that Leicester was a villain and a coward. The Earl of Ormonde coming one day to court, met Leicester in the ante-chamber, who bidding him good-morrow, said, "My Lord of Ormonde, I dreamed of you last night."—"What could you dream of me?" asked Ormonde.—"I dreamed," says the other, "that I gave you a box on the ear."—"Dreams," answered the earl, "are to be interpreted by contraries;" and without more ceremony, gave the earl an hearty cuff on the ear. He was upon this sent to the Tower, but was liberated soon afterwards.

⁵ The son of the "Great Duke," the Earl of Ossory, unhappily died early, in his fortieth year; but not until he had contributed largely to sustain the honours and increase the reputation of his family. A more perfect character than the earl has not perhaps existed in modern times. "In a word," writes the historian, "his virtue was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious court; his integrity unblemished amid all the vices of the times; his honour untainted through the course of his whole life." The touching apostrophe of Evelyn, on the death of his "noble and illustrious friend," contains a volume. "His majestie never lost a worthier subject, nor father a better or more dutiful son: a loving, generous, good-natured, and perfectly obliging friend—one who had done innumerable kindnesses to several before they knew it; nor did he ever advance any that were not worthy; no one more brave, more modest; none more humble, sober, and every way virtuous. Unhappy England! in this illustrious person's loss. Universal was the mourning for him, and the eulogies on him. O sad father, mother, wife, and children! What shall I add? He deserved all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and a good Christian, could deserve of his prince and country." But even this fine panegyric is weak in comparison with that of the earl's father,—pronounced in a single sentence, in reply to some expression of condolence—"I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom!" the most comprehensive and affecting eulogy ever pronounced. One anecdote of the earl cannot be repeated too frequently; for it will suffice alone to bear out the warmest praise of his biographers. Soon after the infamous attempt of the ruffian Blood to murder the Duke of Ormond—and in which he would have succeeded, but that he aimed to give a dramatic effect to the atrocious deed, by "hanging his victim at Tyburn," and was dragging him through the streets for that purpose, when the nobleman was rescued—the Earl of Ossory met in the king's chamber the favourite Duke of Buckingham (who was universally believed to have been the instigator of Blood), and thus addressed him, while he sought refuge behind the king's chair: "My lord, I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father; and, therefore, I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent death by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the real author of it; I shall consider you as the assassin; I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the king's chair; and

I tell it you in his majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

⁶ That of Edward IV., A.D. 1464, in particular, recites "that every Englishman, and Irishman that dwells with Englishmen and speaks English, that be betwixt sixteen and sixty in age, shall have an English bow of his own length, with twelve shafts of the length of three quarters of the standard; the bows of ewe, wyche-hasel, awburne, or other reasonable tree, according to their power—the shafts in the same manner, on pain of two-pence per month." Again, "In every English towne in this land, the constable shall ordaine one pair of butts for shooting; and every man between sixteen and sixty shall muster at the butts, and shoot up and down three times every feast day, on pain of an halfpenny per day."

⁷ "In the fortieth year of his reign," says Sir John Davis, "King Edward held that famous parliament at Kilkenny, wherein many notable laws were enacted, which do show and lay open (for the law doth best discover enormities) how much the English colonies were corrupted at that time, and do infallibly prove that which is laid down before,—that they were wholly degenerate, and fallen away from their obedience. For, first it appeareth by the preamble of these laws, that the English of this realm, before the coming over of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, were at that time become mere Irish in their language, names, apparel, and all their manner of living, and had rejected the English laws and submitted themselves to the Irish, with whom they had made many marriages and alliances, which tended to the utter ruin and destruction of the commonwealth." The statutes enacted on this occasion were to the following purport: That the Brehon (or old Irish) law is an evil custom, and the use of it to be deemed treason: that marriage, nursing, and gossipred, with the Irish be treason: that the use of Irish names, apparel, or language be punished with forfeiture of lands or imprisonment, until the party give security to conform to English customs: that the settlers should not make war upon the Irish without the order of the state: that the English should not permit the Irish to graze upon their land; nor present an Irishman to an ecclesiastical benefice; nor receive them into monasteries or religious houses; nor entertain any of their minstrels, rhymers, or news-tellers; nor cess horse or foot upon the English subject on pain of felony: and that sheriffs might enter any liberty or franchise to apprehend felons or traitors: and that four wardens of the peace should be appointed in every county, to assess every man's equal proportion

of the public charge for men and armour. A century later, the English had become still "more Irish than the Irish," and in consequence additional laws were enacted to "stay the plague." An act was passed, ordaining that no subject shall be shaved above his ears, or wear glibs, or crommeals (moustaches), or linen dyed in saffron, or above seven yards of linen in their shifts; and that no woman wear any kirtle, or coat tucked up, or embroidered, or garnished with silk, nor laid with usker after the Irish fashion; and that no person wear mantles, coats, or hoods after the Irish fashion (except women, horse-boys, cow-boys, and soldiers, at the rising out and hostings, all which may wear mantles); and that everybody shall endeavour to learn the English language, and conform to the English fashion, &c. It was followed soon afterwards by another act, directing "that noblemen shall have but twenty cubits or bundles of linen in their shirts; horsemen, eighteen; footmen, sixteen; garsons, twelve; clowns, ten; and that none of their shirts shall be dyed with saffron, on pain of twenty shillings." The statutes of Kilkenny, except "those that will that every subject shall ride in a saddle, and those that speak of the language of Irish," were afterwards confirmed by the Irish parliament, held before Sir Edward Poynings. See 10th Hen. VII., caps. 8 and 18.

^a "The meeting," according to Ledwich, "was held in the house of Mr. Robert Shee, son of Sir Richard Shee, now Mr. Langford's, in Coal-market; the lords, prelates, and commons all in one room; Mr. Patrick Darcy, bareheaded upon a stool, representing all or some of the judges and masters of Chancery that used to sit in parliament upon woolsacks; Mr. Nicholas Plunket represented the speaker of the House of Commons, and both lords and commons addressed their speech to him; the lords had an upper room, which served them as a place of recess, for private consultation, and when they had taken their resolutions the same were delivered to the commons by Mr. Darcy." The chamber of meeting consisted of one large hall, forty-nine feet by forty-seven, with a dungeon underneath, twenty feet square, with which the hall communicated by a trap-door and stone stairs. This hall is now subdivided into a kitchen, shop, and three or four rooms; the house being occupied by Mr. "Thomas Huleatt" as "the Kilkenny Commercial House."

^a Sir Edward Poynings was a Kentish gentleman, selected by Henry VII. to govern Ireland in 1494. The object of his mission was to quell the partisans of the house of York, and to reduce the natives to subjection. But he was not supported by forces sufficient for that enterprise, and the Irish, by flying into

their woods and mountains, eluded his efforts. He, however, summoned a parliament at Drogheda, in which he was more successful, and passed that memorable statute, which is known as "Poynings' Law," and which established the authority of the English government in Ireland. By this statute, cap. 22, all the former laws of England, concerning the public weal, were made to be of force in Ireland. Another of the acts, known as Poynings' law, 10th Henry VII. cap. 4, was intended to restrain the power as well of the deputy as the Irish parliament; and doubts having arisen as to the construction of this act, it was afterwards (by stat. 3d and 4th Philip and Mary, cap. 4) declared to mean—1st, That before any parliament be summoned or holden, the chief governor and council of Ireland shall certify to the king, under the great seal of Ireland, the considerations and causes of it, and the articles of the acts proposed to be passed in it. 2nd, That after the king, in his council of England, shall have considered, approved, or altered the said acts or any of them, and certified them back under the great seal of England, and shall have given license to summon and hold a parliament, then the same shall be summoned and held; and in it the said acts so certified, and no other, shall be proposed, received, or rejected; however, it was provided that any new propositions might be certified to England in the usual forms, after the summons and during the session of parliament. Considering the length of time required, and the danger incurred by a journey to England in those days, it is obvious that this chapter of Poynings' statute was too inconvenient to be strictly observed in sessions where there was heavy or urgent business to be transacted. Accordingly, in a parliament held in the following reign (28th Hen. VIII.), in which a greater number of important statutes were passed than in any preceding Irish parliament, it was repealed as to this act of that parliament—which was declared valid notwithstanding. See 28th Hen. VIII. caps. 4 and 20. The same course was adopted soon after in another session, most important in the history of early Irish legislation, the 11th Eliz.; but lest the precedent should be too lawlessly followed, it was in this year ordained that no future bill to suspend or repeal Poynings' act should be certified into England without the consent first obtained of a majority of both houses. This one of Poynings' laws was not, however, finally repealed until 1782. See stat. 21st and 22d Geo. III. cap. 47, Ir. But the usage has since been, that bills were often framed in either house under the denomination of "heads for a bill or bills," and in that shape they were offered to the consideration of the lord-lieutenant and privy council; who,

upon such parliamentary intimation, or otherwise upon the application of private persons, received and transmitted such heads or rejected them, without any transmission to England.

It was also, as we have stated, enacted by another of Poynings' laws (cap. 22), that all acts of parliament, before made in England, should be of force within the realm of Ireland. But by the same rule that no previous laws made in England were binding in Ireland, it followed that no acts of the English parliament made since the 10th Hen. VII. bind the people of Ireland. A very large proportion of the important English statutes passed before the Union, were, however, afterwards adopted in the Irish parliament, and it was sometimes provided (without specifically re-enacting them) that the English acts relating to particular subjects should be in force in Ireland.

Previous to the establishment of Poynings' law, the method of passing statutes in Ireland was nearly the same as in England, the chief governor holding parliaments at his pleasure, which enacted such laws as they thought proper. With respect to the dependent state of Ireland, it was declared, by 6th Geo. I. cap. 5, that the kingdom of Ireland ought to be subordinate to and dependent upon the imperial crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united to it; and that the king's majesty, with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain in parliament, hath power to make laws to bind the people of Ireland. But this act was repealed in 1782, and the Union, in 1800, changed the whole system of the government of Ireland.

¹⁰ The Roman Catholic chapels throughout Ireland, with the exception of a few in the principal towns, are exceedingly ungraceful structures, resembling, in their exterior, rather huge and ungainly barns than edifices for Divine worship. This is to be regretted, as evidencing bad taste in the builders, and either indifference to, or inability to appreciate, elegance in the population. We must, no doubt, attribute much of this evil to the want of sufficient funds; for the only means of erecting them are obtained from the people, in collections, generally, of very small sums. But a trifling addition to the cost might considerably improve their appearance, and so familiarise the common eye to a better order of things—a certain source of improvement. In the interior, also, there is usually a sad aspect of discomfort: bare whitewashed walls; the altar dressed with shabby tinsel ornaments, and hung with miserable coloured prints; clay flooring; a few deal stools, with two or three rush chairs for the better class;—such is the character we have almost invariably noted as belonging to the

country chapels. We sincerely hope, now that the peasantry are manifesting everywhere a disposition to neatness and cleanliness, these defects in their places of worship will gradually disappear, and that the neighbouring gentry will assist in decorating them fitly; a few trifling contributions would materially alter and improve their condition; and we have reason to know they would be gladly accepted. We some time ago presented to a chapel (over which presided a worthy clergyman, an estimable friend of our childhood) a pair of prints, of a more valuable kind than ordinary; and were gratified to find that this commencement of an improved taste led the way to other improvements: his chapel is now conspicuous for an air, both within and without, of comfort and even elegance.

¹¹ There can be no doubt that "a holy man," named Canice, or Canicus, a person "eminent for learning, sanctity, and austerity of life, built somewhere near the present cathedral, a cell from which, joined with the name of the saint, the town afterwards took its name." Peter Shee, the historian of the cathedral, supports this opinion by references to various authorities. In Hammer's Chronicle it is recorded, that "in memory of this Canicus, there is now a famous town in Leinster called Kilkenny." Holinshead refers to him as a holy and learned abbot, after whom the town is called; and adds, "So remarkable was he for piety and learning, that he was reputed of all men to be as well a mirror of the one as a paragon of the other. Being steeped further in years, he made his repair into England, where, cloistering himself in an abbey, of which one named Doctus was abbot, he was wholly wedded to his books and his devotion." Camden informs us, in continuation, that having voyaged to Italy, he returned to Ireland, "where he was occupied preaching to the inhabitants of the northern parts, and went again into Britain, living an eremetical life, at the foot of a great mountain among the Picts. But some religious men of Ireland discovering where he was, sent messengers to him, and prevailed with him against his will to return to a more useful and active life, in preaching the gospel in Ireland." The historian also refers to the name Kilkenny; "which is as much as to say, the cell or church of St. Canice." From these opinions, however, Dr. Ledwich entirely dissents; considering the saint "an imaginary personage."

¹² This lady is remarkable in history. She was daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and, inheriting the lofty spirit and the warlike temper of her ancestors, she is said to have emulated, if not excelled, her lord in feats of arms; having always a numerous train

of armed followers, well trained and accoutred, at her command, by whose aid she levied black-mail on her less powerful neighbours. Her favourite residence was the castle of Ballyragget, on the top of which a stone seat, called her "chair," is still shown, and a jutting stone, from which she used to hang her prisoners. *Campion* designates her "a rare woman, and able for wisdom to rule a realm, had not her stomach overruled herself." She was "a ladye of such port, that the estates of the realm couched to her; so politic, that nothing was thought substantially debated without her advice; manlike and tall of stature; very rich and beautiful; a bitter enemy; the only means by which, in those days, her husband's country was reclaimed from the sluttish Irish customs, to the English habit; but to these virtues was yoked a self-liking and a majesty above the tenure of a subject." Tradition tells us that, being seized with a dangerous illness, a clergyman was sent to attend her, who admonished her as to certain duties necessary for her to discharge before her exit from earth. The admonition was ill received: she told her spiritual adviser, it was better that one old woman should suffer the pains of another world, than that the Butlers should be left without an estate.

¹⁸ "The Bishop's Court" is attached to the north side of the choir. Some singular anecdotes are preserved of its earlier powers, and the modes in which they were applied. One of them would almost exceed belief, but that the facts are recorded upon sure authority. About the year 1336, a lady of rank and affluence in the city, Dame Alice Kettyl, was summoned before the bishop to answer to the charge of practising magic, sorcery, and witchcraft. Her accuser was Bishop Ledred; and her accomplices were, her son William Outlaw, and two sisters, her maids Petronilla and Basilia—foreigners, most probably, from their names (or, as it is surmised, the names are fictitious). They were charged with holding conferences, nightly, with an imp, or demon, called Robert Artysson, to whom, in order to obtain his co-operation, they had sacrificed, at a cross road, nine red cocks, and the eyes of nine peacocks; and by whose aid they were enabled—a strange labour—to sweep all the filth of Kilkenny to the door of the said William, muttering during their incantations the following lines:—

"To the house of William, my son,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

The accused were all convicted; but the lady having powerful friends, was sentenced to pay a fine, and abjure sorcery; she afterwards "relapsed," and considered it prudent to escape to the con-

tinant, in company with the maid Basilia. The other maid, Petronilla, was burnt at the stake, near the cross of Kilkenny, declaring, previous to her death, that William Outlaw was a participator in his mother's orgies, and had worn the devil's girdle round his bare body for a twelvemonth and a day. He, however, was allowed to compound for his life, by undertaking to cover the roof of St. Mary's church with lead. On searching the closet of Lady Alice (as Holinshed relates), after her guilty flight, they found a sacramental wafer—a certain holy meal cake—bearing Satan's name stamped thereon, and a box of ointment with which she used to smear a piece of wood, "on which she could ride through thick and thin, without let, hindrance, or impediment." In 1578, it is said, another trial for witchcraft was held at Kilkenny, under the direction of the Lord Deputy Drury, when, according to the historian of the period, "the offender was condemned by the law of nature, as there was no positive law against witchcraft in those days."

¹⁴ A cenotaph to the memory of this excellent prelate is on the right of the door leading into the chancel. He was translated from Ossory to Meath; and died at Ardraccan in 1765. The inscription on the cenotaph states that "he discharged every duty of the pastoral and episcopal office with prudence, vigilance, and fidelity; adorning his station with unshaken integrity of heart and of conduct; attentive to the interest of religion, he caused several parochial churches to be rebuilt within his diocese. He promoted, and liberally contributed to, the repair and embellishment of this cathedral church, then unhappily falling into decay. He was a zealous encourager of every useful public work, especially the linen manufactures. He bequeathed a considerable legacy to the governors of the incorporated society for promoting the united interests of industry and charity within this borough of St. Canice."

¹⁵ St. Kieran is said to have been the founder of the see of Ossory, early in the fifth century (A.D. 402), "at a place called Sagir in the King's County." He was born in the year 352; and at thirty years of age journeyed to Rome, where he diligently employed himself in the study of the Scriptures, and in perfecting himself in the knowledge of ecclesiastical discipline. In "the renowned city" he resided twenty years; and was then sent back to Ireland, "where he was consecrated bishop, with his five Irish companions, Lugacius, Columban, Meldanus, Lugad, and Capan." "Kieran," says Ware, "after his return to his native county, did not hide the talent of his Lord, but diligently preached Christ, and converted numbers from idolatry to the faith." At Sagir,

"near the waters of Fuaran, he built himself a cell, encompassed with woods, which soon became a great monastery; and giving the religious veil to his mother, whose name was Liadan, he built a cell for her also near his own, called by the Irish to this day Cell-liadain."

¹⁶ The term Coal-field is applied to a tract or district (more or less extensive) which contains seams of coal more or less numerous; their origin has been the collections of trees, shrubs, ferns, and all other kinds of vegetable matter, in situations peculiarly adapted for their reception, such as mouths of rivers, estuaries, where two or more currents meet, &c. &c. Their mode of formation may be seen in the enormous masses of drift wood collected at the mouths of the Mississippi and other American rivers: these, in time, will be covered with deposits of various kinds of rock, and ultimately become the supply of future generations.

¹⁷ As in many other places, the forests have been destroyed to smelt iron; we have often met the ruins of smelting-houses, that were deserted when the wood was burnt out. We have already referred to one of them in the vicinity of beautiful Lough Carah, near the Lakes of Killarney.

¹⁸ All coal is formed from vegetable matter, *under pressure*, with the exclusion of atmospheric air, which, by affording oxygen, would induce fermentation, and thus resolve it into its proximate principles; indeed, the texture of the wood can be distinctly traced in coal. Anthracite, or stone coal, differs from the ordinary or bituminous, by having been exposed to a very high heat, which has driven off the gaseous matters, and thus changed it to carbon or charcoal, which has some small portion of sulphur and metals (combined as sulphurets) contained in it. Kilkenny coal, during combustion, by its union with the oxygen of the atmosphere, is converted into three distinct products—Carbonic acid, metallic oxides (grey ashes), and sulphurous acid gas, which gives the extremely unpleasant and unwholesome vapour.

¹⁹ By Mr. Kirwan's analysis, it approaches nearly to pure carbon, without any bituminous matter whatever; he considers it as containing 97.3 per cent. of pure carbon, the remainder being unflammable ashes.

²⁰ To another plant, *Verbena officinalis*, vervain, Mr. Tighe also refers as an object of peculiar veneration with the peasantry. "Its Irish name," he says, "is *lugh na grass*, and it is esteemed as a sovereign remedy in many cases. When the country doctors among the common people, or old women, pull herbs for medicinal purposes, they always add some superstitious invocation, and some

plants are taken up 'in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost,' but when vervain is pulled, this peculiar incantation is used:—

'Vervain, thou growest upon holy ground,
In Mount Calvary thou wert found;
Thou curest all sores and all diseases,
And in the name of the holy Jesus,
I pull you out of the ground.'

The superstitions of ancient religions are generally transferred to the present profession. Medicinal virtues are attributed to almost every plant, by those who profess that knowledge among the common people; their knowledge they derive from tradition; in some instances they are very right, holding several powerful plants, as dwarf-elder, water-dock, and others, in high estimation for their proper uses."

²¹ A branch of this original institution is still carried on at St. Anne's Church, Dublin, with a net capital of about £4000; but as the society only lends the interest of its capital, at the close of the last year, only about £300 was in the hands of borrowers, notwithstanding the distress which might be alleviated in Dublin by its proper use. The principal is enjoyed by that wealthy body the Bank of Ireland at three and a half per cent.; and this, too, when hundreds of solvent, though poor and industrious parties, would willingly pay a much larger per centage for its use, and thus be benefited by having capital to employ on which they could realise a large profit by their small dealings.

²² Statements as to the practical working of the system are published in the "Report," from a very large proportion of the provincial societies. As confirmatory of the view we have taken, we extract passages from some of them. **MOVILLE, COUNTY DONEGAL.**—This society continues to be productive of much good among the industrious classes of this neighbourhood; affording means of industry and promoting habits of regularity, providence, and honesty. **LISBELLAW, COUNTY DONEGAL.**—Several instances have come to our knowledge of persons of that class, who had not a cow when the loan fund was first established, but who borrowed the price of one from the fund, and during the winter repaid the instalments by the sale of milk, &c. **DUNGANNON, COUNTY TYRONE.**—Many parties who have obtained loans have been enabled to increase their stock of cattle, and otherwise to bring their lands into a better state of cultivation; numerous small manufacturers have been enabled to increase their number of looms, giving ad-

ditional employment to their own inmates, as well as to their poorer neighbours. EDGEWORTHSTOWN, COUNTY LONGFORD.—The trustees look back with no small degree of pleasure to the good effect their society has produced upon the minds and habits of the population, immediately within the range of its operations. KENAGH, COUNTY LONGFORD.—Several instances have come under the notice of the committee, which afford very gratifying testimony of the stimulus which has been afforded to industry and regularity by this institution. KILLESHANDRA, COUNTY CAVAN.—Some farmers have said that the loan was “as good to them” as the gift of the same sum; and a couple of cases have arisen of farmers saying that they “never had a four-footed beast on their land before,” and now they have two or three. GALWAY.—The number of persons assisted by these loans may be calculated at 3600, many of whom have been raised from poverty and despair to comparative comfort and confidence, and saved from being a charge on the poor rate or mendicity institution. BALLAGHADEREEN, COUNTY MAYO.—Every member (in the several districts) bears testimony to the great benefit received by individuals from the use of the loan fund money, not merely in a pecuniary point of view, but by the great increase observable among those who have received it of habits of order, active industry, and the general comfort of their families. MILTOWN MALBAY, COUNTY CLARE.—The formation of the society was a source of great relief to the poor, during the trying period of the last scarce summer, and the regular and certain payment for potatoes, through the means of the loans granted, tended to keep up a well supplied market at a reduced price. The tribe of usurious money-brokers, with whom this country abounded, have nearly ceased their griping extortion upon the poor, through the instrumentality of the fund, to which all now resort, who hitherto sorely felt the oppression of this tribe. MAGOURNEY, COUNTY CORK.—In several instances, poor, but industrious, individuals have been materially benefited. Many, especially of the labouring classes, have been rescued from the exorbitant exactions of the usurer; a stimulus has been given to the small traders of the district, a system of order and punctuality has been introduced, and we have no doubt but that, with God’s blessing, a closer bond of union will be formed between all classes of society, and the spirit of kindness and good-will, which we thankfully acknowledge has hitherto existed, will be increased and strengthened. CASTLE TOWNSEND, COUNTY CORK.—A very perceptible stimulus has been given to industry, and many are now maintaining their families in comparative comfort, who, but for

the aid received from the loan fund, would be living in idleness and want. **GLANDORE, COUNTY CORK.**—Results the most beneficial have followed; distress has been relieved at the most critical periods; the labourer, who, without its aid, would have been unable to procure seed for his potato garden last summer, has now, through those means, aided by the blessing of Providence, an abundance of food, and in many cases the rent of the garden has been paid, by the timely aid given to the industry of himself or the females of his family, by enabling them to procure the means of making their own labour available. Habits of industry and of exertion have, in innumerable instances, been promoted, a regard for character and habits of punctuality have invariably been generated. **GOWRAN, COUNTY KILKENNY.**—Many poor and industrious families were enabled, by the seasonable relief afforded them, to continue in their homes, which otherwise poverty would have forced them to abandon, and beg for that precarious subsistence which, from want of constant employment, they could not procure for themselves. **CASTLETOWN, COUNTY MEATH.**—As in former years, it has assisted the small farmer by enabling him to hold over his corn for a favourable market, besides the great advantage to be derived from not being obliged to thrash his corn until the straw was required for fodder. The cottier has frequently been enabled to keep over his pig, when, but for the assistance afforded by the loan fund, he would have been compelled to sell at great disadvantage. The labourer has been able to purchase, especially in the summer, the food necessary for the subsistence of himself and family, at market prices, instead of dealing with those who charge an enormous profit for a short credit. **MOUNTRATH, QUEEN'S COUNTY.**—The loans have been of great service to the majority of the borrowers, in many cases enabling them to lay in provisions for the summer for much less than they would afterwards pay, and providing seed for their ground, which would otherwise remain waste; and by supplying materials for tradesmen, chiefly broguemakers, shoemakers, painters, carpenters, weavers, and victuallers. **CLONMEL, COUNTY TIPPERARY.**—Several instances of the great benefit which industrious persons have derived from the assistance afforded by the society have come under the notice of the managers. Cows have been purchased by some, and the sale of the milk has enabled them to repay the loan; others have purchased pigs, and repaying the instalments from their weekly earnings, have been able, in some little time, to sell to advantage. On the whole, the managers are led to expect that much good will result from the encouragement held out to good character and

industrious habits. **TIPPERARY, COUNTY TIPPERARY.**—It has conferred immense benefits on the poor and industrious classes; but for the aid afforded during the present and past winters, it is fearful to contemplate the distress the poor would have to encounter. **TYRRELL'S PASS, COUNTY WESTMEATH.**—As applications for the reports of the society are frequently made, and sometimes from distant quarters, it seems expedient to give a statement both of its direct effects, and of its no less important collateral operations. Its direct effects result from its constitution as a loan office, in distributing loans from one pound to ten inclusive, through a district comprehending, at the lowest computation, four hundred square miles: its collateral operations, in its being a savings bank, receiving the deposits of the industrious, (of whom not a few are afraid of keeping them in their houses,) and paying them a high interest for them;—in supporting from its profits an infant school, which is in a highly prosperous state, educating 120 children, of whom seventy are in constant attendance;—in establishing a plating school for Irish Leghorn hats and bonnets;—in the employing of a Scotch agriculturist, and furnishing agricultural seeds to the farmers;—in its working the machinery of a ladies' society for the improvement of the female peasantry;—in its laying in stores of various kinds—as, in the present season, coals, and in other seasons, meal—for the use of those who could not expend capital upon them, and furnishing these articles at cost price;—in the bestowing of the net profits chiefly upon public works, so as at once to give employment to the distressed, and to render that employment subservient to the public interest by permanent improvement; and, lastly, in the exercise of an extensive moral influence by the encouragement of habits of temperance. **LISNASKEA, COUNTY FERMANAGH.**—Through the medium of this society, two working schools have also been lately established, and two competent mistresses procured (under the patronage of Mrs. Crichton, and superintendence of a committee of ladies), for instructing daughters of small farmers, mechanics, labourers, &c., in straw-plat, and plain, useful, and fancy needlework, by which means they may in after life obtain a comfortable and respectable livelihood.

We must add to this note two or three individual cases, which afford a fair specimen of the whole.

A. B. states that he had taken grass for a cow from May till November; that in June his cow died; that he was not only at the loss of the cow, but would also be obliged to pay for the grass just as much as if the cow were on it; that, in short, he would

have been a ruined man. He applied for £10 to replace the cow; the loan was granted; he purchased a cow; with her butter and his own weekly earnings he found no difficulty in paying the instalments; at the end of twenty weeks he had the cow clear, and the full benefit of the grass. C. D. states, he had ground for oats and potatoes, but had no seed; applied for a loan of £5; purchased seed and sowed and planted the ground, and paid the instalments out of his weekly earnings. E. F., a shoemaker, had plenty of orders from his customers, but could not fulfil them for want of leather, and was in danger of losing their custom; applied for a loan of £3; bought leather, and was easily able to support himself, and repay the instalments. G. M., a labourer, with two in family, earning ten shillings a week, had no meal—market price thirteen shillings—if he applied to a mealmonger, would be charged twenty-two shillings *on time*, to be paid in three months—if he dealt with him would lose nine shillings on every cwt.—applied to loan fund; for two shillings and sixpence, obtained a loan of £5; bought meal on advantageous terms to support his family; and was easily able to pay the instalments. P. S., another shoemaker, represented that he might have had work, but had no money or means to get leather. Got notice from his landlord to quit, being in arrear, and not likely to be better; has sat hammering his stone for hours to make the neighbours believe he had work when he had none, that he might get time to pay his rent. Borrowed from loan fund, and can now, as he says, “hammer his stone in earnest, and with a dry eye.” Biddy C., wife of a small farmer, bought a cow with £8 she got from loan fund, “unbeknowns” to her husband; paid the eight shillings a week, with the butter and milk, and in twenty weeks had the cow clear profit. Has now four cows by same means, and has no occasion to trouble the “blessed fund, which has been the making of her and hers.” It would be useless to multiply these instances, which might be easily done.

We copy from the report of the Portadown society, “the number and objects for which loans were granted in 1840:”—

			£	s.	d.
160	Loans to Purchase Horses	650	0	0
1750 Cows, Pigs, Goats..		7000	0	0
137 Corn, Hay, or Seeds		550	0	0
21 Farm Implements..		85	0	0
43 Looms		175	0	0
425 Yarn		1700	0	0
40 Timber		175	0	0

			£	s.	d.
15	Loans to Purchase Iron	50	0	0
60	...	Leather	262	0	0
550	...	Dealing	650	0	0
85	...	Fishing Tackle	8	0	0
175	...	Rent	700	0	0
97	...	Debts	388	0	0
601	...	Provisions	2525	0	0
Total					
Number 3687			Amount £149,18 0 0		

²³ The theory that the Irish round towers are sepulchral monuments has very recently received some additional proof. We learn that, "some time since, Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Ardmore (in the county of Waterford), intended to erect floors in the tower there, and explored the interior of the tower down to the foundation. With considerable difficulty he caused to be removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were layers of large masses of rock, and, having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless and dangerous to proceed any further, and in this opinion some members of the society, who had witnessed what had been done, coincided. In this state of the proceedings, a letter from Sir William Betham was forwarded to Mr. O'Dell, intimating that further exploration would be desirable, upon which the latter gentleman, at great peril, commenced the task again. He now found another series of large rocks so closely wedged together, that it was difficult to introduce any implement between them; after considerable labour, these were also removed, and at length a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, which he feared must be regarded as a *non plus ultra*; but, still persevering, he removed the mortar, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the outside foundation, was discovered lying prostrate, from E. to W., a human skeleton." The work of Mr. Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquary, will, however, be ere long before the public. He is known to defend the argument, that the round towers are Christian structures, and, we believe, that they were used as bell-fries. Within the last few weeks we ourselves examined two of them—upon one of which we found a rudely-carved figure representing the crucifixion; and upon the other, a finely-sculptured Maltese cross: the former at Donoghmore, in the county of Meath, the other close to the town of Antrim.

²⁴ A work of much interest, and manifesting great research, was

a few years ago privately printed by Sheffield Grace, Esq. F.S.A., the younger brother of Captain Percy Grace. It is entitled, "Memoirs of the Grace Family;" but is by no means exclusively confined to its history. Some parts of it illustrate, with singular felicity, the customs of the Anglo-Normans, during their early settlement in Ireland.

²⁵ Some of them, however, although formidable enemies to the men of Ireland, were not armour-proof against the attacks of its women. In 1335, there was a curious license to Sir Almeric Grace, styled Baron of Grace, for the better preservation and improvement of the peace of the country, to form an Irish alliance with Tibina, daughter of O'Meagher, prince or dynast of Ikerrin, "all laws to the contrary notwithstanding." By the "statute of Kilkenny," it was made high treason for any person of English origin to contract a marriage with an Irish family. The infraction of this stern law, unless dispensed with by the king's special permission, as in the case of Sir Almeric Grace, was punished with unrelenting severity; and the crime for which Thomas Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Desmond, was attainted and executed in 1417, was that of "having broken his allegiance by an Irish alliance and fosterage." In the same spirit of permanent hostility, the term "enemy" was officially applied to Irish offenders, in contradistinction to that of "rebel" to English. Thus, Sir John Grace was, in 1381, commissioned to array all the inhabitants of the county of Kilkenny, and to treat with Irish enemies and English rebels, to muster forces as often as was necessary, &c.

²⁶ The ancient patrimony was, however recovered by Baron John Grace, after an alienation of about two years, in consequence of the particular and personal interposition of the Protector, chiefly on the ground that "in the late horrid rebellion, he did relieve diverse of the English;" and on the Restoration he was especially confirmed in the possession of his property by a clause in the Act of Settlement. Colonel Richard Grace was the last person of note who resisted or was capable of resisting the republican power in Ireland. He was subsequently permitted to retire unmolested with 1200 of his men to any part of the continent at peace with the Commonwealth, and selected Spain. On the Restoration, he received back his estates; but, still faithful to the cause of the Stuarts, he was at the period of the Revolution appointed governor of Athlone. Having been summoned by General Douglas to surrender it, he returned this haughty answer, first discharging a pistol in the direction of the messenger: "These are my terms, and these only will I give or receive; and when my provisions are

consumed, I will eat my boots." The consequence of his courage and resolution was, that William's general was compelled to raise the siege: in the following year, however, the town was again invested by the troops under the command of Ginckle, when the old and heroic governor was slain in an attack on the 20th of June, 1691, and the fortress was soon afterwards taken by assault. It is recorded in a manuscript executed about the year 1720, that Baron John Grace was solicited, with very flattering promises of royal favour, to throw the weight of his influence into the scale of King William's interest; and that, in the warmth of the moment, he wrote on the back of a card this indignant reply to the overture conveyed by an emissary of Duke Schomberg. "Tell your master, I despise his offer; tell him that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman, than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." This card chanced to be the sixth of hearts, which is to this day, in the city of Kilkenny, frequently termed "Grace's Card." Thus, observes the author of the statistical account of Tullaroan, "the nine of diamonds is styled the curse of Scotland, from Duke William writing his sanguinary orders for military executions, after the battle of Culloden, on the back of that card." Baron John Grace died in 1691. Baron Oliver Grace, of Courtstown, survived his father only nine days, dying unmarried. He held, for a short period, the rank of major in the army of King James, when severe indisposition obliged him to retire to the south of France, after which he never saw his father, or even knew of his decease; having returned, in exhausted health, a very short time preceding that event, and consequently subsequent to the ratification of the treaty of Limerick. In this treaty his father and his younger brother were included, though his own absence from Ireland necessarily precluded him from participating in its benefits. These circumstances were known only to his immediate family, and the utmost secrecy was observed respecting them, as certain ruin was involved in the disclosure. Their marked and efficient exertions for King James against the prevailing government, and their great possessions, were no ordinary incentives to confiscation. On his death, the manor of Tullaroan and his other estates, which, as he was ignorant of his father's death, he never even knew he had inherited, immediately passed to his next brother, John Grace, then of Courtstown Castle. In his undisturbed possession they remained till the year 1701, when a bill of discovery was maliciously filed against him by the dowager Viscountess Dillon (the relict of his uncle, Sheffield Grace), upon his refusing to comply with her demand of £500, which she had endeavoured to

extort from him by a threat of this base disclosure. He was necessarily obliged, by this infamous act, to set forth his title before the court of claims, where the treacherous informer had previously discovered the concealed circumstance of Oliver's survivorship. His estates were soon pronounced to have been forfeited by his elder brother Oliver, the presumed proprietor of them *for nine days*, who was found (under the general act of attainder against King James' adherents) to have been indicted and outlawed in the county of Meath, for bearing arms under that prince; which outlawry, owing to his absence from Ireland on the surrender of Limerick, had never been reversed. Tullaroan and his other estates, thus forfeited, produced at that time an annual rent exceeding £9000, and had been in the possession of the Grace family 530 years. A sentence so manifestly unjust would, it was expected, be instantly annulled by an appeal to the British House of Lords; and Mr. Grace repaired to London to solicit the aid of his kinsman, the Duke of Buckingham, then Lord Privy Seal: this he obtained, and was in a fair way of regaining his estates, when an unfortunate intrigue with a natural daughter of the duke deprived him of that nobleman's protection and assistance, and his suit fell to the ground. While it was pending, however, the existing occupants of the property "at four years' purchase" were so alarmed at the prospect of its being wrested from them, that they stripped Courtstown Castle of its leaded roof, and sold it at Clonmel; and at the same time felled nearly 500 acres of wood, the greater portion of which they converted into charcoal—of which the pits remaining to this day preserve abundant proofs.

²⁷ In this pleasant and pretty village, we visited the house of a small shopkeeper, Mr. Anthony, to examine a valuable and extensive collection of Irish antiquities, found chiefly in the immediate neighbourhood. The industry he has displayed in gathering them together is highly to his credit. We found elsewhere similar evidences of good taste and patriotic zeal. Very recently we passed a profitable hour with a tradesman in Armagh, a haberdasher of the name of Corry—whose museum is of great value; though it has been formed entirely out of his own funds, and by encouraging a spirit of discovery among the neighbouring peasantry. Mr. Corry is a person of very superior mind, and thoroughly understands the subject to which he devotes the time that may be kept apart from business. We had the pleasure of accompanying him to the place from which nearly the whole of his antiquities have been procured—the Rath of Navan, distant about a mile from Armagh, the seat of the ancient kings of Ulster—

perhaps the most remarkable remain in the kingdom. It will be our duty to describe, at a future period, this singular and deeply interesting relic of remote ages.

²⁸ These mountains, which extend far into the county Waterford, are inhabited by a people identical with the Cumraeg of Wales and Cumberland, and the Cimbri of antiquity, so formidable to the Romans. They are a quiet, inoffensive race, and very industrious. Few of them speak, or even understand, the English language. They viewed all the evil practices which *formerly* disgraced their lowland neighbours with horror.

²⁹ A little outside Clonmel, to the north, is the stream of Boolech, very insignificant in its general appearance, but remarkable for a singular tradition connected with it, viz. that when it overflows the third time, it will drown all Clonmel. It has overflowed *twice* already; the *second* inundation happened not long ago, and its effects were very extensive and alarming, so that it is not strange that such a notion should be circulated among the superstitious.

³⁰ Sliabh-na-mhan (pronounced Slieve-na-man) may be emphatically termed an Ossianic locality, being associated in tradition with the deeds of that celebrated bard and his father, Fin Mac Comhal (Cual), the Fingal of Macpherson. Until a very recent period many of the poems of Ossian (in Irish Oisín) were repeated by several of the inhabitants, and some of them have been preserved which possess considerable merit, particularly in the pleasing descriptions which they give of rural scenery. Slieve-na-man is called in Irish "Sliabh na mhan Fionn na heirin," i. e. "The mountain of the fair women of Ireland," for which appellation tradition assigns the following whimsical origin. Fin Mac Cual wishing to take a wife, and being puzzled "whom to choose" among the fair daughters of his land, caused all the beautiful women of Ireland to assemble at the foot of this mountain, declaring that whoever first reached the summit should be his bride. Fin then proceeded to the top of the mountain, and having taken his seat on the Druid's altar that crowns it, made a signal to the group of anxious fair ones that waited his signal below. Away, away, they went, through wood, and heath, and furze, over crag and mountain-stream; all obstacles appeared nought with such a prize in view. But only one was destined to win. Graine, the daughter of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, arriving first at the summit, claimed the hand of the Fenian chief, to whom she was accordingly united. Such is the romantic origin of the name of this mountain. Slieve-na-man is also celebrated in tradition as having

been the scene of the most celebrated hunting-match of the Fenians, the best description of which is contained in an ancient poem in the possession of Mr. Wright, ascribed to Ossian, and taken from a collection made in the neighbourhood of the very mountain referred to in it. It is in the form of a dialogue between the bard of Almhain and St. Patrick. The following translation of it is strictly literal, and the reader will perceive the close coincidence between it and part of the conclusion of the sixth book of Macpherson's Fingal.

OSSIAN.

One day Fin and Oscar
Followed the chase in Sliabh-na-mhan Fion
With three thousand Fenian chiefs,
Ere the sun looked out from his circle.

PATRICK.

Oh, Ossian! sweet to me is thy voice,
And blest be the soul of Fin;
Relate how many deer
Fell in Sliabh-na-mhan-Fion.

Relate before each tale,
And blest be thy mouth without falsehood;
How were your people arrayed and armed
Going to the chase in that day?

OSSIAN.

Thus were we arrayed and armed
When we went to pursue the deer.
No Fenian warrior went forth
Without a shirt of satin and two hounds,

A garment of smooth silk,
A coat of mail, a sharp blue glittering dart,
A helmet set in stones of gold,
And two spears in the hand of each hero,

A green shield that oft was upreared in victory,
And well-tempered sword that scattered heads.
Thou mightest wander o'er the white-foaming bays of ocean
Without beholding a man like Fin.

Why bent we our course westward,
Towards the mountain of the fair nymphs,
When the heroes of Almhain went to hunt
In the pleasant day of the sun?

We came to a green mount above a valley,
Where the trees were leafy and pleasant,
Where the joyful birds made music,
And the song of the cuckoo resounded from the top of the
cliff.

When Fin took his station with the stag-hounds,
Many voices came east and west
Of the dogs beneath the hills
Starting the boars and the deer.

Fin himself, and Bran,
Sat for a while on the mountain;
Each warrior was stationed on his hill of chase
Till the horns of the deer began to arise.

Then we let loose three thousand hounds
That excelled in fierceness and in speed.
Each hound killed two deer
Ere the slips were put on their necks.

Thus ended the western chase
In the valley beneath the mountain.
Ten hundred hounds with golden chains
Fell at noon-tide by a hundred boars.

The boars who did this evil
Were slain by us on the plain,
And but for our swords and the strength of our arms,
The heroes of Fin would have fallen.

³¹ During our visit to Clonmel, a slight circumstance served to give us an insight into his character. Having gone over his establishment, we proceeded to examine his house and farm, a short distance from the town—where, by the way, he has a choice collection of pictures. We had a very pressing engagement; and as we were about to depart, we asked him how he had contrived to “make so much out of so little;” observing, that though his history

must be deeply interesting, we could not stay to hear it. "How much time have you to spare?" he asked. "Just five minutes." The car had conveyed us to the back entrance. He instantly rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Tell the driver to bring the car round to the front," adding, "*that will save one minute*, and enable me to tell you all within the time." This was, in truth, the secret of his success—making the most of time.

³² For the information of travellers, we append a list of the places through which the cars of Mr. Bianconi run:—Abbeyleix, Abbeyfeale, Ahascragh, Anchors, Arthurstown, Askeaton, Athlone, Ballyhale, Ballyragget, Ballymoe, Ballyline, Bagnalstown, Ballymahon, Banagher, Ballinasloe, Ballyglass, Boyle, Bruff, Brackbawn, Broadford, Borris-o'-Kane, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Shannon, Carlow, Cappoquin, Callan, Caher, Cashel, Castle-island, Caherciveen, Castleblakeney, Castlereagh, Castlebar, Carrigaline, Canal-bridge, CloghJordan, Clifden, Clonmel, Clonmoney, Cork, Cove, Colwood, Crushenn, Doneraile, Dromod, Drumsna, Dungarvan, Durrow, Duffys, Enniscorthy, Ennis, Eyrecourt, Fermoy, Fethard (Tipperary), Fethard (Wexford), Foynes, Foxhall, Foulksmill, Freshford, Galway, Glinn, Glenbour, Gort, Graigue, Halfwayhouse, Hollymount, Johnstown, Kildorrery, Kilbeggan, Kilkenny, Killarney, Kilmaganny, Kilmaethomas, Kilmallock, Killorglin, Killashee, Kilcolgan, Landscape, Limerick, Lismore, Listowel, Liscooney, Longford, Loughrea, Mallow, Maryborough, Mitchelstown, Mooncoin, Mountmellick, Moycullen, Moylough, Moate, Mountainstage, Mullinavat, Newcastle, Newmarket, Outerard, Parsonstown, Portumna, Poundstage, Rathkeale, Ross, Roscommon, Roscrea, Rochestown, Shinrone, Sligo, Stonepound, Tarbert, Taghmon, Templemore, Thomastown, Thurles, Tipperary, Tralee, Tramore, Tullamore, Tuam, Tulla, Urlingford, Waterford, Watergrasshill, Wexford.

³³ Quarter of an acre.

³⁴ Mr. Nicholls, the accomplished artist, to whose graceful and accurate pencil we are so largely indebted, visited the cave within little more than a year after its discovery. He states that the man by whom it was found, obtained the assistance of two boys, named Shelly, to explore it. After proceeding a considerable distance with great caution, they at length arrived at the brink of a perpendicular precipice, which appeared to put a stop altogether to their further progress. Their anxiety and determination, however, to explore this subterranean wonder, increased with the difficulty of attaining it; and after various conjectures as to how they ought to proceed, they at length procured a burning turf,

tied to a string, which they dropped to the lower part of the precipice, measuring about sixteen feet. Afterwards, lowering each other down by means of ropes, they proceeded with lighted candles along the narrow and rocky passage—the grandeur and novelty of the place, together with its apparent endless extent, massive columns and pyramids of spars, stalactites, &c., succeeding each other in endless variety, and the desire of discovery, attracted them onwards, till their lights were nearly burnt out. It was then the danger of attempting a return in the dark struck them: they hastened back, but long before they arrived at the cavern's mouth the lights had expired, and they sat down in despair. They remained in this alarming situation until midnight. At length the father of the boys and some other friends came in search of them, and found them in the middle cave.

³⁵ “The prevailing rock” (we borrow from a valuable paper by Dr. Apjohn, in the Dublin Geological Journal) “at this extremity of the Galtees is conglomerate, which occasionally passes into sandstone, while that which composes the opposite chain of hills possesses a structure intermediate between that of sandstone and schist, and includes few, if any, rounded or water-worn pebbles. The material of the interposed valley is compact grey limestone.” The learned writer also remarks, “The manner of formation of sparry productions in limestone caves is so generally known, that it is scarcely necessary to advert to the subject here. Water filters through the roof, containing carbonate of lime held in solution by carbonic acid, and this gas gradually passing with some water into the atmosphere, the calcareous salt is deposited. The atmosphere within the cavern was, as might have been anticipated, found saturated, or nearly so, with moisture; for though its temperature was not lower than fifty degrees, the pulmonary halitus condensed into a visible cloud, and the body, under slight exertion, became bathed with perspiration; but it did not, it is fair to conclude, contain any unusual percentage of carbonic acid, for it supported, in the ordinary manner, both respiration and combustion. What then becomes of the carbonic acid, the development of which is the immediate cause of the deposition of spar? Why does it not accumulate so as finally to create an irrespirable atmosphere? These are interesting but difficult questions, and the following is put forward only as a conjectural solution of the difficulty. These caves are usually traversed by running water, and as this, at common temperatures, combines with one volume of carbonic acid, the gas may be considered as in a continual process of absorption and removal. It is a peculiarity also of æriform

fluids, as Dalton has shown, that however different in density, they will, when placed in contact, blend together so as finally to constitute an equable mixture. Now, as the roofs of limestone caverns are seldom, if ever, so tight at every point as to be altogether impermeable to gases, we perceive, in the law which regulates their diffusion, additional means for effecting the elimination of the carbonic acid."

³⁶ "In shape its ground plan resembles a matrass or bottle with cylindric neck and globular bottom, the diameter of the latter being ninety-five, and the length and diameter of the former seventy-two and forty-two feet respectively. The vertical section of its wider end is that of a dome or hemisphere, the apex of which has an elevation above its base of thirty-five feet. Stalactites of a small size depend from the roof, and a sheeting of sparry matter is observable all along the joints of the limestone, and covers beneath many parts of the floor, where it is usually superimposed upon a very fine red clay, which would appear to have been washed down by water filtering from above before the interstices of the arch were sufficiently closed by calcareous incrustations. The floor of this cave is strewn with large tetrahedral blocks of limestone."

³⁷ Some idea of the number and extent of the caves may be formed from the fact, that Mr. Nicholls, during the "ten hours" he employed in exploring them, did not meet a single person, although, as he was afterwards informed, there were forty visitors under ground examining them at the same time. The measurements of some of the caves were taken by Dr. Apjohn. "The second outlet of the upper end of the lower middle cave expands, in a N.N.W. direction, into a cavity of an elliptical shape, ninety feet in length and forty-five in breadth, its S.S.E. half being divided into two by a wall of limestone, forty-five feet in length and about fifteen in breadth." "The Garrett cave extends 255 feet in an easterly direction, with a sweep to the south; its breadth at the commencement being fifteen, and augmenting gradually until, at its widest part, it becomes fifty-five feet." "The grand Kingston gallery is the most remarkable compartment of the entire excavation. It is a perfectly straight hall, 175 feet in length and 7 in breadth, with a direction about one point to the west of north. The arching of this gallery is in the Gothic style, and its walls are everywhere glazed with spar, in some places red, in others mottled, but nowhere of a perfectly white colour." "The passage, called the Sand cave, from the quantity of this material which covers its floor, is, for two-thirds of its length, twelve and

for the remainder three feet wide: it is perfectly parallel to, and of the same length with, the Kingston gallery, but placed at a somewhat lower level."

³⁸ Cahir Castle was taken by Oliver Cromwell in 1650. At that time it had the reputation of great strength. The "Lord Protector's" career in the county of Tipperary occupies no inconsiderable place in the history of the period. Clonmel acquired especial importance during the wars. It was one of the first places seized by the Lords of the Pale, when they resolved to take up arms and make common cause with the northern insurgents; and its citizens insisted strongly on their allegiance to the king, averring that their only purpose was to defend themselves against a parliament equally hostile to the sovereign and themselves. Their leaders also granted safe-conduct to those Protestants who were unwilling to join their cause, and when Cromwell's commissioners subsequently made inquisition into the "Irish massacres," they found that no murder had been perpetrated by the Irish in Clonmel or its vicinity. The distracted condition of a country, in which five parties, not two of whom could agree, were in arms at the same moment, perplexes every historian who attempts to write the annals of the period. There were the parliamentarians, the royalists, the Northern Irish, the Lords of the Pale, and the partisans of the Papacy. Ormond tried to unite the four last against Cromwell and the parliamentarians; but the Northern Irish were bent on establishing independence, and the ultra-papal party, so far as they had any intelligible object, desired that Ireland should be given to some foreign prince nominated by the pope. Clonmel was firmly attached to the Lords of the Pale, and when they entered into alliance with Ormond, it became conspicuous for its zeal in the royal cause. When Kilkenny was lost by the jealousy of the confederates, Clonmel remained faithful to the royal cause, and on the approach of Cromwell readily admitted Hugh O'Neill with a reinforcement of twelve hundred men. The siege of Clonmel was regarded by all parties as the turning point in the fate of Ireland; had Cromwell been defeated, he would have been compelled to abandon the whole of Munster, and before another campaign could have opened, Charles the Second would have thrown himself into Ireland, with almost a certainty of being supported by the entire country. Cromwell first attempted to carry the place by assault; tradition says that the attempt was made near the west gate, which is still standing; but Ludlow's account shows that a breach had been made in a part of the walls on which houses abutted, at no great distance from the

church, and that this was the place selected for the assault. O'Neill made vigorous preparations for defence; a breastwork of earth was thrown up behind the breach, and its defence was intrusted to volunteers, armed with swords, scythes, and pikes; while a picked body of musqueteers in the adjoining houses kept up a steady fire on the breach. Cromwell's soldiers displayed energy worthy of their former fame: tradition still commemorates the gallantry of Lieutenant Henry Langley, who volunteered to lead some of his own dismounted cavalry; of Colonel Zanche, or Sankey, who seems to have directed the assault; and of one of the sons of John Cooke, whose service in pleading against Charles the First had been rewarded by the Chief-Justiceship of Munster. Their efforts were vain; the assailants were repulsed with the loss of 2000 men killed and wounded, and, what grieved them more, Cromwell's Ironsides had lost the character of being invincible. Lieutenant Langley lost his hand in this enterprise, and he ever afterwards wore an iron hand, which is still preserved by his descendants as a precious relic at Coalbrook. Ormond was greatly exhilarated by the news of success, which promised him the means of retrieving the king's affairs; but at the same time he was rendered uneasy by a message from the governor of Clonmel, stating that his ammunition was nearly exhausted. Cromwell at the same time sent the most pressing messages to Lord Broghil to come to his assistance; and this noble lord, who had but recently deserted the royal cause, made the most strenuous exertions to raise forces among the Puritans who had settled on the grants made to the Boyle family in the counties of Cork and Waterford. The Duke of Ormond's efforts to raise the siege of Clonmel were counteracted by the infatuation of the Commissioners of Trust, whom the Council of Confederate Catholics had placed "viceroys over him." They wrangled with him on the point of etiquette in whose name commissions of array should be issued to the sheriffs, and when they found that orders for levying forces had been given, they sent counter orders forbidding obedience to the commands of the Lord Deputy until the Council should be further advised of their propriety. The Lord Roche and the titular Bishop of Ross alone obeyed the edict of Ormond; they levied a body of undisciplined and half-armed peasants, and advanced towards Clonmel, but on their road they were encountered by Broghil's army and irretrievably defeated. It appears that Lord Broghil's army was chiefly composed of Protestant gentlemen, who, though opposed to Popery, were favourable to the cause of the king; for when Broghil arrived before Clonmel, and

the besieging army received him with shouts of "a Broghil, a Broghil," he could not prevail upon his men to reciprocate the compliment, and exclaim "a Cromwell, a Cromwell;" and this trifling circumstance is said to have sunk deep into the memory of the future Lord Protector. Hugh O'Neill now saw that it was impossible to protract resistance any longer; he therefore recommended the civic authorities to capitulate, while he and his followers secretly evacuated the town. This was effected by crossing over the river Suir at night, and scrambling up the steep hills on the county Waterford side. The peasants in the neighbourhood still preserve an affectionate remembrance of this gallant officer, who, indeed, deserves his fame, for he was almost the only governor in Munster who made even a tolerable defence against the parliamentary army. When Cromwell granted a capitulation, he believed that the garrison would be included in the surrender. Some of his officers endeavoured to persuade him that the escape of O'Neill was a breach of the articles, and that he was not therefore bound to grant such favourable terms to the town. Cromwell reproved these advisers for their unnecessary severity, and declared that the townsmen deserved to be respected for their gallantry and consistency. Under the Protectorate, Clonmel was regarded, if not as the capital of Munster, at least as the centre of the new settlers on whom the lands of the forfeited gentry were conferred; it became a thoroughly puritanical town, and as such, seems to have been regarded with much suspicion after Charles the Second was restored. Many of the Puritans in his reign joined the Society of Friends, or, as they are commonly called, Quakers, both in England and Ireland: this was particularly the case both in and near Clonmel; and the names of many of this respectable and peaceful sect in that vicinity will frequently recall, to the mind of the historical student, some of the most distinguished of the parliamentary leaders in the great civil war.

⁸⁹ The ruin of Cloughabreeda Castle, about two miles from Cahir on the Cashel road, is all but obliterated; but though now inconsiderable, its name once struck terror to the surrounding country. Shane Burke of Cloughabreeda, its last possessor, was a person as much dreaded as Blue Beard or Oliver Cromwell. He used, as an old man told us on the spot, "to hang the people without *jouge* or jury, for he was his own magistrate." One of his deeds he related to us. There was "a widow woman" who lived near his castle, and who had one only son—and a sorry reprobate he was. The poor mother, in despair at the conduct of her degenerate offspring, complained to the chief, Shane, about

him, who ordered the mother and son to attend at his castle on a certain day. They came, and Shane calling the lad with him, walked out into his orchard; in a few moments he returned to the heart-broken mother, and, with a satanic smile, said, "I promise you your son will be quiet for the future;" so saying, he led her to a loop-hole in the apartment, and pointing to the orchard, showed the poor woman the body of her son hanging on the branch of an apple-tree. The way in which this man ended his days is not known; possessed of immense riches (for he levied what they call in Scotland, Black Mail), he buried his wealth in some secret place, and murdered the man who assisted him, to prevent his disclosing the secret: a short time afterwards he was summoned to England, from whence he never returned.

⁴⁰ Geoffrey Keating was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about the year 1570, near a small village called Burgess, ten miles S.W. of Clonmel. Having pursued his studies on the Continent, he returned to his native country in 1610, and was sent on the mission to the parish of Knockgraffon, subsequently becoming parish priest of Tubrid. His death is believed to have occurred about 1650. His remains were interred in the church of Tubrid; but no traces of his place of sepulchre are now to be found. His famous work, "The General History of Ireland," was originally published in Irish. Regarded as a history, it must be considered as little less than "a very silly heap of ill-digested fictions;" yet the reader, who has the patience to wade through it, will be disposed to agree with Dr. Ledwich, that "though Keating composed his History of Ireland from bardic tales and poetic fictions, yet he has given a curious work, the want of which would have been a loss to Irish literature;" and O'Flaherty, in the "Ogygia," although sufficiently hard on the learned Doctor, admits that "he was indeed a man of profound knowledge in the annals of his country, yet he acted like a cook who unskilfully dresses and serves up an unsavoury salad, promiscuously composed of herbs both sweet and sour, mingled together without skill, taste, or choice in the selection." The following passage concludes the Doctor's preface:—"Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever consults this History with candour, and with such proportion of allowance as seems due to the obscure and unfrequented track I have pursued, may find satisfaction; and if he will farther give himself the trouble of searching into the ancient chronicles of Ireland, he will be convinced that I have been just and faithful in the use I have made of them; but if it should so unfortunately happen that my labours should be despised, and the following

history be esteemed of no value, I must confess that it exceeded my abilities to give another account, for I did my best. I take my leave, therefore, and ask pardon of the reader, if I have in any case led him out of his way; assuring him that his mistake was not the effect of malice in me, but because I wanted skill to direct him better."

⁴¹ The castle of Cappa Uniach, built by the Burkes, in the 15th century, descendants of the celebrated Anglo-Norman, William Fitz Adelm, is erected on the summit of a rising mass of sandstone, close to the east base of the Galtee mountains, and nearly half-way between the towns of Cahir and Tipperary. There is a romantic tradition respecting it, assigning a reason for the hill on which it stands being called in Irish, "The hill of the last William." William, the last chieftain of the Burkes who resided here, had a brother named Richard, a baron of equal power with himself, and who lived in a neighbouring part of the country, between whom and William's wife a deadly animosity existed. William one day, in the ardour of the chase, forgetful of how matters really stood, invited his brother to spend a week of the hunting season with him at his castle of Cappa, and on his return home acquainted his wife with the circumstance; when she, with the fiery spirit of a Lady Macbeth, swore "by the soul of her father," that of her brother-in-law, "his *head alone* should ever enter her walls." The husband was grieved, but dared not gainsay his imperious wife; he repented his rashness in inviting his brother, but now it was too late—did his relative arrive at the castle, and were he refused admittance, he well knew his haughty spirit would not brook so gross an insult even from a brother—did he admit him within the walls, his domestic peace would be destroyed, or a feud with the powerful relatives of his lady would be the consequence. In perplexity and doubt, his heart torn by fraternal and conjugal love, he anxiously, but with a secret dread, awaited the day when the bugle of his kinsman should sound a note of arrival. At length the dreaded day came: an armed band of hunters, with hawks and hounds, were seen slowly to ascend the narrow breen that leads from the plains of the Suir to the castle; and no sooner did the warden from the summit of the keep give notice of their approach, than Lady Burke hurried to the barbi-can, and commanded the gates to be closed. Richard Burke and his attendants rode round the base of the hill, and briskly spurred their horses up the sloping path to the castle-gate—when, lo! he found it closed; no cheer of welcome from the walls saluted him; no courtly greeting from the lordly owner of the castle bade him

hail; all was silent and guarded as in time of siege. "False treacherous villain!" said the disappointed Richard; "long have I ridden, and is this my welcome? I came at thy asking, and is this thy courtesy? three days will I wait without thy castle, *and if*"—his brow darkened as he suppressed the threat which rose upon his lips. The three days passed; still the inhospitable gate debarred his entrance; on the fourth, the insulted brother rode up to the walls, and taking off his glove, commanded his esquire to defy his kinsman to mortal combat, and, in the event of a refusal, to nail the gauntlet to the door-post. Now it was that Lady Burke tried all her eloquence and threats to induce her husband to accept the challenge; his honour was at stake, for the disgrace of having a foeman's gage of battle hung at his gate would degrade him from the rank he held. Her determination no longer to abide with him if he refused, at length compelled him to accept the battle. The brothers met—and the unfortunate William fell a victim to his weak-mindedness, while his infuriated brother, cutting off his head, flung the gory trophy over the walls of the castle. From that day to this, the hill at the base of which the battle was fought has been called "The hill of the last William." To sum up the incidents of the legend, Lady Burke, on seeing the fate of her husband, disbanded her followers, sold the estates, demolished the castle, and retired to a convent on the Continent, where she ended her days in the performance of the severest penance. "The Lord be merciful to her soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed. Amen"—added our informant, as he crossed himself.

⁴² There was no exaggeration in this; it was literally true. A few months before our interview with the worthy, he had been in hospital for above six weeks; and on his recovery he prosecuted four men on the charge of assault with intent to murder him. The four men had been previously, chiefly on his evidence, committed to jail for some offence; and on the very day of their discharge they attacked Jim, in his own house, while he was in bed, and before he could secure his pistols (which they took with them), beat him until they thought he was dead. Jim knew them, of course, perfectly well; the fact that they had only been freed that morning was sufficiently notorious; of his being assaulted by some persons there could be no doubt; but as Jim was unable to procure any witness to corroborate his testimony, the jury declined to believe him on his oath, and the accused were acquitted.

⁴³ "Here," exclaimed the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel, in one of his addresses to the electors of Tipperary—"here my first

cradle was rocked; and the first object that, in my childhood, I learned to admire, was that noble ruin, an emblem as well as a memorial of Ireland, which ascends before us—at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled, the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections.”

⁴⁴ A modern writer, endeavouring to account for the unimproving condition of the city, gives the following statement:—“The estates intrusted to the corporation for the benefit of the city, consist of nearly 4000 statute acres of arable land, worth at least 20s. per Irish acre per annum, and of which upwards of 1700 Irish acres were out of lease so recently as 1831; yet the rents at present arising out of this great tract of land, which, under proper management, should produce a sum sufficient for all the purposes intended, amount to no more than £219 18s. 10½d. per annum. From the ‘Report of the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations in Ireland,’ (inquiry held in November, 1833,) it would appear that this very inadequate return has been caused by the disposal of large holdings to members of the corporation, at rents which may be termed nominal, particularly of 1548 acres, 3 roods, 5 poles Irish, leased to an influential individual for ninety-nine years from the 25th of March, 1830, at a rent of £86 7s. 9d. per annum. In consequence of this alienation of the public property, and from the mayor and aldermen having converted to their own uses the tolls and customs of the city, the public works of Cashel have fallen into a state of ruin almost unexampled in the kingdom. The streets are unpaved, unlighted, and uncleansed. There is no supply of water, but by pumps, repaired at the expense of the county. The water-works (which Dr. Smith described as ‘truly noble, which must perpetuate the name of the donor to ages yet unborn that will reap the advantage of them,’) erected in the early part of the last century by Archbishop Bolton, have gone completely to decay; the underground conduits, upwards of two miles in length, are choked up or obliterated, and the stream is diverted to the supply of mills in the neighbourhood. It is affirmed, that £500 would be sufficient to supply the city with this most necessary element.” The charter was granted in 1640, 15th Charles I.; but it was repealed by the 5th James II. In 1690, the citizens having hospitably received and entertained the adherents of William the Third, who had been wounded at the siege of Limerick, that monarch restored, by letter, the charter to

the city. The letter is said to have been written on the bridge of Golden, and is still in the keeping of the corporation.

⁴⁵ By the Church Temporalities Act (3d Wm. IV.), it was provided that the see of Waterford and Lismore, then vacant, should be annexed to Cashel; under the provisions of the same act, on the death of the then Archbishop of Cashel, all archiepiscopal jurisdiction was to cease; Cashel, with the united dioceses of Waterford and Lismore, to be made a bishopric, and, with the other sees of the province, to become suffragan to the Archbishop of Dublin. This object was accordingly effected. The present Bishop of Cashel, Waterford, and Lismore, is the Right Rev. Dr. Sandys; his palace is in the city of Waterford.

⁴⁶ Keating says that Cashel was first founded in the reign of Corc, son of Loo-ee; "the name of the place, which is now called the Rock of Cashel, was Sheedrum; it was also called Drum-feevea, from the extensive woods about it in the time of Corc. There came," he adds, "about that time, two swineherds to feed their pigs in the woods about this hill, namely—Killarn, herdsman to the King of Ely, and Doordry, the herdsman of the King of Muskerri, or Ormond; and when they had continued on the hill about a quarter of a year, there appeared to them a figure as brilliant as the sun, whose voice was more melodious than any music they had ever heard, and it was consecrating the hill, and prophesying the coming of St. Patrick. The swineherds having returned to their homes, related what they had seen to their masters; and the story soon reached Corc, who repaired without delay to Sheedrum, and built a palace there, which is called Lis-na-Lachree, or the fort of heroes; and being King of Munster, his royal tribute was received on this rock, now called Carrick-Patrick; wherefore the rock was named Cashel—*i. e.* Cios ail—or the rock of tribute."

⁴⁷ Mr. Petrie states that "Cashel is only noticed in our annals as a regal residence of the Munster kings, till the beginning of the twelfth century, when, in the year 1101, it is stated in the Annals of the Four Masters, that 'a convocation of the people of Leoth Mogha, or the southern half of Ireland, was held at Cashel, at which Murtough O'Brien, with the nobles of the laity and clergy, and O'Dunan, the illustrious bishop and chief senior of Ireland, attended, and on which occasion Murtough O'Brien made such an offering as king never made before him, namely, Cashel of the Kings, which he bestowed on the devout, without the intervention of a laic or an ecclesiastic, but for the use of the religious of Ireland in general.' The successor of this monarch, Cormac Mac Carthy, being deposed in 1127, as stated in the Annals of

Innisfallen, commenced the erection of the church, now popularly called 'Cormac's Chapel.' He was, however, soon afterwards restored to his throne, and on the completion of this church it was consecrated in 1134. This event is recorded by all our ancient annalists in nearly the following words:—'1134. The church built by Cormac Mac Carthy at Cashel was consecrated this year by the archbishop and bishops of Munster, at which ceremony the nobility of Ireland, both clergy and laity, were present.'"

⁴⁸ "Sir James Ware, who lived so late as 1666, informs us that he has here seen the stone on which those potentates were inaugurated, and where, it is said, they received the tribute of their subordinate toparchs. From the latter circumstance the name of the place has been derived: *cashi-ol* being interpreted by some 'the stone of tribute;' but *cashiol* seems to be an original Celtic word, the same in all respects with the Latinised *castellum*, and the probability is that the place was so called from the castle or dun of the chieftain on its summit. A roll or schedule of the tribute payable here is still preserved; and the enumeration of the different articles of use and luxury which formed the rude substitute for rent is sufficiently curious—arms, clothing, provisions, live stock, and slaves, both male and female, being the dues ordinarily specified."

⁴⁹ "A century has not yet elapsed since this magnificent pile was doomed to destruction, and that by one who should have been its most zealous preserver. Archbishop Price, who succeeded to this see in 1744, and died in 1752, not being able, as tradition states, to drive in his carriage up the steep ascent to the church door, procured an act of parliament to remove the cathedral from the Rock of Cashel into the town, on which the roof was taken off for the value of the lead, and the venerable pile was abandoned to ruin!"

⁵⁰ Dr. Ledwich selected Cormac's Chapel as a subject upon which to found his essay on the "Stone-roofed Churches of the Irish."

⁵¹ We rejoice to find a desire to protect from further injury such relics of the olden time now very prevalent throughout Ireland; and that the peasantry are beginning to regard old castles as something more than a depository of stones to be used as occasion offers. This feeling, however, is only gradually operating for their preservation: much may be done to strengthen it, by a little attention, and perhaps some small expense, on the part of the gentry. We assisted, not long since, to convince a farmer that a cromlech, which stood in the middle of his field, was not only no inconvenience to him, but that, consigning it to the hands of

the blaster, which he had actually done, was an insult and an injury to his country. A few weeks ago we visited, in the neighbourhood of Belfast, a spot long famous in history as the site of a stronghold of the O'Neils, which at one period classed among the most interesting remains in the kingdom. Scarcely a vestige of it now remains. In reference to its removal we heard the following anecdote:—The late Marquis of Londonderry, to whom it belonged, being very desirous to preserve it, sent an order to his steward to build a wall round the place in which it stood. The order was obeyed to the letter: but the steward imagining that the easiest and least expensive mode was the best, took down the stones of the old castle, and with them built a wall round its foundations.

⁵² There exists a singular tradition connected with the building; it is to be read in a record in Birmingham Tower, in Dublin, in the following words: "In the time of David Mac Carvill, Archbishop of Cashel, there was a certain abbey of black monks near the cathedral church of St. Patrick, founded in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary; and the aforesaid David having told his mother that he was warned in a dream that the said black monks would cut off his head, did, by the advice of his mother, remove those monks, and gave their lands and possessions to the new abbey which he had founded."

⁵³ Mr. Petrie informs us—and there cannot be a better authority—that "the identical piece of the cross still exists; it is in the possession of the Roman Catholic clergy of the place, and is described by Doctor Milner as being about two inches and a half long, and about half an inch broad, but very thin. It is inserted in the lower shaft of an archiepiscopal cross made of some curious wood, and enclosed in a gilt case. The doctor also informs us that this relic was preserved from sacrilege in the reign of Henry the Eighth by the Ormond family, and by them transmitted to the family of Kavenagh, a surviving descendant of which has deposited it in the hands of its present keepers." It appears from Camden, and other writers, that the crowd of persons who thronged to this abbey, from reverence to the holy relic preserved there, was incredible; nor were these persons exclusively of the lower or middle ranks of society, but included the greatest nobility of the land. In 1559 the great O'Neil made a pilgrimage here, as did one of the Desmonds in 1579.

⁵⁴ The two great Irish antiquaries are at issue upon this subject. Mr. Petrie contends that the monument is to the memory of Eleanor, daughter of James, the second Earl of Ormond, who mar-

ried in 1359, by the king's command, Gerald, the fourth Earl of Desmond; while Sir William Betham "ventures to assert," that "the monument in question is not the tomb of the Countess of Desmond, or any of her family, but that of Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, who was the first wife of James, the fourth Earl of Ormond. This, indeed," he adds, "removes all difficulties; all the escutcheons of arms are in perfect order and position. The royal arms of England show the descent of the Butlers from the Plantagenets; the Butler coat is on the husband's side; the Fitzgeralds on the wife's; the cross on the first escutcheon may be, and possibly was, intended to represent that of St. George. The lady," he farther observes, "to whom I assign this monument, died about the year 1400. The architecture is of that period, and, as above stated, the heraldry tells the tale exactly."

⁵⁵ We ask, is it possible that any comparatively unenlightened and unreflecting man—especially if his mind be exasperated by the infliction of a real or imaginary wrong—can read the following passage, from a speech delivered by Mr. O'Connell at a recent meeting of "Repealers" in Dublin, without finding a ready excuse for the crime of assassination he has either committed or contemplated?—"Mr. O'Connell alluded to the ejection of tenants in Ireland, and its consequences. He said landlords were murderers, although they did not use the dagger or the musket, when they turned out their poor tenants with their families to starve. In his opinion, it was a more cruel murder when the poor man and his wretched family perished by famine and typhus fever. Nobody had yet heard any account as to whom Lord Norbury was murdered by. He (Mr. O'Connell) believed it could not even yet be proved that that dreadful deed was done by one of that class called the people. Nobody had yet heard who had murdered Mr. Hall or Mr. Butler Bryan. Those murders were not worse than those committed by the landlord in turning out their poor tenantry. *Both were murders.* It was the duty of the Repeal Association to put an end to both. What was the remedy? Was it the police or the army? Why, the police and army were on the side of the murderers. *They actually tempted the landlords to commit murder with impunity.* Were the police or the army any protection to the landlords? Why, it was in the parts of the country which were filled with police that the landlords who were murdered had lived. He (Mr. O'Connell) stood there on the part of his country to put an end to that,—to set his face against that destruction of human life." We cannot for a moment believe that Mr. O'Connell

would seriously counsel murder; but he ought to know, that in every part of the country there are unprincipled men willing and eager to construe his dangerous language into an actual warrant to murder, where a murder had been committed "by the landlord in turning out his poor tenantry." According, indeed, to the common-sense reading of the passage, it is but "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The unfortunate effect of this speech, too, is greatly enhanced by the nature of the three events to which the speaker referred as illustrating his case;—both Lord Norbury and Mr. Hall were emphatically *good landlords*—men who had laboured for the improvement of their estates and the welfare of their tenantry; and, perhaps, no crime has ever been perpetrated under circumstances that admit of less excuse or apology than the murder of Mr. Butler Bryan—the most recent murder that has occurred. Let us picture a village demagogue—and there are few villages in the south without, at least, one—carrying to his club the newspaper that contains the speech, reading and commenting upon the passages we have quoted, and telling the misguided persons over whom he has influence, that this consolation to men who have murdered, and to those who intend to murder, is given to them by no less a person than the "liberator," the "advocate," the "protector," and the "regenerator" of Ireland.

⁵⁶ "Europe, at the close of the last century" (1699), says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, in the dedication of his *History of Ireland* to the Irish troops in the service of France (1758)—"Europe was astonished to behold your fathers quit the enjoyments of a fertile country, renounce the advantages which an illustrious birth had endowed them with in their native land, and tear themselves away from their possessions, their consanguinity, their friendships, and all that nature and fortune could render most dear. She was astonished to see them, deaf to the offers of a liberal usurper, follow the steps of a fugitive king, and seek with him, in distant climes, fatigue and danger; contented in their misfortunes, as it gave proof of their fidelity to their unhappy masters."

⁵⁷ Rev. Thomas R. England's life of O'Leary.

⁵⁸ Speech to the Electors of Bristol, 1780.

⁵⁹ An episode in the history of the period—about 1750—exhibits so vivid a picture of the state of Irish society, in which, to use a national phrase, "the strong hand" was resorted to on all occasions, that we avail ourselves of Mr. Croker's permission to print it from his MS.:—

Morty Oge O'Sullivan was the head of a junior branch of the house of O'Sullivan Bere, and had been a captain of Hungarian

grenadiers in the Austrian service; but, on the death of his father, had returned to reside on his property in Ireland. His residence was at a place called Inch, on the southern shore of the river Kenmare. Smuggling then, as until lately, prevailed to a great extent in that part of the country, and Morty Oge took his full share of the risks and profits of the contraband trade. On returning from one of his expeditions, his vessel, a sloop or large hooker, was attacked by the revenue officers. Morty and his party resisted, and fired upon and killed some of the assailants, and drove off the rest.

The sheriff for the county of Cork at the period was a Mr. Puxley (the descendant of one of Cromwell's officers), who had obtained large grants of land in Berehaven. He resided at Dunboy, near the site of the ancient castle of the O'Sullivan Bere, in the neighbourhood of Morty Oge. The defeated revenue folk fled to the sheriff's house and demanded assistance. Though Puxley had surrounded himself with a body-guard in the persons of a number of Protestant settlers whom he had brought from Ulster, he did not think himself strong enough to attack Morty Oge, but in the discharge of his duty had him outlawed. Morty, as soon as he became aware of Puxley's proceedings, sent him a challenge, and on the sheriff's refusing to meet him, declared that he would force him to fight. Puxley had been in Cork, and on his road homewards on horseback, having his wife on a pillion behind him, and followed by a mounted servant, was met by Morty Oge, accompanied by one of his foster-brothers. They had been waiting his approach, at a forge not far from the entrance to Dunboy House. Both Puxley and his servant had pistols, and Morty and his companion were similarly armed. Morty stopped Puxley's horse, and saying that they were equally armed, called upon him to alight and fight him, adding that his foster-brother would fight the servant. This invitation to mortal combat was declined, Puxley observing he would have nothing to do with him, at the same time endeavouring to pass him by, and putting his hand to one of his own pistols. As he drew it from the holster, O'Sullivan fired and shot him through the head. He and his foster-brother then withdrew, and left the widow and servant with the body. On the news of this affair reaching Cork, a party was immediately despatched to seize O'Sullivan, and a price set on his head. However, he was always accompanied by twenty or thirty armed men, and had his spies so posted, that he was easily able to remove in time before the military could reach him. Several attempts were made to capture him; but he always either beat off or avoided

the officers of the law, and continued for some years to live in Berehaven (as it is termed) "on his keeping."

The widow Puxley, who was indefatigable in her efforts to avenge the slaughter of her husband, at length found means to corrupt one of Morty's sentinels; and by his assistance a military party, accompanied by the armed Protestant tenants of the late sheriff, were enabled to surround O'Sullivan's house. Its garrison was then summoned to surrender, but answered by firing a volley; and a regular battle commenced.

During the engagement some of the soldiers contrived to get close under the wall of the house at the rear, and were preparing to set fire to the thatch, when they were seen from a small window over their heads by one of Morty's foster-brothers, who informed him of the circumstance. 'Let me see,' said he, 'whether they are Ulster men or soldiers?' Having satisfied himself that they were soldiers, he desired that they might not be molested; remarking, that had they been Puxley's Ulster men, he would have shot the whole of them, but did not wish to kill the 'other poor devils who were fighting for their sixpence a day.' This piece of generosity was fatal to him, for in a moment after these very men succeeded in setting fire to the thatch.

The battle, however, still continued until the house was nearly burnt, when one of Morty's foster-brothers determined to sacrifice himself for the safety of the rest of the party. 'Give me your gold-laced hat,' said he to his chief, 'and I will rush out and fire among them, and then endeavour to break through them. They will take me for you and follow, and in the confusion you can all rush out and escape.' Accordingly he made a sortie, with a pistol in each hand, shot a man to the right and left, and broke through the ranks of the assailants. All turned to pursue him; but he had not gone far before he was pierced by several bullets and fell.

The house now blazed so brightly, that, in coming up to the body, it was immediately known by the light not to be Morty's; and the party returned just as he himself rushed forth. He fired two shots at them, and fled by the end of the house towards the river Kenmare. Several shots were fired after him without effect, and in all probability he would have escaped, for he had reached a large furze bush, which once passed would have shut him from the view of the soldiers; but instead of going on either side of it, he made a jump over, and while in the act received a ball through the body, and fell dead at the other side. Of his gar-

rison two were taken, and the rest fled to the mountains. Morty's head was cut off, and fixed on the jail of Cork.

A heap of stones marks the place where he fell, and another is piled on the spot where Puxley fell dead by his hand.

⁶⁰ The system of recruiting for France rests upon unquestionable evidence. Captains Henry Ward and Francis Fitzgerald were hanged and quartered at the Gallows Green of Cork, on the 18th of April, 1722, for enlisting men for the service of the Pretender. On the 9th of June, and on the 16th of July, in the same year, Daniel Murphy and Patrick Sweeny were hanged at Cork for recruiting for the Pretender. These trials took place under a special commission. On the 14th of February, 1732, Captains Mooney and Maywick were executed at Stephen's Green, Dublin, for enlisting men for foreign service. On the 15th of April, 1749, Dennis Dunn was executed in Cork "for enlisting John M'Fall to be a sergeant in the French army." Two other executions took place in the same city for a similar offence in April and May, 1752. In May, 1756, Patrick Croneen was also executed in Cork for a like crime. Cases of the kind might be easily multiplied.

⁶¹ We have entered at some length into this matter, because Mr. Lewis, in his work on "Local Disturbances in Ireland," appears not to have been sufficiently aware of the facts upon which we have grounded our arguments. To his volume we shall again have occasion to refer. A more valuable publication has rarely issued from the press; there have been complaints that its tone is so liberal as to place upon it the stamp of "party," but his opinions are based exclusively upon facts; in his generous sympathy towards the Irish peasantry he has been surpassed by no writer; he reasons so closely, so clearly, and so justly, in reference to their sad condition, and appeals with so much judgment and sound sense to those upon whom the amelioration of their condition must depend, that his book should be consulted by all who are willing to sacrifice preconceived notions and impressions at the shrine of truth.

⁶² The general character of their proceedings may be gathered from the preamble of an Irish act, passed in 1775, commonly called the "Whiteboy Act," which recites that, "It has frequently happened of late years, in different parts of this kingdom, that several persons calling themselves Whiteboys, and others, as well by night as in the daytime, have, in a riotous, disorderly, and tumultuous manner, assembled together, and have abused and injured the persons, habitations, and properties of many of his

majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, and have taken away and carried away their horses and arms, and have compelled them to surrender up, quit, and leave their habitations, farms, and places of abode; and have, with threats and violence, imposed sundry oaths and solemn declarations contrary to law, and solicited several of his majesty's subjects, by threats and promises, to join with them in such their mischievous and iniquitous proceedings; and have also sent threatening and incendiary letters to several persons, to the great terror of his majesty's peaceable subjects; and have taken upon themselves to obstruct the exportation of corn, grain, meal, malt, and flour, and to destroy and damage the same when intended for exportation; and have also destroyed mills, granaries, and storehouses provided for the keeping of corn; which, if not effectually prevented, must become dangerous to the general peace of this kingdom, and his majesty's government therein."

⁶³ The following is extracted from the report of a trial which took place at Clonmel, in 1811, before a special commission. A man of the name of James Slattery was under examination. "Which is the oldest party?"—"The Caravets were going on two years before the Shanavests stirred." "Why are they called Caravet?"—"A man of the name of Hanley was hanged; he was prosecuted by the Shanavests, and Paddeen Car said he wouldn't leave the place of execution till he saw the *caravet* about the fellow's neck; and from that time they were called Caravets." "For what offence was Hanley hanged?"—"For burning the house of a man who had taken land over his neighbour's head." "Hanley was the leader of the Caravets?"—"Before he was hanged his party was called the Moyle Rangers; the Shanavests were called Paddeen Car's party." "Why were they called Shanavests?"—"Because they wore old waistcoats."

⁶⁴ Mr. Lewis has taken considerable pains to show, that "the absence of all religious hostility in the outrages committed by the Whiteboys, is established by the most unvarying and unimpeachable testimony." He is borne out in his assertion by the safest authorities; Mr. Baron Foster, Br. Blackburne, Mr. Justice Day, and a host of equally unobjectionable witnesses—all of whom state, in nearly similar words, that "Religion is totally out of the case; the outrages being inflicted with the most perfect impartiality upon Catholics and Protestants." A gentleman with whom we spent some days at Cahir, who has large property in Tipperary, and particularly in the northern part of it, assured us of his entire conviction, that if the most popular man in Ire-

land were to take land in Tipperary and eject a tenant in possession, "his life would not be worth a month's purchase." A few years ago the brother of a Roman Catholic bishop was murdered. The two latest murders were of persons holding liberal opinions, and invariably acting with the liberal party; in fact, it is needless to occupy space with proofs in support of our position—they are sufficiently numerous and notorious.

⁶⁵ The general want of employment, and the consequent anxiety of obtaining for their families the means of even temporary subsistence, produced such an eagerness on the part of the peasantry to get possession of land, as to induce them to engage for the payment of a rent, which the crops, even under the most favourable circumstances, must have failed to yield. This circumstance was too frequently taken advantage of; and the ultimate ruin of the miscalculating tenant was the invariable result. Land has, from these causes, been let for double or treble the amount paid by the original lessee. The contract proceeded—the first year closed—a portion of the promised rent, perhaps the full value of the land, was forthcoming and paid; but an arrear was noted by the middle-man's clerk against the defaulting tenant; a second year progressed—at its termination, an addition to the arrear was also noted—perhaps a third was permitted to expire; this being dependent on the supposed value of the stock—the cow, the horse, the couple of sheep; and, of course, the pig. When the arrear amounted to the supposed value of these, then came down the thunders of the law to dispossess the unfortunate tenant, deprive him of the entire of his worldly goods and clothes, and drive him, with his miserable family, to starve or beg by the wayside; the middle-man himself being, in most instances, the purchaser of the "stock" at less than half its value: for who at a public "cant" (auction), and under his own nose, would attempt to bid against his "honour"?

This is no fancy sketch; we have witnessed many such scenes as we have here attempted, though very inadequately, to pencil. We will venture one picture a little more in detail, premising, however, that our portraiture has reference to some twenty years ago. An aged peasant, borne down by misfortune and suffering, appeared at the GREAT MAN'S gate. His little all had, on the day previous, been submitted to the process of distraint for rent; and what was the prayer of that aged man, as he presented himself at the close approximation of winter, with scarce a rag to cover his attenuated form—what was his prayer? The reader might suppose him armed with protestations of present inability, and

promises of future reimbursement, supplicating for permission to retain possession of his miserable cabin. Not so—well he seemed to know the utter inutility of such pleadings. These extended not beyond the little heap of ‘praties,’ occupying one corner of the cabin, not now his—the result of his yearly toil, as the only resource of his family for the approaching winter. And we saw that aged outcast depart from the comparatively splendid dwelling of that *hard* man; his tears descending in copious streams down his furrowed cheeks in the extremity of utter destitution. We have premised that this is no fancy sketch: we will not introduce names in verification of its truth; but we may add, that many in the parish of Skull, in West Carbery, still live, who could not only attest the general accuracy of the picture, but add to it many more harrowing details. And that cruel and merciless despoiler of the poor lived to accumulate enormous wealth—to be dissipated by his immediate successors.

We may add to this, another anecdote—premising that it owes very little indeed to our imagination.

We remember once passing by an Irish cottage on the estate of an absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained for rent; the family were of the very poor. A mother, whose husband was only recovering from the ‘sickness,’ as typhus fever is always called, staggered from beneath the doorway, not from any weakness of her own, but from her efforts to support the wreck of what had been, a few years before, the finest young man in the parish. She was followed by two little children, the small remnant of her family—*three* had been carried to the grave by the disease from which the father was recovering; it was beautiful to see how that pale, thin, deep-eyed woman suffocated her own feelings with the affection she bore her husband. ‘Don’t cry afther the poor place, childer dear; sure th’ Almighty is above us all,—and this last throuble has been sent in good time, whin there’s not *so many of us to bear it*. The cowl’d earth is heavy enough on Kathleen and Matty and Michael, but the throuble of this day would be heavier—for they were made up of feeling. Sure, my darlings, if there’s power given the landlord now, he’ll not be our landlord in the world above! The Lord be praised for that same! Don’t cry afther the pig, Ellen, avourneen, what signifies it? May the little boy take the cat itself, sir?’ addressing the half-tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the contents of their miserable cabin. ‘Never heed it, my darlint; though to be sure it’s only natural to like the dawshy cat that lay in his bosom all the time of his sickness. Keep up, Michael,’ she whispered to her husband,

who, overpowered by illness and mental suffering, resisted her efforts to drag him into the high road; he glared upon the bailiff with the glare of a famished tiger, so famished that it has not the power to spring upon its foe, impotent in all but the fierce and racking thirst for blood. 'What signifies it? sure we'll be happier than ever—by'n bye,' she added, while the haggard smile upon her lips was the bitter mockery of hope. 'Come away, Michael; I wonder that you wouldn't be above letting the likes of them *without a heart* see that you care about them or their goings on. Oh, where's yer pride gone—that, and the silence together, put many a throuble over us that's known only to ourselves and the Almighty;—blessed He is! *He knows the troubles of the poor, and keeps their secrets.* Come away, Michael; and don't let them tame nagurs see that it's the *woman* that puts courage in ye!'

But the peasant heeded hér not—the home affections were tugging at his heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once comfortable cottage, that were dragged out previous to being carried away; he pointed to the potato kish which was placed upon the table—that indispensable article in which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civilized parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the 'baby'—'God bless you,' he exclaimed to the man; 'God bless you, and don't take that,—it's *nothing but a kish*, it's not worth half a farthing to ye; it's falling to pieces; but it's more to me—homeless and houseless as I am—*than thousands; it's nothing but a kish*, but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister *had not gone among the bright stars of heaven*, but were here to watch over him;—it's *nothing but a kish*—yet many a time little Kathleen crowded, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy;—it's *nothing but a kish*—yet many a day, *in the midst of my slavery*, have I and my wife, and five as beautiful children *as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom*, sat round it, and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and whin I had my *six blessings* to look on, it's little I cared for *the slavery a poor Irishman* is born to;—it's *nothing but a kish*—but it's been with me full, and it's been with me empty, for many a long year, and it's used to me—*it knows my troubles*—for since the bed was sowld from under us, for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the cowl'd earth?—For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man—

don't take the last dumb thing he cares for—*sure it's nothing but a kish!*'

⁶⁶ The amount offered in the case of Lord Norbury's murder was "£5000, and a hundred acres of land in any one of her Majesty's colonies." In that of Mr. Butler Bryan, the offer exceeded "£3000, and £100 a year for life," to any informer who would prosecute to conviction.

⁶⁷ At a recent trial in Westmeath, where two men were convicted of murder, an approver swore:—"I never had any misunderstanding with the deceased. I never spoke to him in my life till that night. I was only three months a Ribbonman. I can tell where I was sworn in, and will if you like. I would not have kicked him unless that I was ordered. Being ordered by the society, there is no man in the country that I would not give a similar beating to. I was often out on duty after I was sworn in. I was on Sunday out in search of a man, but I did not find him. I was out more than one Sunday on the same business." It is needless to multiply instances.

⁶⁸ Our space will not permit us to support this assertion by the "facts" at our command. They are very numerous. Not long ago, a man who had sold his daughter to a rich libertine, was compelled by the Whiteboys to refund the money. Very recently, a son who had deserted a mother he was fully able to maintain, was served with a notice of punishment if he did not support her. Plunder rarely or never accompanies outrage; and the bodies of those who have been murdered have been invariably found with their purses and watches safe—although, perhaps, the murderer is without the means of purchasing a single meal.

⁶⁹ A curious poem, commemorative of the building of the walls and fortifications of "New Ross," in 1265, exists among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. It was written in Norman-French, probably in 1309, by a friar named Michael of Kyldare. The manuscript consists of sixty-four leaves of vellum, 12mo size, and is a good specimen of penmanship, embellished with initial letters in colours.

On the suppression or dissolution of the monastery in which the manuscript had been preserved, it came into the possession of a George Wyse, as is evident from the following entry, in the writing of Elizabeth's time, on the back of the second folio,—"*Iste Liber pertinet ad me—Georgiū Wyse.*" The comparison of the autograph of George Wyse, who was Bailiff of Waterford in 1566, and Mayor of that city in 1571, which is extant in the State Paper Office, leaves no doubt as to the identity of the in-

dividual. The Wyse family, it may be observed, were distinguished for their literary taste. Stanihurst, speaking of them, remarks, that "of this name there flourished sundrie learned gentlemen. There liveth," he adds, "one Wyse in Waterford, that maketh (verse?) verie well in the English." And he particularly mentions "Andrew Wyse, a toward youth and a good versifyer." The present representative of this distinguished and, at one time, wealthy and powerful family, is the Right Hon. Thomas Wyse; a gentleman who, by his high moral worth and rare intellectual attainments, sustains the fame of a long line of learned and honoured ancestors. The ballad is printed by Crofton Croker in the "Popular Songs of Ireland," with a translation by Miss Landon. The object of the writer was to give a detailed narrative of the erection of the fortifications and walls of Ross, occasioned by the dread felt by the inhabitants, lest the unprotected and open situation of the place might cause them to suffer from a feud, then raging with violence, between two powerful barons, Maurice Fitzmaurice, the chief of the Geraldines, and Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, whose deadly wars, in the year 1264, wrought bloodshed and trouble throughout the realm of Ireland. The poet proceeds to relate that the Burgesses established a bye-law, "such as was never heard of in England or France," that "on Monday, the vintners, mercers, merchants, and drapers, should go and work at the fosse from the hour of prime till noon;" on Tuesday their places were to be taken by the tailors, &c.; on Wednesday by the butchers, &c.; on Thursday by the fishermen, &c.; on Friday by others; and on Saturday by the masons, &c. "Lastly, on the Sunday, assembled in procession the ladies of the town! Know, verily, that they were excellent labourers, but their numbers I cannot certainly tell, but they all went forth to cast stones and carry them from the fosse. Whoever had been there to look at them, might have seen many a beautiful woman—many a mantle of scarlet, green, and russet—many a fair-folded cloak, and many a gay-coloured garment. In all the countries I ever visited, never saw I so many fair ladies. He should have been born in a fortunate hour who might make his choice among them." The ladies also carried banners, in imitation of the other parties; and when they were tired of the duty assigned to them, they walked round the fosse, singing sweetly, to encourage the workmen. "When the work shall be completed," adds the poet, "they may sleep securely, and will not require a guard; for if forty thousand men were to attack the town they would never be able to enter it, for they have suf-

ficient means of defence; many a white hauberk and haubergeon—many a doublet and coat of mail, and a savage Garçon—many a good cross-bowman and good archers.” Stanihurst’s account of the origin of the “walls of Rosse,” is no less curious than that of the monk Kyldare: “There repaired one of the Irish to this towne on horsebacke, and espieng a peece of cloth on a merchant’s stall, tooke hold thereof, and bet the cloth to the lowest price he could. As the merchant and he stood dodging one with the other in cheaping the ware, the horseman considering that he was well mounted, and that the merchant and he had growne to a price, made wise as though he would have drawne to his purse to have defraidd the monie. The cloth in the mean while being tucked up and placed before him, he gave the spur to his horse and ran away with the cloth, being not imbard from his posting pase, by reason the towne was not perclosed either with ditch or wall. The townesmen being pinched at the heart that one rascal in such scornful wise should give them the shampaine, not so much weieng the slenderness of the loss, as the shamefulnesse of the foile, they put their heads together, consulting how to prevent either the sudden rushing or the post-hast flieng of anie such adventurous rakehell hereafter.” The building of the walls and gates accordingly took place; the project being suggested by “a chast widow, a politike dame, a bountiful gentlewoman, called Rose,” who “withal opened her coffers liberallie to have it farthered.”

⁷⁰ These cots are of a very primitive character, not unlike canoes; they are propelled by paddles, resembling the common spade; each boat contains two men. Their net is small and square; it is drawn up the instant the fisher feels a salmon strike against it. There are no fewer than 400 boats on the river, giving profitable employment to 800 men, principally small farmers, who thus occupy their time when the seed is in the ground.

⁷¹ Fortunately, the owner of the mansion of which they took possession had cellars largely stocked with whiskey and wine; they were of course broken into, and the spirits taken by the men. In the morning, when the attack was ordered, a large proportion of the force was in such a state of intoxication as to be unable to move: to this circumstance is attributable, in a great degree, the preservation of the town. A curious anecdote was told to us by a man, than whom we could not have obtained a better authority. In the cellar were several bottles of ketchup, which the men mistaking for wine, drank, but with wry faces, protesting that “the quality had queer tastes.”

⁷² It is believed that the death of his lordship contributed largely to the preservation of the town. His regiment had manifested considerable hesitation to attack the rebels, and it was suspected would not have acted against them. They were, however, greatly attached to their Colonel, and when he was slain the officer next in command exclaimed to his soldiers, "Boys, will you see your good Colonel butchered?" The answer was a loud cheer; and the men rushed to the attack. This anecdote we have on good authority, but we do not perceive it noticed by any of the historians of the period. Lord Mountjoy was piked, as he proceeded a little in advance of his troops, with the generous but unwise notion of "reasoning" with the rebels. He received his death-wound from a young boy, who subsequently escaped to America; from whence—if we may believe the information we received a short time ago, from a man who assured us he saw the act perpetrated—he very recently returned, and is now working as a day-labourer in the immediate vicinity of the spot.

⁷³ About eighty were shot at the entrance to a narrow lane that led into the principal street of the town. The circumstances were very recently related to us by the present representative of the family by whom the destruction was effected—at that period a youth, but doing duty with the yeomanry. A Mr. Dowsley, an old man whose house directly faced the lane we refer to, had given shelter to six other old men—considered too aged to carry arms in the town. They were amply supplied with muskets; the doors were strongly barricaded; and they placed themselves at the windows of the first floor. The rebels came rushing in a body down the lane; the old men kept up a continual fire upon them; their weapons being loaded, as fast as they were discharged, by an aged woman and a young lad in the room with them—and, as we have said, during the struggle they shot no fewer than eighty. At one period their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and they would, inevitably, have fallen victims to the vengeance of their enemies, but that, luckily for them, at the moment, the troops were in possession of the street, and they were enabled to send to head-quarters intelligence of their position. By the time it was received, however, the rebels had driven out the troops, and the fate of the old men was considered certain; when a Highland sergeant of the Mid-Lothian Fencibles volunteered his aid to preserve them. Mounted on a strong and fleet horse he galloped up the street, crowded though it was with pikemen, and succeeded in flinging a bag of cartridges into the window, himself escaping almost by miracle, and rejoining his comrades unhurt.

Our informant was unfortunately unable to call to mind the sergeant's name.

⁷⁴ Part of the walls of the barn are still standing. It would be a work of generosity and charity to pass the plough over the foundations. It sickened us to look upon the yet blackened walls; and to hear the gardener state that he seldom trenched the adjacent ground without delving up some reminder of the horrible scene. One man was introduced to us, who was hidden for two days and nights in the cupboard of an attic of Scullabogue House; he described to us, with a shudder and a look of deep horror, his sensations when he heard the shots fired; and, afterwards, the fearful shrieks of the wretched inmates of the barn. His agony was increased by the fact that several persons remained, nearly the whole of the time of his confinement, in the room where he was concealed; and spoke to each other repeatedly of the events going on below, upon which they were coolly looking from the window.

⁷⁵ We set aside altogether the statements of Sir Richard Musgrave; his book was written so soon after the rebellion, that truth was scarcely to be expected. Time is the only true interpreter. We have ourselves the means of testing his accuracy in reference to the character he gives of one individual—the Rev. Edward Murphy, the Roman Catholic priest of Bannow; of whom Sir Richard draws an odious portrait, representing him as absolutely ravenous for Protestant blood. Mrs. Hall's mother and grandmother, English ladies and Protestants, remained at Graige House, Bannow, during the whole of the terrible year, and were indebted for their lives to the interposition of this priest; and it is a fact highly honourable to him, that not a drop of blood was shed in his parish. We do but justice to his memory in thus attempting to rescue it from the charge of cruelty, although he has been long since removed from the reach of either praise or censure. Sir Richard seems, indeed, to have considered that a priest was necessarily a party to every atrocity; the very opposite being capable of easy proof. We quote one or two instances from the narrative of Charles Jackson, an authority by no means friendly to the rebels, for he was one of those who were on the bridge at Wexford, and escaped almost by miracle, having been the day previously compelled to shoot a fellow-prisoner. He says that when he was, with twenty-four others, led out to be butchered, "Father Curran, the Roman Catholic parish priest of Wexford, interposed to save them; and to give effect to his admonition and intercession had dressed himself in his cowl, and bore a crucifix

in his hand; he held up the crucifix—all present fell on their knees; he exhorted them in the most earnest manner; he conjured them as they hoped for mercy to show it; he made every possible exertion to save the lives of the prisoners, but in vain." This is the evidence of a man who had many reasons for hating, and none for loving, the Roman Catholics. Again, he states that "when Father Broe found that nothing else could save a gentleman whose life was about to be sacrificed, he threw his arms about him, and told them to fire as soon as they chose." He adds, "when the priests heard of executions going forward, they flew to the spot, and by every entreaty endeavoured to rescue the victims from destruction. Sometimes they succeeded; and when they failed, they showed sufficiently how sensibly they felt for the unhappy persons they could not save." Indeed the most satisfactory proof that, although a few priests were implicated in the butcheries of the time, the great majority of them contemplated the atrocities with deep and sincere horror, is supplied by the fact, that of sixty-six persons executed for murder and rebellion in Wexford, only one of them was a priest; and that, too, at a time when a very limited evidence of guilt would have sufficed to procure conviction.

⁷⁶ After his disastrous defeat at the Boyne, James the Second fled southward, and took refuge in Duncannon fort until arrangements were made for his embarkation on board a French vessel which hovered off the coast, and in which he escaped to France. The point of rock to the north of the fort from which the unhappy monarch is supposed to have embarked, is still called "King James's Rock."

⁷⁷ On the ridge which commands the fort, and on which two martello towers now stand, tobacco-pipes with exceedingly small bowls, and which the peasants call Cromwellian pipes, are frequently found. These plainly indicate the position occupied by Ireton. In rear of No. 2 tower is a small plot of ground which the country people hold in great reverence; it is said by them that the slain in some battle of remote antiquity were buried in this spot: but from its position being just out of range of the fort guns, it is most probable that Ireton buried his slain there. It is never tilled, although in the middle of a fertile field, and the furze and briers hold undisputed possession of it.

⁷⁸ The old keeper of the tower died not long ago, at the age of 100. He had been superannuated many years before his death, but was suffered to remain where so large a portion of his life had passed. So strong, however, was habit with the aged man,

that regularly every night he woke and took his rounds, and was one morning found dead at the post he had guarded for near a century. There is a tradition that Rose Macrume had three sons, who often made excursions in one of their vessels to the Welsh coast. She availed herself of an opportunity during their absence to build the tower and place a light upon it to guide them into harbour. That which she designed for their safety, however, proved their destruction; for they mistook the light, and sought to moor their bark in a distant creek, where it was wrecked, and the youths perished. The legend of the lighthouse has another version, which we shall presently give. In the neighbourhood of Hook for some time resided John Bernard Trotter, the history of whose chequered career is among the saddest illustrations of the fate of genius. Few commenced life with more brilliant prospects; he was nobly connected, his maternal uncle was the Bishop of Down, his brother was a member of parliament; he was the selected friend and confidant of Fox, by whom he was appointed to a situation in the Foreign-office, and to whom he acted as private secretary. The death of his patron consigned him to his own resources; he was

“—— whistled down the wind
To prey on fortune.”

After vainly trying several experiments to regain his position, and submitting to every variety of wretchedness, he died—literally of want—at a miserable lodging in Cork, on the 29th September, 1821, in the forty-third year of his age. Our friend Dr. Walsh, who knew him intimately, and after his decease edited his “Walks through Ireland,” for the benefit of his widow, bears this testimony to the character of the unhappy gentleman;—“He was a man of cultivated mind, high honour, warm sensibilities, and liberal endowments,—starting into life with all the advantages that could flatter an aspiring mind—connexions, fortune, interest, talent, and personal merit, and seeming to touch the very point which placed him on the pinnacle of his hopes. Yet, without any known demerit, he was suddenly thrust from his place; and after sinking through all the gradations of a life, short as to time, but long indeed in chequered scenes of varied misery, he was shamefully suffered to perish in the vigour of life—the victim of actual want, the pauper patient of a dispensary.” Dr. Walsh, who has supplied us with these facts, adds an anecdote worthy of record. “A poor orange-woman was greatly attached to him, and brought him every day during his illness her best fruit, for which she

would receive no compensation. Though apparently in good health, she pined away as his malady increased; when he died, her strength sunk rapidly, and at the end of six days she died also, of no apparent ailment but excessive grief."

⁷⁹ The islands—the larger and lesser—are the property of H. K. G. Morgan, Esq. They comprise about 100 acres of remarkably rich pasturage. The larger derives a melancholy interest from the fact, that here were arrested, on the 26th June, 1798, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey and John Colclough, Esquires, the former the general of the rebel forces of Wexford county, and the latter one of their distinguished leaders. They were both gentlemen of wealth and station, and of irreproachable integrity in private life. The former was a protestant. After the massacre at Scullabogue, he resigned the command in disgust, and fled to the Saltees, with the view to an ultimate escape to France. The lady of Mr. Colclough accompanied her husband to the island; they took with them a large store of provisions; but information of their retreat having reached the authorities, a company of the 2nd Royals was despatched in a cutter to apprehend them. A minute search, without effect, was instituted through the island, and the troops were about to retire, when a soldier perceived smoke issuing from the crevice of a rock. It was found to proceed from a cave of considerable depth, where the unhappy gentlemen were sheltered. The approach was difficult and dangerous; the officer in command, therefore, called to the inmates to surrender, threatening, if there were no answer, he would direct his party to fire into the cave. Mr. Colclough, apprehensive of danger to his wife, at once came forward, elevating a white handkerchief on his stick. He and Mr. Harvey were conveyed prisoners to Wexford, were tried on the 27th, and executed on the 28th.

⁸⁰ The Wexford coast is exceedingly rugged and dangerous; our memory can recall many cases of frightful shipwrecks off the Saltees, the Keeroes, Burrow of Ballyteague, and what—by right of affection—we call "our own Bannow." We remember, in especial, one desperate winter of storms, that brought the remnants of two noble ships to our strand. One of them, called—if our memory serves us rightly—"the Foxwell," struck, on a dark night, upon a rock near the Saltees, upon which seven-and-twenty persons escaped, thinking it joined the main-land, and when the tardy morning came, bringing light certainly, but no mitigation of the storm, the crew found themselves surrounded by the ocean; while the Saltee Islands were hidden from their view by the dashing waves. To make their case more wretched—the rock bore evi-

dence of being washed over at high water; and there they were, seven-and-twenty living souls, upon a shelving rock, without food or prospect of release: three of the crew were boys; and a favourite Newfoundland dog of the captain's, had also followed his master's fortunes, and looked sadly into his face. No vestige of the ship was visible; and after looking in vain for any token of her existence, the captain said, with an air of as much cheerfulness as he could assume, "Well, boys, thank God we are all here—all saved!" "Not all," was the answer, "Long Philip has gone down in the ship." "Now the Lord have mercy on his soul!" was the captain's observation; "he must have forced in the spirit store." As the morning advanced the tide rose, and the higher it came the higher crept the men on the shelving rock, keeping together, clinging to each other, so as to present a firm resistance to the waves that washed over, but did not cover them.

"We are still saved, boys," said the captain, breaking the breathless silence they had long maintained. "We are still saved, the tide has turned!" The entire of that day the wind drove the waters at intervals over these poor creatures; as night advanced, the wind lulled and the surf lessened, but still there came no sign of help. Wet, cold, and starving, the crew clung more closely together the whole of that live-long night. Some mastering their fears and maintaining a determined silence, others repeating over and over again such words of prayer as they had learned at their mother's knee. One poor fellow persisted in going through the morning service of the church, or as much as he could remember of it. The boys cried themselves to sleep, and the dog stretched himself across their bosoms, as if conscious that warmth was a protection. Another morning, and though the surf still ran high between them and the Saltees, the sea was comparatively calm; the sun glared upon the waters, and the gulls wheeled above their heads, wondering doubtless what creatures had taken possession of their demesne. They took off two shirts to make a signal, but they had neither staff nor spar to hoist it on. So the tallest man stood on the highest point of rock, and lifted a boy on his shoulder, who waved the flag as long as he was able, when another took his place. Some who lacked faith to continue their snatches of prayer, cursed and swore, and the captain and passengers were prevented from dwelling on their own privations by unceasing endeavours to keep peace and impart fortitude to the crew.

Hope came with the morning, but disappeared with the light; some of the men had one or two oranges; those they had divided

the previous day. During the entire of the second they had nothing to allay the burning heat in their parched throats—the night was spent in misery; the cold had seized upon the feet of one of the lads, and his low moans were audible at intervals. They had to endure the washing over of the spray; and some called upon the death they dreaded. This horrible state was broken upon by the morning, which showed the surf as high as ever between them and the Saltees; impelled by the cravings of nature, they proposed to the captain to kill his dog, and though the creature looked piteously in his face, he consented. At the instant they were about to sacrifice the poor animal, the hand of the executioner was stayed by some one calling out “A boat! a sail!” Their almost extinguished faculties revived—they raised a faint cheer—again and louder. They were not deceived; it was not one or two, but several boats that came to their relief: there was first a good-sized fishing-smack, capable of riding a heavy sea; then a smaller, and smaller, and smaller, until the line dwindled down to a little cock-boat, which at last approached them with a huge coil of rope; the boats were chained together, and after two or three unsuccessful efforts the cable was caught by the men on the rock; man after man slid along it through the surf until he reached the little boat, and scrambled on until he was safe in the smack; the captain held the rope to the last, and then, fastening it round his body, dashed into the surf, and was drawn through the waves.

They owed, strangely enough, their preservation to the missing seaman. Long Philip had broken into the spirit store, and, in a state of intoxication, been unable to quit the ship. She was laden with wine and raw cotton, and when she struck was divided, as the people expressed it, “into two halves.” The pipes of wine rolled out, but the cotton bore up the portion of the vessel, and floated it safely into Ballyteague Bay, where Philip was discovered fast asleep among the bales. He was enabled to give some idea of the probable position of his comrades, and, immediately, stout hearts and ready hands were sent to the rescue. The second day they could not near the wreck, but on the third they effected their purpose. Every house, from the lowly cabin to the gentleman’s mansion, was thrown open to the crew. They were billeted among “the neighbours,”—the captain was our own allotted guest; and there was literally a contest as to who should have the privilege of manifesting Irish hospitality. The honesty of the people was also strongly exhibited. It was long before the time of “temperance,” yet, as the pipes of wine drifted in, they were consigned to the charge of a party of the peasantry who had formed them-

selves into what may be justly termed "a guard of honour;" and we may safely assert, that of the property washed on shore every article was restored to its rightful owners.

This shipwreck left a comparatively joyous impression among us; the mercy of God had been signally shown, and no lives were lost. But such was not always the case; we remember experiencing a thrill of horror on seeing three mangled bodies lying one over the other in the little sand-bay of Graige, where in summer-time we bathed, and in winter used to gather shells and sea-weed. We remember, too, while listening to the midnight storm, watching the flash and hearing the minute-gun of distress, as some doomed ship neared our cruel rocks. We remember also, dimly as a vision, a group of mourning women coming from Fethard to return thanks to those who had given to seven drowned fishermen, washed on the same shore, the rites of decent burial. We remember brown and swarthy smugglers—and above all, tales that would fill a volume, of the corpse lights gleaming in Bannow Church, and spirit-vessels lying stranded in the clouds.

⁸¹ Tradition states that Fitzstephen embarked his forces in two ships, called the Bagg and the Bunn, and hence the name of the promontory. Holinshed, in his notes on Giraldus Cambrensis, favours this opinion. "There were," he says, "certain monuments made in memorie thereof, and were named the Banna and the Boenne, which were the names (as common fame is) of the two greatest ships in which the English arrived."

⁸² Our friend Dr. Walsh, who some time ago visited and narrowly inspected the promontory of Bag-an-bun, thus describes it:—"The whole headland consists of about thirty acres. It forms a bold projection towards the Welsh coast, and is the only one near Wexford; the shore which extends from it to Carnsore point, near that town, being a flat sand, not safe for shipping to approach. On the side of the greater promontory is a lesser, running from it at right angles, and stretching to the east, about two hundred yards long, and seventy broad; presenting inaccessible cliffs, except at its extreme point, where it is easily ascended. Outside this is a large, high, insulated rock, which forms a break-water to the surf on the point, and, from this, several smaller rocks stretch to the shore, just appearing above water, and affording a kind of causeway. Here it was Fitzstephen ran in and moored his ships, protected from the surf by the insular rock, and availing himself of the low ridge to reach the land. The distance from the last rock to the point is considerably greater than the rest, but Fitzstephen, with his heavy armour, sprung across it,

and it is called at this day, 'Fitzstephen's Stride.' Ascending from hence to the esplanade on the summit, he pitched his tent and established his head-quarters. In the middle of the esplanade is still to be seen an oblong hollow space, like the foundation of a house; and as the surface of the soil was never disturbed in this place since the period of his landing, it seems not improbable that such a trace would not be obliterated, and that the use assigned to it by tradition is the true one. His next care was to fortify his situation, to secure him from attack while waiting for Mac Morogh's promised reinforcements; and these hasty fortifications yet remain. On the isthmus which connects the lesser peninsula with the greater, a deep fosse, about seventy yards long, extends from side to side; this was bounded on each edge by high mounds of earth, and in the centre covered by a half-moon bastion, twenty yards in circumference. On each side of the bastion, through the fosse, were the approaches to his camp, by two passages; and a mound of earth connected the bastion with the esplanade. Sentinels placed in this half-moon entirely commanded the approaches, and were themselves protected by a rampart which rose around them, and overlooked all the ground in the vicinity. Beyond this, on the neck of the greater promontory, he also sunk a fosse, much more profound and extensive, stretching across the whole breadth, for the space of two hundred and fifty yards. This formed a deep and wide-covered way, and was lined with a high mound on either side; that on the outside being defended by another deep fosse. All these remains are very distinct and perfect at the present day, changed only by the growth of vegetable matter, rendering the fosse somewhat more shallow, and the mound less elevated. But a discovery was made a short time ago, connected with this encampment, which adds considerably to the interest it excites. About five years before my visit, some labourers were throwing up a low ledge round the cliffs to prevent the sheep which graze there from falling over. On turning up the soil, they discovered, about one foot below the surface, the remains of fires at regular intervals on the edge of the precipices. These were supposed to be the watch-fires of the videttes which were stationed round the encampment. Some of the freestone flags on which they were made were also found; and as there is no such stone in this part of the country, they must have been brought for that purpose by the strangers. Sundry pieces of bones of sheep and oxen, consumed by the army, were strewed round the fires, particularly cows' teeth, the enamel of which remained perfect, though the osseous parts were decayed: and on the whole

promontory, fragments of rings and spears were picked up wherever the soil was disturbed. Curious to see some of these remains, I requested my companion to get a shovel and dig for me. He soon upturned pieces of charcoal and parts of burnt bones, which I brought away with me as memorandums of the first fires ever lighted by the Anglo-Normans on the shores of Ireland."

⁸³ When the ships of Strongbow were entering Waterford harbour, he perceived on the one shore a tower, and on the other a church; and inquiring their names was answered, "The Tower of Hook, and the Church of Crook." "Then," said he, "we must enter and take the town by Hook or by Crook." Hence originated a proverb now in common use. Strongbow had previously sent as pioneers, "a valiant and expert young man of his own family," Raymond, afterwards so distinguished for courage and courtesy, and Herve de Montmaurice. They fought a desperate battle with the native Irish, and took many prisoners; but a dispute between the chieftains as to how they should dispose of these prisoners, in which Raymond took the side of mercy, ended in the unhappy men being "brought to the rocks, and their limbs being first broken, they were cast headlong into the sea."

⁸⁴ Fethard, and an exceedingly pretty and beautifully situated village, Salt-mills, in the immediate vicinity of Tintern, are inhabited chiefly by fishermen, who obtain a precarious subsistence from their employment. There must be some radical change in the habits of the men along-shore before they will avail themselves of the benefits placed so abundantly within their reach. At present, the only fishing followed with any success is that for lobsters, and the entire coast within a mile of the shore is studded with lobster-pots, seriously (as we believe) to the injury of other fishing; which has certainly decreased within the last thirty years in proportion as the lobster fishing has increased. The "pots" are baited with putrid fish, the bait most attractive to lobsters; and this, together with the ropes and buoys attached to the pots, must, in all probability, scare other fish off the shore. On all extensive fisheries the garbage is not allowed to be thrown overboard on the ground, but left in particular places appointed for it; this, we understand, is a regulation strictly attended to in Newfoundland; and what is lobster bait but garbage? The lobster fishery employs a great number of small boats, or yawls, as they are called, and does not in all places occupy the entire time of the men—so they are, generally speaking, neither good fishermen nor good landsmen. There are some small hookers of about seven

tons employed in this fishery at Killmore and Slade, but the remainder are yawls with a small sail, and totally unfit for any deep water work. This part of the coast is peculiarly adapted for fishing; from Dungarvan to the Saltees it forms a fine and deep bay, the harbour of Waterford occupying the centre of it. The Nymph Bank, about twelve miles from the shore, terminating at the Saltees, is entirely neglected. Yet this bank abounds with ling, cod, hake, haddock, sole, turbot, and skate, at all times of the year, and in great abundance: it is well calculated for thrauling in from twenty to twenty-five fathoms; but the most profitable mode of fishing would be long lines, such as are used off Dublin, Isle of Man, and coast of England, when one boat, in tolerable weather, would be able to fish many hundreds of hooks. A friend informs us that he has "frequently thrauled there, never without heaving up a net full of fine fish, the largest and finest black soles in great abundance, turbot, brill, gurnard, some plaice and skate and thornback to fill the net." Another proof of the quantity and certainty of the fish being always here is, that since the lightship off the Cunnes has been established, lying nearly at the tail of the bank, the men on board her have caught and cured an immense quantity of fish; so much so, that they are now forbidden by the ballast-office to fish, except for their own use, while on board, as not only was the vessel lumbered with the fish caught, but the inspectors judged that too much of the men's time was devoted to it. Indeed, before this order, she usually presented a curious appearance, her rigging and sides covered with split fish drying; and the steam-vessels from Waterford were seldom disappointed in procuring fish from her when they neared her in fine weather. Sometimes large quantities of fish fall into the bays along this district—Tramore, the harbour of Waterford, and Ballyteague bays; but they must actually come ashore before the people will seek for them. Pilchards only have been lately fished for. Latterly, many boats have come down from Arklow and the northern part of the Wexford coast, and are very successful; they have long nets, much deeper than those along-shore, with which they drift during the night. Sometimes the take is very extensive, and the fish are readily sold at about four shillings per 120: the shore nets are very deficient, being only about two fathoms deep; the Arklow nets are more than five, and of course take fish when the shallow nets will have none. Many individuals have attempted the Nymph Bank fishery; but they neither went to work with perseverance, nor with boats and experienced crews fit for the service. There are two essentials necessary for the welfare of any

undertaking of this kind—capital, to procure proper craft fitted with all requisites for taking and curing fish, and men who know their business. Such men must be brought from a distance, for there are none on the spot. A primary object, however, would be to form a harbour of refuge for the fishermen; at present there is none. It would be impossible to suggest a better mode for the expenditure of a grant of public money. The good it might do is incalculable.

⁸⁸ The Colcloughs are one of the families that are under “the curse of fire and water,” said to be common to a few, in England as well as in Ireland, who hold estates once owned by the church. The neighbouring peasantry have a legend, ascribing an evil influence of this sort, partly to this cause, and partly to a tradition that Sir Anthony murdered all the friars he found in the house on taking possession; but chiefly to the fact of an ancient rath, one of those said to have been frequented by the fairies, having been levelled by Sir Cæsar Colclough. Of this latter gentleman they narrate the following tale:—He was engaged to the lovely heiress of Redmond, of the Tower of Hook, and going over to England on a mission that shall be described, the lady promised to burn a light in her chamber to guide him on his return home. Having boasted much of the exploits of the Wexford hurlers to King William, with whom he was intimate, that monarch challenged him to bring over twenty-one men of the county to play a match with the famous hurlers of Cornwall. Sir Cæsar held a grand game at Tintern Abbey, and selecting the best players, took them over to the English court: the king and queen, and a large assemblage of the nobility, witnessed the match. Out of compliment to William, the Irish were provided with yellow sashes, or handkerchiefs, for their waists, from which circumstance Wexford men are still often called “yellow bellies.” The Irish were, of course, victors. Colclough, returning in triumph, steered for the Tower of Hook. Here the outraged fairies interposed: they lulled the lady to sleep with their music, and extinguished her constant lamp; her lover was wrecked, and his dead body cast on shore. The disconsolate young heiress, to save the lives of future mariners, converted her father’s tower into a lighthouse, which it remains to the present day. There is another tradition, more reasonable though equally romantic; that the first Colclough was secretary to a nobleman, who obtained the grant. This secretary he sent to the court of Elizabeth, to have the grant ratified; his appearance and address so won upon the virgin queen, that

when he returned to Ireland, he found that the deeds conferred the estates upon himself.

⁸⁶ This river is famed in the county history as the barrier of the English, and was called *par excellence* THE PILL, a name applied generally to tide-inlets. Sir George Carew, writing in Elizabeth's time, observes that the south part of the shire, "as the most civil part, is containyd within a river called Pill; where the aunycientest gentlemen, descended of the first conquerors, do inhabit; the other, also, without the river, is inhabited by the original Irishes, the Kavanaghs, Moroghes, and Kinselaghs, who possess the woody part of the country, and yet are daylie more and more scattered by our Englishe gentlemen, who incroche upon them, and plant castles and piles within them." Holinshed alludes to the *exclusive* effects of this natural circumvallation; "but of all places," he tells us, "Weisforde, with the territorie baied and perclosed within the river called the Pill, was so quite estranged from Irishrie, as if a traveller of the Irish had pitcht his foot within the Pill, and spoken Irish, the Weisfordians would command him forthwith to turne the other end of his toong, and speake English, or els bring his trouchman with him." The guarding of this river was deemed of such importance, that an act of parliament was passed by Henry VI. for building towers upon its banks, and "that none shal breake the fortifications or strengthe of the water of Bannow, nor shal make noe waies on the same water from the woode of Bannow to the pill adjoyninge to the river of Slane; savinge soe much waies as shal be made by the comandment and viewe of the bishop and deane of Fernes, the seneschall of the libertie, and sherriffe of the crosse." By patent, Henry IV. appointed John Neville, Baron of Rosgarland, "keeper" of this water; and the ancient feudal tenure by which the Hore family held the manor of the Pole, was "the service of keeping a passage over the Pill water as often as the sessions should be held at Wexford."

⁸⁷ Before the Union, Bannow returned two members to parliament; and they were elected, or rather elected themselves, sitting upon this mass of mason-work, which by an odd fiction was said to be "the town." That it was once of some note is certain. The grants by Charles the Second, under the Act of Settlement, mention the following streets in this town:—High Street, Little Street, Weaver Street, Lady Street, and twenty-six houses, mostly built of stone. From the quit-rent rolls which we examined at Wexford, it contained, among others, the following streets:—viz.

High Street, Weaver Street, St. George Street, Upper Street, St. Toolock's Street, St. Mary's Street, St. Ivory Street, Lady Street, Little Street, &c. Fair slated houses, horse-mills, gardens, and other indications of a prosperous place, are also mentioned as paying quit-rent. In the 13th century, it appears by the Charter of Ross, it was one of the principal seaport towns in the county; but soon after a great decay must have taken place, as by the rent-roll of Joan de Valence, Countess of Pembroke, and Lady Palatine of Wexford, the rents of the burgages in the town were, in 1307, worth £7. 18s. 6d. and had formerly paid £8. 10s.

^{ss} "Not only the town, but the whole harbour," writes Dr. Walsh, "has undergone an extraordinary mutation from this cause. So late as the period of the Down Survey, in 1657, in the map of this district, which I examined, the island of Slade lay opposite to the site of the town, separated from it by a broad channel; and it appears, from other authorities, that directions were given to mariners how to steer up this channel so as to clear some rocks which lay in the middle of it. There is now no island of Slade, nor navigable channel; the whole was filled up by the process which covered the town."

The Bay of Bannow abounds with sea-fowl, and among them is one which has been the occasion of very extraordinary opinions,—the *harnacle*, a bird resembling a wild goose, found in abundance in this bay, and also in that of Wexford. It feeds on the tuberous roots of an aquatic grass, which is full of saccharine juice; and instead of the rank taste of other sea-fowl, which feed partly on fish, this bird acquires from its aliment a delicate flavour that renders it highly prized. But the circumstance which long made it an object of the highest curiosity, was an idea that it was not produced in the usual way, from the egg of a similar parent, but that it was the preternatural production of a shell-fish, called a barnacle. This singular absurdity is not to be charged to the Irish; it was first published to the world by Giraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied the early invaders, and saw the bird in this place. It was received with avidity in England, and set down among other *specioso miracula* of the new and barbarous country, where everything was wild and monstrous. The shell supposed to produce it is frequently found on this coast, adhering to logs of wood and other substances which have remained long in sea-water; it is attached by a fleshy membrane at one end, and from the other issues a fibrous beard which curls round the shell, and has a distant resemblance to the feathers of a fowl; on this circumstance the story was founded. So late as the time of Gerard, the

botanist, it was firmly believed by the naturalists in England. In a folio edition of Gerard's works, there is a long account of this prodigious birth, which he prefaces by saying, "What mine eyes have seen, and mine hands have touched, that I will declare;" and he accompanies his description with a plate, representing one of these birds hanging by its head to a barnacle-shell, as just excluded from it, and dropping into the sea. This fishy origin of the bird rendered it also an object of ecclesiastical controversy. It was disputed with much warmth in England, before the Reformation, that this Irish bird, having a fish for its parent, was not properly flesh, and so might be eaten with perfect propriety on fast-days; hence this delicious meat was an allowed luxury, in which many worthy ecclesiastics conscientiously indulged in Lent. One learned man made a syllogism to defend his practice: "Whatever is naturally born of flesh is flesh, but this bird hath no such origin, therefore it is not flesh." Another retorted on him by the following ingenious position: "If a man," said he, "were disposed to eat part of Adam's thigh, he would not be justified, I imagine, because Adam was not born from a parent of flesh." So universal was this belief in the extraordinary origin of the bird, that its supposed parent, the shell-fish, is called by conchologists *lepas ansifera*, "the goose-bearing lepas."

⁸⁰ At Bannow, we believe, one of the first, if not the first, of the agricultural schools of Ireland was established by the Rev. William Hickey, whose little practical works on husbandry, under the name of *Martin Doyle*, addressed more particularly to the humbler classes, are worth their weight in gold. Mr. Hickey, in process of time, left the district, and under the care of Mr. James the school expanded into a general educational establishment for young gentlemen. We have heard its system highly extolled, as combining more rational and useful instruction than is generally grafted on the usual school routine; and have heard gratifying reports concerning the "management" from several of his pupils, who are making honourable way in the world. We can ourselves bear testimony to the salubrity of the situation, and to the exceeding care to health, displayed by judicious and regular attention to exercise; a very minute inspection of every one of its departments justifies us in characterising it as highly creditable to the district, and a very serviceable auxiliary to the neighbouring gentry.

⁹⁰ We met with very few throughout the baronies who could supply us with more than a few words, and with only one person who could hold a conversation in the language. The kindness

of a gentleman "born and reared" among this primitive people, enabled us to procure a large collection of their peculiar terms; we copy a few of them—sufficient to give the reader a notion of their character—*chour*, giant; *fash*, shame; *kemp*, large; *ken-nen*, known; *ilet*, hindered; *math*, a meadow; *ractsome*, fair; *redesman*, adviser; *ramshogue*, foolish talk. These we give from our own gatherings. The list of Vallancey contains about 300 words; and among them are several which, though now obsolete in England, are to be frequently encountered in the pages of Gower, Chaucer, and the earlier English poets—some of them indeed having been used by Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. A singular document was given to us by the writer of it (the gentleman we have referred to), who formed it from his own knowledge of the tongue, aided by the memories of some of the older peasants. It is an address presented to the Marquis of Normanby, (who, while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, paid a visit to the district,) at Ballytrent, on the 12th of August, 1836; and is entitled "ye soumissive spakeen o ouz, dwellers o' Baronie Forth, Weis-forthe:"—

"Wee, Vassales o' 'His Most Gracious Majesty' Wilyame ee 4th, an az wee virilie chote na coshe an loyale Dwellers na Baronie Forthe, crave na dicka luckie acte t'uck necher th' Eccellencie, an na plaine garbe o' oure yola talke, wi vengem o' core t' gie oure zense o' ye grades wilke be ee dighte wi yer name, an whilke wee canna zic, albiet o' 'Governere,' 'Statesman,' an alike. Yer ercha an al o' whilke yt beeth wi gleozom o' core th' oure eene dearneth apan ye Vigere o' dicke zovereine, Wilyame ee 4th, unnere quhose fatherlie zwae oure deis be ee spant, az avare ye trad dicke lone, yer name waz ee Kent var ee 'Vriene o' Levertie,' an 'He quho brake ye neckers o' zlaves. Mong ourzelves—var wee dwitheth an Irelone az oure generale haime—y' ast bie ractzom hone delt t' ouz ye laas ee mate var ercha vassale, ne'er dwithen enna dicke wai nar dicka. Wee dwithe ye ane quhose dies bee gien var ee gudevare o' ye lone ye zwae, t'avance pace an lirtie, an wi'out vlinch, ee garde o' generale rioghts an poplare virtue. Ye pace—yea we mai zei, ye vaste pace—quhilke be ee stent o'er ye lone, zince th'ast ee cam, pwo'th y'at wee alane needed ye giftes o' generale rioghts, az be dizplaite bie ee factes o' thie goverement. Ye state na dicke die o' ye lone, na quhilke be ne'er fash, nar moile, albiet 'Constitutional Agitation,' ye wake o' hopes ee blighted! stampe na yer zwae be rare and lightzom. Yer name var zetch avenet avare yie e'en a dicka vur hie, arent quhilke ye brine o' zea, an ee crags o' noghanes cazed

na balke. Na oure glades ana quhilke we deltt wie mattoc, an zing l'oure caules wi plou, wee hert ee zough o' ye colure o' pace na name o' 'Mulgrave.' Wi 'Irishmen' oure generale hopes be ee bond—az '*Irishmen*' an az Dwellers na coshe and loyale o' Baronic Forthe, w'oul die an ercha die, oure maunes an oure gurles, prie var lang an happie zines shorne o' leumagh, an ee vilt wi benizons, an yuzel an oure gude zovereine 'till ee zin o' oure dies be vare aye ee go t' glade."

"We, the subjects of his Most Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, and as we truly believe both faithful and loyal inhabitants of the Barony Forth, beg leave at this favourable opportunity to approach your Excellency, and in the simple dress of our old dialect to pour forth from the fulness of our hearts our sense of the qualities which characterise your name, and for which we have no words but of 'Governor,' 'Statesman,' &c. In each and every condition, it is with joy of heart that our eyes rest upon the representative of that sovereign, William the Fourth, under whose paternal rule our days are spent; for before your foot pressed this soil, your name was known to us as the 'Friend of liberty,' and 'He who broke the fetters of the slave.' Unto ourselves—for we look on Ireland to be our common country—you have with impartiality (of hand) ministered to us the laws made for every subject without regard to this party or to that. We behold you one whose days are devoted to the welfare of the land you govern, to promote peace and liberty—the uncompromising guardian of common rights and popular virtue. The peace—yes we may say the profound peace—which overspreads the land since your arrival, proves that we stood alone in need of the enjoyment of common privileges, as is demonstrated by the results of your government. The condition this day of the country, in which is neither tumult nor confusion, but that Constitutional Agitation, the consequence of disappointed hopes, confirms your rule to be rare and enlightened. Your fame came before you, even into this retired spot, to which neither the waters of the sea yonder, nor the rugged mountains above, caused any impediment. In our valleys where we were digging with the spade, or as we whistled to our horses at the plough, we heard in the word 'Mulgrave,' the distant sound of the wings of the dove of peace. With Irishmen our common hopes are inseparably wound up—as Irishmen and as inhabitants of the Barony of Forth, faithful and loyal, we will daily, and every day, our wives and our children, implore long and happy days, free from melancholy, and filled with blessings, for yourself and

our good sovereign, until the sun of our lives be for ever gone down the shaded valley (of death)."

⁹¹ The number of ecclesiastical edifices in the Barony of Forth is as extraordinary as that of the military. The MS. to which we have referred gives a catalogue of them, amounting to eighteen churches, thirty-three chapels (one being annexed to each castle), two convents, and an hospital. The MS. from which we quote is a description of this county, the Barony of Forth especially, by Robert Leigh, Esq., of Rosegarland, and Colonel Solomon Richards, dated 1684; this curious and interesting volume, written for the use of the learned Sir William Petty, is in the possession of Mr. Hore, of Pole Hore, from whose collections for a history of the shire (which he designs to publish) we have derived much information.

⁹² We have often heard peasants of the barony humming an old song, of which the following was the burden—

"I kill my own lamb, my own chickens, and ham,
And I shear my own sheep and I wear it."

So general was the growth of flax formerly, that kilns for drying it were erected in every town-land—a wise precaution against the danger of fire to the dwellings—and a wooden instrument (or break) called a "nabor," formed a necessary appendage to every village. As the head was a large lump of wood, a dunce or blockhead was called a "nabor-head." Wheat is pretty generally cultivated, but the soil is much better adapted to the growth of barley, the meal of which forms the bread of the labouring populace. Before the excise laws were put into strict force, beer of a very superior kind was brewed in every house for domestic use and hospitality, and in winter and early spring supplied the place of milk. Oats were not so generally sown, and are used only in the form of grits, or groats, as stirabout for breakfast, bread made from oatmeal being in little esteem with the natives. Beans are extensively sown, the abundance of sea manure being highly favourable. Until lately, more beans were raised here than in all the rest of Ireland put together.

⁹³ On the evening of the 16th of October a strong gale sprung up from the S.W., and increased in fury till the 18th. The condition of the unfortunate men on the rock became frightfully awful. The huge billows began to roll over the entire extent of the rock, exceeding a surface of more than three acres. The very summit of the building was far overtopped. The sheds and workhouses were swept away in an instant; the loss of human life

at the moment was more than thirty, and those only who clung to chains and large blocks survived the following wave. Every succeeding wave swept away some poor wretch. Some bound themselves by ropes to the chains and blocks, and fortunately the tide began to lower, yet the fury of the elements abated not. The unfortunate survivors prepared against the horrors of the next full tide, which if possible was more dreadfully violent. In this condition they remained for forty-eight hours, never free from the running of the sea, and frequently buried at high tide many feet beneath the moving mountains of water. The building itself was demolished, and several poor creatures were hurled along with the mass of stones into the abyss. Others were torn from the chains, benumbed and exhausted, whilst several died lashed in the embrace of the iron chain, which had almost cut their bodies in two. Nineteen shattered and mutilated creatures were at length, with great difficulty, rescued from their horrid condition.

⁹⁴ In the ramparts of the perfect one at Ballytrent, is observable a considerable depression in the due East and West points; supporting the opinion that their use was religious, and the worship that of the sun. When anywhere within the outer rampart (even on the summit of the inner one), we have no view of anything terrestrial; and the depression at the East gave the worshipper in the interior the first view of the Deity in the morning, and that in the West the last view of his departing glory, unmixed with any earthly objects.

⁹⁵ A list of the "good landlords" of the county of Wexford would occupy several pages. Many of them have successfully laboured to introduce improvements among the people. A few of them we may not omit to notice:—"Courtown," the seat of the Earl of Courtown, is a model of excellent management. Two of the highest improvements in agriculture were first introduced into Ireland under the patriotic directions of the late Earl of Courtown. Arthur Young tells us, in his *Tour in 1776*, that the first field of turnips he saw in Ireland was here; and the present peer, whose unceasing care and attention to everything that may be conducive to the prosperity of those around him, is the admiration of all who witness it, has recently introduced the making and burning of DRAINING TILES, that *sine quâ non* in a wet climate, having brought over an experienced kiln-burner from Staffordshire to superintend the works. The new harbour formed at Courtown is also a work of patriotism and humanity. The evergreens at Courtown are remarkable for their enormous size and

luxuriance; the extent of garden and ornamented ground is very large, near 40 acres; there is a fine avenue of limes, run up to a great height, the interior of which perfectly represents the aisle of a Gothic cathedral. The Ounavara meanders through a magnificent glen of two miles in length, the banks of which are clothed with enormous beech and other fine timber. Of "Wells," the seat of Robert Doyne, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Hickey, in his "Hints to small Farmers," thus speaks:—"The extensive demesne exhibits the most perfect system of agriculture on a large scale; the fields, 20 acres in extent, are laid out with mathematical precision; all the fences are preserved and trimmed with English exactness, and the implements of husbandry, cattle, &c. &c., are of the best description." It may be added that the whole seat has more the character of an ancient English residence than any perhaps in Ireland. The mansion is of red brick, faced with white granite, in the rich Tudor style; the hall, staircase, lobbies, and principal apartments, wainscoted with old carved oak. "Castle Boro," the seat of Lord Carew, was unhappily destroyed by fire about a year ago; but it is rebuilding in a style worthy of the taste and magnificence of its noble proprietor, who deservedly ranks high among the liberal and improving landlords of Ireland. Of "Bannow," the estates of Thomas Boyse, Esq., we have spoken elsewhere. There is nothing superior to it in the kingdom. His tenants are, with scarcely an exception, "men of property." "Wilton," the seat of the late — Alcock, Esq. (the heir is a minor), is one of the most perfect and beautiful examples of a modern castle to be found in the country. In short, there is no district in Wexford that does not exhibit proof of the advantages to be derived from the personal care of resident proprietors.

⁹⁶ The good old priest of Blarney—of whom we have heretofore made grateful mention—thus expressed himself to us on the subject, hitting the nail on the head: "You see, sir, the way of it is this; the Irish gentry are ambitious of making out a huge rent-roll; when 'tis made, they live up to it; half the rents are never paid; and the inevitable consequence is, that they soon become ruined men, with hereditary and entailed estates mortgaged to their value, who are compelled to live out the residue of their lives away from their creditors on the Continent, and are, of course, the worst of all the classes of absentees, because continually needing the poor incomes they can still drain from their tenantry."

⁹⁷ We may perhaps be permitted to associate with these matter-

of-fact details, a passage from a sketch by Mrs. Hall, published in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," a work, we rejoice to say, that largely circulates in Ireland; for no publication of the existing age is so completely calculated to carry on the great work of improvement. "To exhibit what may be done in Ireland, I refer to this estate, unencumbered, yielding to its possessor an immense annual income, spent by himself in the country,—the money, as it were, returned to the tenant, with the rich interest of protection and kindness. Three hundred labourers constantly employed on this estate; a school-house, beautiful to look at, and useful in its construction, built and supported without regard to expense, at the gate leading to the princely demesne; the master, a man qualified in every respect for his occupation; no religious distinction made, and none thought of, either by the learned or the learner. Cottages built in the midst of flourishing gardens; roses and woodbines clustering round their windows; the landlord doubling the amount of whatever prizes his tenants may receive from agricultural societies, as encouragements to good conduct. No wild pigs, no beggars, no dunghills, no fear, few whiskey-shops, little quarrelling, very little idleness; clean, healthy, well-dressed children; the prettiest girls and 'neatest boys' in Ireland. You ask of the landlord's and landlady's religion: both are members of the Church of England; some of their servants are Catholics, some Protestants. I never heard the sound of religious difference in their household. By night and by day their house is open to relieve either sorrow or sickness; there are no traces of extravagance in their arrangements, though the park is full of deer, and the merry horn frequently calls forth the stag-hounds to the chase; but little is spent in vain entertainment, though great is the outlay of actual benevolence; every new improvement is tried at home before it is adapted to cottage use, and Paddy *sees* the good with his own eyes before he is called on to adopt it: this is especially necessary, for my countrymen love 'ould ways.' This is not an Irish Utopia of my own creation; it is, to use an Irish phrase, 'to the fore;' any one sceptical as to the possibility of Irish civilization may go to Wexford, and drive in half an hour to Johnstown Castle, where he can see what I have described; and more—for the proprietors have introduced amongst the mechanics, as well as the agriculturists, a hitherto unknown taste, by fitting up certain rooms in the castle with oak-carvings after the antique, which would do no discredit to our best artists in that way, and prove what *can* be done not only *in*

the country, *but by the countrymen themselves*, when there is a kind and liberal spirit to draw forth and foster their natural abilities."

⁹⁸ About twenty yards from the entrance on the Westford side, the massacres of 1798 took place. The rebels had kept their prisoners in the jail, and when that was full, in the holds of two or three small coasting vessels. They were taken out in parties of from ten to twenty, and conducted to the bridge. The victim was ordered to kneel down; two men stood behind and two before him, drove their four pikes into his body and flung it over into the water; firing shots at it if it floated. A very graphic account of the horrible business is given by a Mr. Charles Jackson, a native of Sudbury, who carried on the business of a carver and gilder in the town. Having endured all the terrors of death for many days, he was led with sixteen others to the bridge. "I and my sixteen fellow-prisoners," he writes, "knelt down in a row. The blood of those who had been already executed on the spot (eighty-one in number) had more than stained, it streamed upon the ground about us. They began the bloody tragedy by taking out Mr. Daniell, who, the moment he was touched with their pikes, sprang over the battlements into the water, where he was instantly shot. Mr. Robinson was the next: he was piked to death. The manner of piking was, by two of the rebels pushing their pikes into the front of the victim, while two others pushed pikes into his back; and in this state, writhing with torture, he was suspended aloft on the pikes till dead. He was then thrown over the bridge into the water. They next came to Gurley, who was next to me. At that moment one of them came up to me, and asked if I would have a priest. I felt my death to be certain, and I answered, 'No.' He then pulled me by the collar, but was desired to wait till Gurley was finished." Gurley was accordingly murdered; but just as they were about to kill Jackson, General Roche rode rapidly up, calling them to arms, for that Vinegar Hill was beset by the army. Jackson, therefore, escaped, and with him two others—Mr. O'Connor, an organist, and William Hamilton, the bailiff of the town. A still more signal interposition of Providence was manifested on behalf of Captain Arthur Meadows. We had often heard the story, but on our late visit to Wexford received it from his own lips. At our request he also kindly wrote for us the following:—

"On the 31st of May, '98, about six in the morning, I was taken by a rebel to the jail of Wexford; when I arrived there, I was told three men had a few minutes before searched the jail

for me, and told Mr. Bland and others they had orders to put me to death: from the jail they went to my lodgings, and *must have passed me in the streets*. I was not there; they searched the house, made the family get out of bed, and turned over the beds, supposing I was secreted under one of them. Mrs. Meadows asked them the cause of their visit, and searching so strictly for me; adding, 'On Sunday last you murdered my brother, and now you want to murder my husband; but there is a Power able and willing to protect him.' They went away, and I heard no more of them. Here was a proof of the mercy of Him in whose providence we should trust; had I been at home or in prison, my life was lost; the villains were strangers, passed me in the street, and I was saved. On the 6th of June (with many others) I was taken from the jail, and put on board a small vessel, with wet ballast and straw to rest and sleep on. We were told we were to be kept as hostages, and would be treated well. The vessel was taken through the drawbridge, and placed at the north side of the bridge, about pistol-shot from it. Our friends had liberty at times to send us provisions, and the rebels sometimes sent us potatoes and soup—both bad; however, we complained not. Morning and evening I assembled my fellow-prisoners about me, and regularly offered to the Deity our homage and duty, reading for them the 51st, 52nd, part of 55th, 56th, 57th, and 59th Psalms. My little congregation were certainly attentive, humble, and penitent; Mr. Benjamin Vicary, Major Milward (then Captain), both now alive, were part of it; Mr. Turner, father of the present Mr. Edward Turner, was murdered; Captain Cox, and Mr. Hore, father of the present Mr. Hore of Harperstown, also; they—that is, Mr. T., Captain C., and Mr. Hore, were called or taken to the bridge *by name*. When we were first apprised of the massacre, I got my congregation together, and offering part of our usual psalms, and one expressive of our then situation, our little band of victims, about eighteen in number, shook hands, and took, *as we thought*, a long farewell of each other. A fellow came to the hatchway, and said, 'You may as well come out first as last, and save us the trouble of calling you.' I stood up and told my companions we had better meet our fate; and saying to them, 'God bless you,' I ascended the ladder to the deck; Captain Milward and Mr. Newton King followed me. A boat was ready to take us on shore, and we were from the landing-place taken to the bridge. I made application to some persons whom I knew for protection. None offered assistance, though many were present whom my father and I had assisted. A chief, named Esmond

Kyan, took Mr. King and Captain Milward under his care, and saved them. I was left to shift for myself and was taken near to the portcullis, all strangers about me, except my servant (a Roman Catholic), who met me there, *and was faithful*. I made a speech to the fellows; one of them said he would ask General Roche if he knew me. I told him he did; he returned and said General Roche did not know me. Just at that instant I observed Mr. Hore (who was a tall man) holding his hat over his head, and asking if there was any one present who came from where he lived, when a blow of a pike hit him on the head; he fell forward, and his head struck my right shoulder, which turned me half round; he fell at my side, and I was compelled to see him murdered; for before I had time to regain my position, many indeed were the pikes put through his body. At this instant a female, to me unknown, called out, 'Uncle, take care of Mr. Meadows, don't hurt him.' The man instantly said, 'Will you join us? if you do you shall have any command you wish for.' I answered, 'No; I took the oath of allegiance to George the Third, and never will I break it.' 'You will not?' he repeated. My answer was '*Never*.' 'Right! honour bright!' was his reply, slapping me on the back, and adding, 'make off with yourself.' He then said, 'If you are ever able to do anything for this girl, won't you?' I replied, 'She is a stranger to me; but if she brings me this pencil-case (which was the only valuable article I had, having left my watch, &c. in the prison-ship), I shall know to whom I am indebted for this service.' The people around me and my servant pushed me in great haste to the bridge-gate, which a man there closed in a hurry—he was my servant's brother! I was about four paces from the gate, when I heard a cry of, '*Where is Meadows?*' The man (Roche) holding the gate cried out, 'Not one of you shall pass, you know the king's army is at Vinegar Hill.' This stopped them. When the great body of rebels had left town, three rebel chiefs came to the place where I was sheltered, and conveyed or escorted me to my lodgings. This girl whom I have mentioned was courting my servant, or rather he was courting her; she was the instrument employed by Providence for my preservation. Matthew Roche was afterwards married to her, and I gave them an annuity for their lives; he lived with me as long as his health permitted. I attended his funeral at Castle Ellis, and told the multitude assembled the history of his faithfulness, before his coffin was covered. Husband and wife deserved it: he outlived her."

⁹⁹ The quays are good; and although large ships are seldom

seen, they are usually crowded with coasting vessels—many of which belong to the town. The court-house, an excellent building, faces the bridge. Wexford may boast of one of the best, if not the very best, hotels of the south of Ireland—"White's Hotel." We have never visited a better-managed establishment; as it has been our good fortune to have hospitable friends in the neighbourhood, we have not been domiciled there; but we have received from many the highest testimonials as to the cleanliness, order, and attention of the house—and especially in reference to the qualities of Mr. White's "cuisine." The host attends to his own business—a circumstance sufficient to account for the excellent character of the hotel.

¹⁰⁰ Selsker Abbey is remarkable as the spot in which the first treaty was signed with the English, in the year 1169, when the town of Wexford surrendered to Fitz-Stephen. It was enlarged and endowed by Sir Alexander Roche of Artramont, under singular circumstances. When a young man he became enamoured of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a poor burgess of the town; his parents, to prevent his marriage, prevailed on him to join the crusade then on foot for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. On his return from Palestine, he found himself a free agent by their death, but, on revisiting the dwelling of the lady, he ascertained that, in the belief of his rumoured death in battle, the girl had entered a convent. In despair he took a vow of celibacy, and endowed this monastery, dedicating it to the Holy Sepulchre (Saint Sepulchre, or by corruption, Selsker), and became the first prior.

¹⁰¹ A harrowing tale, known as "Roche's Revenge," is told of one of the chieftains of that line—Wat Reoch, Walter the Rough, as he was called. He had suffered by the depredations of a neighbouring Irish leader of "kerne," named O'Morroë, who ruled the adjacent territory, still known as "the Morroë's Country." Wat gave him warning that the next foray should be the last, and he surprised and captured the freebooter in the act of recrossing the river with the "prey." The moon was high, the tide low; and as Wat Reoch observed the long bank of slime left bare by the receding waters, a horrid idea of retribution entered his mind. It was effected on the spot and at the instant. A strong stake was procured and fixed upright on the margin of the stream at low water-mark. To this the captive was bound; one arm pinioned behind him, the other left free, and provided with a loaf of bread. In this situation he was left; for several successive tides Wat Reoch watched his living victim from the windows of his tower, none covering him higher than the breast. At length the flood-

tide came! One button after another on his jerkin disappeared beneath the water, which at last reached his chin, and soon closed over his head for ever.

¹⁰² Mr. Moore, in a note to his "History of Ireland," thus notices the castle:—"An eloquent Irishman (Right Hon. R. L. Sheil) of the present day, in a speech delivered by him some years since at Wexford, thus alluded to this memorable tower and its history: 'Situate at the gorge of the mountain, and commanding the passage over the stream, whose waters are darkened with its shadow, it is invested with many melancholy associations, and imparts to the solemnity of the scene what I may call a political picturesque. From the fosse of that tower memory may take a long and dismal retrospect. * * * * Years have flowed by, like the waters which it overshadows, and yet it is not changed. It stands as if it were the work of yesterday; as it was the first product of English domination, so it is its type.' Mr. Sheil is reported to have afterwards declared, in a speech at the Association, 'That it ought to be pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland's first degradation.' The right honourable gentleman, however, might have found in Holinshed's Chronicles of Ireland, that the castle had already submitted to the fate he proposed for the 'revolting object.' 'Mac Morogh,' writes Giraldus Cambrensis, 'marched to besiege Dublin, but left Fitz-Stephen behind, who was then building a hold or castell upon a certeine rockie hill called the Caricke, about two miles from Wexford, which place, although it were verie stronge of itselfe, yet by industrie and labour it was made much stronger.' Whereon is appended this note by the translator: 'The said Caricke is distant from the towne of Wexford about two English miles, and standeth upon a high rocke, and is invironed on two sides with the river which floweth to Wexford towne, and it is verie deepe and navigable; the other two sides are upon the maine land, which is a verie fertile soile, and in height almost equall with the castell. It was at the first made but of rods and wiffes, according to the manner in those daies, but since builded with stone, and was the strongest fort then in those parts of the land; but being a place not altogether sufficient for a prince, and yet it was thought too good and strong for a subject, it was pulled downe, defaced, and razed, and so dooth still remaine.'" The fosse and works of Carrig Castle occupy half an acre; the place is called "Shan-a-court," by the peasantry, evidently meaning the *old* court.

¹⁰³ Mr. Leigh, in his description of this part of the shire, dated 1684, speaks of it as "good for hunting and hawking, there being

good rideing and plenty of game, especially hare, phaisant, growse, and partridge, and too many foxes;" again, of the "abundance of woodcocks," and that "the woodland parte of the county had in it abundance of out-laine deere, redd and fallow." Hawking was, till recent times, a common pastime of the Catholic gentry, to whom the penal laws forbade the use of fire-arms; and there was ample scope for the exercise of that "gentlemanly sport" on the banks of the "peaceful Slaney." In the upper part of the Glynn was fought, in 1650, the battle of Lambstown, the last engagement in which the Irish of Leinster ventured to oppose the republicans, and in which they were totally routed by Ireton, with such slaughter that the ditches are said to have run with blood for two days; and the well-contested defile is still known as "the bloody gap." There is a story that nine young gentlemen of the county bound themselves by oath not to depart from the field alive unless victorious; they appparelled themselves and horses in the uniform of Ireton's dragoons, with whom they took an opportunity of mixing, distinguished to each other only by a bunch of furze, a common plant in the country, in their helmets. They effected great destruction and confusion, and would have done more service, but were discovered by the rest of the Irish cavalry unfortunately imitating their cognizance, by which their side was betrayed. Of these there is said to have been four brothers of the Fitzhenrys of Macmiuls; the eldest alone escaped to France. Before going to the field, he hid a large sum of money in the cellar of his house; and after the Restoration revisited his native country with the feeble hope of regaining the treasure. He found another regaling in the hall of his fathers, introduced himself, and was invited to dine; his object was now to obtain admission to the cellar without stating his purpose; a drinking-bout commenced; they drank freely; and late at night he proposed an^d adjournment to the immediate neighbourhood of the wine; the host consented, and was shortly "hors de combat," fast asleep under a hogshead: Fitzhenry quietly unburied the gold, which he found untouched, and left the house. With this sum he purchased a neighbouring farm, that long remained with his posterity.

¹⁰⁴ This manor and beautiful demesne of Carrigmenan was granted, according to tradition, to the Furlonge family, under the following circumstances:—A gentleman of this name, one of the Furlonges of Furlonge, of Devonshire, was in the train of Henry the Second during his visit to Ireland. When that monarch was passing a few days at Wexford, previous to his departure for England, he one day rode with some followers to chase the deer

in the then great oak-forest of the Glynn; Furlonge was of the party, and so fortunate as to kill an immense wild boar which had attacked the king, and succeeded in dismounting him, ripping up his horse; the sovereign knighted his preserver, and bestowed on him a large tract in that neighbourhood. The Irish branch of the family assumed for their arms, in memory of this, the bearing of a boar issuant from an oak-wood. Afterwards they sold the estate to the Devereux family, in whose possession it still remains. During the civil war of 1689, the mansion was beleaguered by a Dutch troop, and Ismay Devereux defended it successfully, her husband, Colonel Devereux, being absent in James's army. After the enemy retired, she was prematurely confined, and a child was born in the grounds, where a large circle of trees still stands to commemorate the event. From a history of the family, written in France in 1776, we extract the following:—"La seconde femme (du Colonel James Devereux) étoit Ismay, fille de Matthew Hore, de Seandon, dans la province de Waterford; dont la force d'esprit et ses principes généreux eussent fait honneur à une matrone romaine dans le tems de la plus grande vertu de cette république; l'anecdote suivante que j'ai souvent entendu répéter par son fils Hyacinthe en est une preuve. Pendant le siège mémorable de Limerick, son mari, qui y étoit avec son régiment, et qui l'aimoit tendrement, ne pouvant supporter l'idée qu'elle fût seule, dans le tems qu'elle avoit le plus grand besoin d'aide, car elle étoit prête d'accoucher quand il partit, s'en retourna secrètement, voyageant toujours la nuit, parceque le pays étoit rempli des troupes du roi Guillaume III., et la trouva en couches, sur un lit de paille sous une hutte faite de branches d'arbres, dans un coin du jardin de Carigmenan, qu'on voit encore; les troupes hollandoises l'avoient chassée de son château, où ils commirent toute sortes d'excès. Au moment qu'elle vit son mari, elle demanda si tout étoit fini; quand il eut dit que non, que les ennemis étoient encore devant la place, et que c'étoit sa tendresse pour elle qui lui faisoit braver tous les dangers, pour venir la soulager, elle lui reprocha de n'avoir pas resté pour éprouver le sort de sa patrie, ajoutant qu'il importait très-peu ce qu'elle pourroit souffrir, quand il s'agissoit de tout, et le força de remonter à cheval sur le champ, pour retourner à Limerick, qu'il fut assez heureux d'entrer quelques heures avant que les conditions fussent signées, qui lui a sauvé sa fortune."

¹⁰⁵ Cromwell thus speaks of Enniscorthy, in his letter to the English Parliament, dated 14th October, 1649:—"That night" (30th September) "the army marched into the fields of a village called Eniscorfy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop, where was a

strong castle, very well manned and provided for by the enemy; and close under it a very fair house belonging to the same worthy person," (Mr. Wallop sat as one of the regicide judges, though he did not sign the warrant for the king's execution; on the Restoration he was drawn on a sledge under Tyburn gallows, with a halter round his neck, and imprisoned for life,) "a monastery of Franciscan fryars, the considerablist in all Ireland; they run away the night before we came: we summoned the castle, and they refused to yield at the first, but upon better consideration they were willing to deliver the place to us, which accordingly they did, leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition, and provisions behinde them."

¹⁰⁶ The cause assigned for the Norman invasion, the abduction of a man's wife, is treated very lightly by the English historians, from Cambrensis down to Hume. Harris says, "The defection of the nobility could never be brought about, merely from a motive of gallantry with the wife of another prince!" The Irish historians thought otherwise. Maurice Regan, with all his partiality for his master and his allies, tells the circumstance like a man of feeling and principle. His work is exceedingly valuable as a document, and curious as a composition. It was written, originally, in Irish, but translated into French verse by some Norman of his acquaintance. He thus details the event which led to the ultimate transfer of the kingdom to the English crown. The wife of O'Rourke "was a fair and lovely lady, entirely beloved by Dermot. He, by letters and messengers, pursued her love with such fervency, that she sent him word she was ready to obey and yield to his will, and appointed time and place where he should find her. Dermot assembled his lords, entered Leitrim, found the lady, took her away, and returned with joy to Ferns. O'Rourke, full of affliction and wounded pride, addressed himself to O'Connor, king of Connaught, complaining of the wrong and scorn done him by the king of Leinster, and imploring his aid to avenge so great an outrage. O'Connor, moved with honour and compassion, promised him his succour." Upon the legend of O'Halloran, that the abduction of the lady, whom he names Dearbhorgil, took place while her husband was "on a pilgrimage," Moore has founded one of the finest of his poems.

¹⁰⁷ The author of "A Tour in Ireland in 1748," relates the following legend of the castle. "It once belonged to Catherine de Clare, who for many years committed horrible murders there, under the countenance of friendship, hospitality, and good-nature. She would invite several of the rich inhabitants in order to en-

tertain them, and when they were in their mirth and jollity, push them through a trap-door and cut their throats." "It is certain," adds the tourist, "we saw a convenience of that kind that opened into a large cavern, which might give rise to such a tale." The story is somewhat borne out by the fact, that Catherine Clare was the wife of Sir Thomas Masterson, constable of the castle under Elizabeth; and it is well known that such treacherous outrages were frequently practised on the native Irish by the English settlers during the reign of "good Queen Bess." We should observe, however, that such "murdering holes" are common to nearly all the old castles. To one of them we have referred in describing the river Blackwater. Another was related to us by a lady in Donegal, of a robber-chief, of Kilbarron castle, whose atrocities were discovered in a very singular manner. His last victim was the wife of a neighbouring chieftain; he had flung her body down the hole into the sea, that roared and lashed far below; but as she was nursing at the time, she could not sink, and floated even to the walls of her own husband's tower. Here she was sufficiently alive to make known the outrage that had been perpetrated; her lord raised the country, and effectually destroyed the ruffian who had infested it. Until very lately, the hole might have been "looked into" by any visitor to the wild vicinity; but as some sheep had fallen down it, the peasantry contrived to cover it over.

¹⁰⁸ Anglo-Norman names occur, almost exclusively, in the southern parts of the county—such as Sutton, Devereux, Harpur, Hore, Redmond, Fitzhenry, Le Hunte, Percival, &c. &c. The oldest proof we have met with of the "esprit du corps" of this county, and its pride of English extraction, is an address to Sir Henry Wallop of Enniscorthy (ancestor of the Earls of Portsmouth), dated 1587, and signed by the Bishop of Ferns and twenty-nine gentlemen of the shire, invoking him to purchase from the Clan Kavanagh the Barony of St. Mullins (in the county of Carlow), and "plant" it with English, being, as they describe it, "a border country, the very den of thieves, and the chief receptacle of all the malefactors of Leinster." They speak "feelingly" of the benefits to be derived from such a measure, as conducive, "to restore us to our auneynt, naturall, and most desired fowrme and manner of lyvinge, according to the use and custome of Englande, from which, through the libertie that idle persons, not corrected, had to spoile us, and want of good government and rule, we are declyned and degenerate."

¹⁰⁹ On the arrival of the Anglo-Normans it was the stronghold

of O'More, Dynast of Leix. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century it became the property of William de Bruce, Lord of Brecknock, in right of his wife, daughter of William, Earl of Pembroke. By him it was erected into "a lordship barony, or manor." A military tenantry was formed around it, ready to appear in arms "for the defence of the realm, or the service of their lord." Dun-a-mase was at this time the "terror of the neighbourhood and the bulwark of the pale." Dr. Ledwich, who rarely loses an opportunity of sneering at the "mere Irish," states that "while the British settlers preserved their original manners, the fickleness of the Irish and their proneness to rebellion were effectually restrained; but when the pride of power without any of the virtue that acquired it was only found among them; when corruptions had degraded the national character, they then were looked on with contempt by those who formerly dreaded them, and instead of masters became suitors for protection." An earlier authority, Sir John Davis, reads the history of the struggle in a similar spirit. "The Irish," he says, "usurped those seignories that were in possession of the English, setting up a perpetual claim to those great lordships that were employed by the English noblemen for protection, but seized them as their inheritance when opportunity offered." Accordingly, about the end of the reign of Edward the Second, Lysagh O'More, "the ancient proprietary of Leix," destroyed Dun-a-mase, and recovered the whole country. For centuries afterwards the fortress was perpetually changing hands—to-day English and the next day Irish; until, in 1650, it was taken and dismantled by Colonels Huson and Reynolds, soldiers of the famous "ruinator" of castles in Ireland; and it was never afterwards rebuilt.

¹¹⁰ The estate in which Dun-a-mase stands is the property of Sir Henry Parnell (now Lord Congleton); "whose father," says Mr. Brewer, "exhibited a very laudable care to preserve the ruins of the castle from further injury than they had experienced before it came into his possession." It is with great regret we have to record that the son has not followed the father's example. A few years ago, the base of the hill, and for some distance up the ascent, was thickly planted with oak-trees—which added largely to the beauty and picturesque character of the scene. They were flourishing luxuriantly until within the last three or four years; when—if we are rightly informed, and our authority is the tenant who rents the rock—the trees were "sold by Sir Henry to a Mr. Clark, who sold them to a Mr. Purcell, who sold them to the collieries." The rock is, therefore, completely bared; for Sir

Henry's customer left nothing but the roots. Their value must have been very small; we understood indeed that Sir Henry received in exchange for them no more than £100; although, no doubt, the retail dealers between the baronet and the colliers made a handsome profit out of the spoils of modern Dun-a-mase. There may have been some excuse for Cromwell's soldiers converting the castle into a ruin; but there can be none for this act of an Irish gentleman of the nineteenth century. Even the humble labourer who gave us the statement, mourned over the loss as a national affliction and degradation; and it was natural for us to consider how vain must be the hope to see trees again introduced into Ireland if such an example were extensively followed. Some consolation, however, was afforded us—strangely enough; a few miles distant from Dun-a-mase, on our road to Kildare, we passed by Moret Castle, and learned that several years ago the tenants of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who then owned it, were removing the stones to build walls; and had actually removed a considerable portion of them, so as greatly to deface the time-honoured structure. The marquis having received information of their doings in good time, not only stayed farther dilapidations, but compelled the men to restore every stone they had taken away, and rebuild, at their own proper cost, the parts they had taken down. Such was the anecdote we received from our driver, a native of the place; we hope his statement was correct; it was borne out by the appearance of the building. The spoiler, however, has been more successful elsewhere. "I am sorry to say," writes Dr. Ledwich, "that my predecessor in the living of Aghaboe, who had the fee of the land on which the abbey stood, demolished most of the venerable pile to enclose a demesne."

¹¹¹ Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a grant of the lands of Stradbally, with the monastery for Franciscans, was obtained by Francis Crosby, on condition of his undertaking to "furnish yearly nine English horsemen." The Crosbys were at perpetual strife with the O'Mores: an incident which occurred at one of their battles is given by Sir Charles Coote in his statistical survey of the county. "An Irish chief, envying that the estates of the O'Mores should have been transferred to English adventurers, sent the Crosbys a haughty message, that he on a certain day would cross the bridge of Stradbally with his soldiers, and demanded for that purpose a pass, which was the reputed form of a challenge in those times. To allow it would be acknowledging the inferiority of the Crosbys, and a mark of pusillanimity which never was the characteristic of that race. They, of course,

prepared to give the Irish battle, and were ranged to dispute the pass with the enemy, who came in great numbers at the appointed time. The issue of the battle was long doubtful, which was fought with great bravery and perseverance; and at many times each party seemed certain of success. Victory at length determined in favour of the Crosbys; but amongst the brave men who fell that day were included the chiefs on both sides. With Crosby also fell his brother, the joint possessor of the estate; and each had the benefit of survivorship. Their deaths were beheld by their ladies from a window in the castle, which overlooked the scene; and one of them, at the instant her husband was killed, called out to other witnesses, 'Remember! my husband did not fall first, consequently the estate descended to him, and is now the property of my eldest son;' which remarkable saying could not be forgot in the presence of so many witnesses, and determined the point in favour of the child of this lady, whose wary prudence, and unprecedented resolution, showed a presence of mind as strong, and superior to her sex, as her hardness of heart and want of tenderness was unbecoming of it." Mr. Croker has furnished us with an anecdote still more remarkable. "During the siege of Limerick (Cromwell's siege), Ireton, unable to gain over Connor O'Brien to his side by negociation, employed five of his best marksmen to shoot him. These men, disguised as sporting cavaliers, succeeded in surprising Connor O'Brien, and by one of them he was mortally wounded. They were immediately seized and hung upon two carts which were set up on end to form the gallows. The dying man was carried on horseback to Lemenagh, attended by a faithful servant, of whom Mrs. O'Brien demanded why he had dared to bring a dead man home to her? And calling her two sons Teigue and Donough, told them that with the life of their father their fortune was lost, unless both she and they immediately surrendered to the popular English party and obtained terms from Ireton. Upon the death of her husband, who survived only a short time, she ordered her carriage, and dressing herself in superb robes of blue and silver, travelled with six horses to Limerick, then in the possession of Ireton, where she arrived on the evening when a splendid entertainment was given in celebration of the surrender of the town. Mrs. O'Brien was stopped by a sentinel, who demanded her order for admission, and while an altercation took place on the subject, Ireton came up and inquired into the cause, and the name of the lady. 'I was this morning,' replied the heroine, 'the wife of Connor O'Brien, but this evening I am his widow.' Ireton, who had not heard of Connor O'Brien's death, nor of the

fate of the marksmen, suspected some deceit, and asked how she could prove her words? 'By bestowing my hand in marriage,' she replied, 'upon any one of your officers.' The offer was accepted, and the widow was married the same evening to Captain Henry Cooper."

¹¹² Of the last of the race, Mr. Brewer gives the following account, which he obtained from Colonel de Montmorency:—"Thomas Coghlan, Esq.—or, in attention to local phraseology, 'the Maw' (that is, Mac), for he was not known or addressed in his own domain by any other appellation—was a remarkably handsome man; gallant, eccentric, proud, satirical, hospitable in the extreme, and of expensive habits. In disdain of modern times he adhered to the national customs of Ireland, and the modes of living practised by his ancestors. His house was ever open to strangers. His tenants held their lands at will, and paid their rents according to the ancient fashion, partly in kind, and the remainder in money. 'The Maw' levied the fines of mortmain when a vassal died. He became heir to the defunct farmer; and no law was admissible, or practised, within the precincts of Mac Coghlan's domain, but such as savoured of the Brehon code. It must be observed, however, that, most commonly, 'the Maw's' commands, enforced by the impressive application of his horsewhip, instantly decided a litigated point! From this brief outline it might be supposed that we were talking of Ireland early in the seventeenth century; but Mr. Coghlan died not longer back than about the year 1790. With him perished the rude grandeur of his long-drawn line. He died without issue, and destitute of any legitimate male representative to inherit his name, although most of his followers were of the sept of the Coghlans, none of whom, however, were strictly qualified, or were suffered by 'the Maw,' to use the Mac, or to claim any relationship with himself."

¹¹³ An ingenious writer in the "Dublin Penny Journal" states, that "In ancient times the bog of Allen was computed to contain 1,000,000 of acres. At present it does not exceed 300,000, and even this quantity is rapidly diminishing under the hand of cultivation; and, in all probability, the day is not far distant, when the whole of these wastes will be reclaimed, and this perhaps once one of the fairest portions of Ireland be restored to its pristine state. To this end the Grand Canal, and also the Royal Canal, which traverses the counties of Meath, Westmeath, and Longford, in its passage also to the Shannon, materially contribute. A large breadth of drainage has been effected since their completion; and a corresponding extent of land has been thereby brought

into cultivation. To these ends, also, the humble labours of the turf-cutter have been essentially aiding." He adds, "It is high table-land, raised, at its highest elevation, about two hundred and seventy feet above the Liffey, at low water, in Dublin; and stretches, from the latter place, across the King's County, to the Shannon; and, beyond it, in a direction east and west, into the counties of Galway and Roscommon; and, laterally, spreads through the counties of Meath and Westmeath to the north, and into the Queen's County and Tipperary to the south."

¹¹⁴ In their Fourth Report (printed into 1814) the Parliamentary Commissioners appointed in 1809, state, that "the extent of peat soil in Ireland exceeds 2,830,000 English acres, of which, at least, 1,576,000 consist of flat red bog;" and that the remaining 1,255,000 acres form the covering of mountains. The subject of draining has long excited considerable attention. The bog of Allen—under which name, by the way, is included several bogs, distinct from each other—has an elevation of 250 feet above the level of the sea; and several rivers that flow in opposite directions have their sources in it. The summit level of the Grand Canal which passes through its centre is about 270 feet above the mean tide level in Dublin Bay. It would appear, therefore, that the process of draining is here comparatively easy; and a large majority of the engineers employed by the parliamentary commissioners consider that it may be accomplished at comparatively small expense. Mr. M'Culloch is, however, of a contrary opinion; and Mr. Wakefield believes that the drainage of the bogs would render them masses of dry, inert, vegetable matter, about as capable of cultivation as an immense woolpack. This branch of the subject is one to which we cannot now devote sufficient space.

¹¹⁵ And nowhere, perhaps, in the world can they be so largely repaid for so small an expenditure of time and money. A journey of twenty-four hours may place them in the centre of it—a journey by no means tedious, troublesome, or costly. A railway-carriage conveys them to Liverpool; the steam-boats—the largest, safest, and best in the kingdom, which ply twice a-day—in little more than ten hours to Dublin; and Dublin is within an hour's drive of the county. The charges at all the inns in the route are so low as to astonish strangers. The inducements to a tour to Wicklow are, in fact, very strong and very numerous. If we can succeed in showing our readers how easily and pleasantly it may be made, and what a rich reward will attend those who either love to examine natural beauty, to scrutinize character, original and full

of matter, or to become even partially acquainted with a country so deeply interesting, in every sense of the term, we may, to some extent, turn the current of "travelling" from the continent to Ireland. Another recommendation, upon which we should lay some stress, is the temptation the county holds out to the angler.

¹¹⁶ The principal roads through the mountainous districts of Wicklow are termed "military roads." They were formed soon after the rebellion of 1798, the ostensible object being to facilitate the march of troops into the disturbed parts of the county; but the real purpose was to open communications through it, and so to promote civilization and forward practical improvements. There are few benefactors so truly useful as the road-makers. Before these roads were made, the hills and valleys of the interior were almost as unapproachable as islands without boats. Four barracks were subsequently built, at considerable distances apart, on the new line; the sites chosen were Glencree, Laragh, Glenmalur, and Aughavanah. They are now in ruins: anything but picturesque, although they have an aspect of exceeding gloom, standing alone, roofless and desolate, in the midst of arid plains, where neither tree nor human habitation is to be seen. They are usually beheld from very far distances—the design of the builders being, naturally, to combine as much command of the adjacent country as was possible, with a facility of marching in cases of sudden calls. They stand, therefore, in the midst of broad plains, but plains which are at considerable elevations above the valleys.

¹¹⁷ The county of Wicklow possesses little historic interest; for centuries it formed a portion of the county of Wexford, from which it was separated, and made shire ground, so late as the reign of Elizabeth. Thinly inhabited—vast portions being barren, or covered with wood—it was left to the undisputed possession of a few wild Irish septs; or rather, it was found impossible to "extirpate" them, because of the impenetrable forests and glens in which they lurked. To their rule the lovely county was left until the close of that Queen's reign, when their ravages and daring assaults upon the capital drew upon them the vengeance of the state. The "septs" were principally those of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles.

Mr. Moore, in the third volume of his *History of Ireland*, has recorded an anecdote of the chivalric conduct of a chieftain of the O'Tooles—Tirlogh O'Toole. "When all the great Irish lords, O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Connor, and others, had leagued to invade the English Pale, Tirlogh sent word to the Lord-Deputy, that, seeing the principal chiefs were now all combined against him, he

(Tirlogh) thought it but fair to be on his side; but 'as soon as the others made peace, then would he alone make war with him.' This chivalrous promise the chief faithfully kept; nor was it till O'Donnell, O'Neill, and others, had made their submission and withdrawn, that Tirlogh, summoning forth his wild followers from their mountain-holds, renewed, fiercely as before, his harassing inroads on the English borders." Tirlogh, however, subsequently "gave in," requested and obtained permission to repair to England to see the king, "of whom he had heard so much honour," and received twenty pounds to pay his expenses thither. The Lord-Deputy, in writing to his master, thus describes his active and troublesome enemy:—"And although it shall appear to your majesty that this Thirrolough is but a wretched person, and a man of no grete power, neither having house to put his hedd in, nor yet money in his purse to buy him a garment, yet may he well make 2 or 3 hundred men. Assuring your highness that he hath doon more hurte to your English Pale than any man in Irelande, and wool do, whensoever he shall not aither be clerely banished or restored to your heighnesse favour, whereby he may be bound to serve your majestie, as we thinke verely he wool do." During the height of Tyrone's rebellion, Fynes Moryson tells us—"The glynnes or mountainous countrie on the south-west side of Dublin, being in the hands of O'Brynes and O'Tooles, and more remotely of the Kavanaghs, they nightly made incursions to the very gates of the city, giving alarum of war to the long-gowned senate, and (as it were) to the chair of state." At a still more remote period their annoyances were complained of. A volume of "Annals of Ireland," in the British Museum, records—under the year 1328—that "This same year the strong thiefe, the king's enemy, the burner of churches, and the destroyer of people, David O'Toole, was taken by Wellesley. He was led from the Castle of Dublin to the Tholsell, through the cittie, and there before the justices, who judged that he should be drawn throu the cittie after a horse-taile to the gallose, and after hanged, drawn, and quartered—which was done." Sir William Russell was the first viceroy who took the Byrnes "in hand," and routed them effectually, and this too while Tyrone's rebellion was raging. On pretence of a hunting expedition, he came unawares upon the house of Teagh O'Byrne, at Ballenacor, and drove him out of it, placing a garrison there. His wife, Rose O'Toole, was taken, tried, and *burnt*, at Dublin. Her bards describe her as the loveliest of her sex. Teagh was at last captured and slain, under the following circumstances:—On Sunday, the 8th of May, 1597 (according to a

MS. written at the time, in the possession of a friend, who has transcribed the anecdote for us), "betweene 2 and 3 of the clocke, on Sondaie morning, we roade to the glynne's side, where his lordship (Russell) kept with his company of horse, expecting the rebels' dispersing. In the meane while our foote having entred, fell into that quarter where Teagh McHughie laie, and coming several waies upon him, it so pleased God to deliver him into our hands, being so hardly followed as that he was runn out of breath, and forced to take a cave, where one Milborne, sergeant to Captain Lea, first lighted on him; and the furie of our soldiers was soe great as he could not be brought awaie alive; thereupon, the said sergeant cutt off Teagh's head with his owne sworde, and presented his head to my lord, which, with his carcas, was brought to Dublin, to the great comfort and joye of all that province." Spenser, in reference to these septs, describes them as "continually hanging over the neck of the city" of Dublin; and speaks of "Hugh MacShane O'Byrne in his great fastness of Glen-malor," as drawing unto him "many theeves and outlawes—insomuch that he is now become a dangerous enemy to deale withal." These fastnesses being so near the metropolis, to them all the malefactors that were able to effect their escape out of Dublin Castle turned their steps, and found refuge and protection in the kindred spirits of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles. Rebels, outlaws, republicans, and robbers, here found a secure asylum. After the Restoration, twelve Cromwellians, seven of whom were members of the House of Commons, conspired to overthrow the newly-established government; their design was to surprise the Castle, seize on the person of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Ormonde, and "involve the three kingdoms in blood;" five of them were secured, the rest fled to these retreats; the five were tried and executed; but even after sentence, one of them, Lecky, a presbyterian minister, managed to escape to his fellows in woman's apparel; he was soon taken, however, and hung. It is certain—although the histories of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles are supplied exclusively by their enemies—that they were a brave and energetic race, struggling for their own and their country's liberty, among their native mountains, and "very difficult to deal withal." The ruins of some of their castles still exist.

¹¹⁸ We must not, however, mislead the tourist into the notion, that a great expenditure of time is necessary to examine the county of Wicklow. The whole of its leading attractions may be visited within three days—long summer days; but a week will amply suffice to introduce him to every one of its beauties and pe-

culiarities. The most desirable mode of travelling (for travellers, who have higher and better objects than display) is by one of the outside jaunting cars, changing both car and horse at the several stages; posting, however, is unreasonably high in Wicklow, being 10d. a mile for a car, and 1s. 3d. for a post-chaise; and the driver will expostulate if he receive, as his "fee," less than twopence a mile. One of our excursions was made in this way. On another occasion, however, we hired a car, man, and horse, in Dublin; for which we paid—all expenses included—fifteen shillings a day. But we were frequently compelled to hire an auxiliary car, when we had to deviate a few miles from our route, in order to avoid the danger of our horse "knocking up" before his day's work was over. There is little or no risk of not finding a car at any of the stages, and of a better description than those to be obtained in less-frequented districts. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that the tourist must be prepared to walk over much of the journey; leaving the vehicle, continually, to climb some mountain steep, pace through some deep ravine, or tread by the margin of some rapid river. Those who have sufficient strength, and are not pressed for time, will, indeed, do well to eschew carriages altogether; the tour need not exceed sixty miles—easily accomplished in three or four days.

¹¹⁰ The Scalp is eight miles from Dublin, and two from Enniskerry. The reader will bear in mind that we are speaking of Irish miles, and that eleven Irish miles are equivalent to fourteen English. We may avail ourselves of this occasion to state, that between the English and Irish acre there is a considerable difference—the latter being greater than the former. A correct notion of this difference is, indeed, absolutely necessary; for persons, generally, are not aware that when reference is made to "rents" by the acre, and these rents are placed in comparison with the rents paid in England, regard should be had to the fact, that the Irish acre contains so much more than the English acre. There are in Ireland *three* different-sized acres, by which land is measured. The English, or statute acre; the Scotch, or Cunningham acre; and the Irish, or Plantation acre. The area of each acre depends upon the length of its respective lineal perch.

The length of the English lineal perch is $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards	$\frac{5\frac{1}{2}}{1}$
The length of the Scotch lineal perch is $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards	$\frac{6\frac{1}{4}}{1}$
The length of the Irish lineal perch is 7 yards	$\frac{7}{1}$

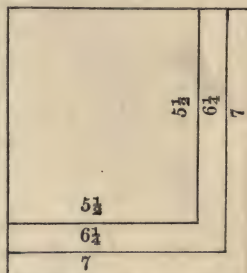
The proportion of the different acres to each other is as the squares of their respective lineal perches.

The square of $5\frac{1}{2}$ is equal to $30\frac{1}{4}$, or $\frac{484}{16}$

The square of $6\frac{1}{2}$ is equal to $39\frac{1}{4}$, or $\frac{529}{16}$

The square of 7 is equal to 49, or $\frac{784}{16}$

Consequently, the proportion of the *English*, the *Scotch*, and the *Irish* acres to each other, are respectively as the numbers 484 . 625 . . . 784. If we leave out the Scotch acre altogether, the numbers representing the proportion of the *English* to the *Irish* acre are reducible, and will be found as 121 . to 196. We notice the Scotch acre, chiefly because it is the usual measure employed in some of the northern Irish counties.



¹²⁰ "It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton at the expense of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, who, while Viceroy of Ireland, had spent some happy days with Sir Philip in this romantic spot, in a cottage of humbler pretensions, which had occupied its site, and was accidentally burned. The gift was one equally worthy of the illustrious donor, and the talented and estimable receiver, and there are few, if any, of our readers who will not join us in the wish that he may long live to enjoy it."

¹²¹ Phoul-a-Phooka is the name given to a succession of cataracts, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and forty in breadth, over which the waters of the Liffy are precipitated. This river rises, to the north-east, in the Kippure mountains, and here, at one bound, as it were, springs from the hills to the valley. The spectacle from the bridge is sublime to a degree. Looking over one side, we see only the river hurrying on to take its fearful leap; but on the opposite, we gaze down one hundred and fifty feet, upon the foaming waters that have, in the interim, passed under us. The falls are seen to great advantage by passing the bridge and entering the grounds on Lord Miltown's side of the river, which are planted and laid out in good taste. The spectator may obtain many fine views from the lowest to the highest point of the fall; which however they may vary in particular features, all agree in grandeur and beauty. The middle fall is the greatest—and the term Phoul-a-Phooka (which we have explained at vol. i. page 168) is more immediately applied to the round basin in which the water is thrown, and which is worn smooth by the never-ceasing

friction of the eddy—said to bear, on a small scale, a close resemblance to the famous Maelstrom whirlpool. The ground on the opposite side of the river, which belongs to the Archbishop of Dublin, is as barren and desolate as that on Lord Miltown's side is the reverse. There are covered seats, cool walks, grottoes, and a ball-room, which in "the season" is much frequented by "sod parties," when a dance is no unfrequent termination to a pic-nic. A singular and amusing, if not a very remarkable legend, was told to us at a way-side public-house, where we "stopped" to give our horses "hay and water;" and although we have elsewhere described the pranks of the Phooka, our readers may perhaps endure another story of his peculiarities. We can only afford space for it, however, in a note; for "legends" are without end in this romantic county; and we shall have to record many others. "I often think," said an old white-headed man—and, except the guides, who are talkers by profession, the peasantry of Wicklow are by no means communicative—"I often think," he said, "that little Tommy Cuttings must have felt mighty quare on the Phooka's back." "Cuttings!" we repeated, "why, that is not an Irish name." "God bless your honour!" he replied, "every quare name is Irish by nature; but that wasn't his born name, only the one he went by. Mullowny was what he was christened, but he was called 'Cuttings' for short, and being a tailor (saving your presence), an advertisement of his trade." We signified our astonishment at a tailor being fond of equestrian exercise, and still more at his choosing such a steed as the Phooka. "He didn't choose the horse at all, the horse chose him—for devilry or divarshun—or who knows what!" was the reply. "Cuttings was a little delicate needle-nosed craythur, as ever crawled up the side of a hill—an innocent boy as ever drew thread through grey frieze, and, for a tailor, wonderful honest, never spoiling a coat, all out, for the sake of the cabbaging; and, if he did no good to man or mortal, doing no harm—a sort of selvage on the world thrown away till wanted. Cuttings would go jobbing from house to house through the country, but his mother lived close to Ballymore-Eustace, and he used betimes to work at her little place; by the same token, she was a great strong horse of a woman, with a dawshy husband, and a dawshy son; and when they'd stay longer than she wished at the public-house, she'd walk in for all the world like a thunder-bolt, tuck one under one arm, and the other under the other, and walk off with them kicking and squeeling like young pigs. She wasn't bad to them either, only she had the upper hand,

and liked to keep it. Well, Cuttings had a pair of fine black cloth—you understand—unmentionables we call them before ladies—to finish for the priest; and there was to be a great wedding entirely the next day, and he worked his poor thin fingers to the bare bone to get them finished, well knowing the grandeur of the wedding, and his Reverence's particularity. It was near nightfall before he had them done. 'They're done, mother!' he says, 'and if I had them home, wouldn't I be the lucky boy!' 'Take them home,' she says, 'and be lucky.' 'It's asy say take them home,' he repeated; 'look at the hour it is—and the night of all nights in the year—and the distance—och hone! I wonder will they ever build a bridge across the Phoul-a-Phooka! look at the round it would save me if there was a bridge there this night.' 'It's a pity they don't for the accommodation of little tailors,' sneered his mother; 'but be up out of this with them, and my duty to his Reverence.' 'Mother,' said Cuttings, after having thrust his needle nose outside the door, and sniffed the chill evening air, and observed the dark drifting clouds, and had a blast of the north wind right in his face—'Mother, darlin', wouldn't you like a walk this fine beautiful evening; you're sitting too close to the wheel for the good of your health.' 'It's company you want, you schamer,' she exclaimed, setting her two eyes on him; 'why then the dickins give you company, oh yah!' So Tommy without another word rolled the priest's fine black cloth—you understand—up in his Sunday handkercher; and committing himself to the keeping of the saints, off he went, raising the stave of a song to cheer up his courage, and putting grate trust intirely in the holiness of his reverence's broad cloth, thinking they'd be a purtection to him against evil spirits, and forgetting that the priest had never put them on. Whenever he saw anything before him that he didn't quite like, he'd shut his eyes, tighten his hold on the—you know what—and then setting down his head like a young bull, bould right on. Suddenly, as he was proceeding after that fashion, he hears a sniffing, snorting sort of noise, right up against his nose. 'Open yer eyes, ye buzzard!' shouts a voice. Tommy did as he was bid; and maybe he didn't close them in double quick time. Straight forenint him stood a coal-black horse; his blood-red eyes flashing fire, and the brightness of the sun pouring from his nostrils; and a sort of a leer on his mouth by way of a smile. 'Where are you going, Tommy Cuttings?' says the horse. 'Forgive me my sins!' answers the poor little tailor, dropping on his knees; 'every inch of the cloth

is in them, honourable gintleman; not so much as a shred did I take, sir.' 'Don't be more of a fool than you can help, Tommy,' replies the horse. 'Where are you going?' 'If he knows it's the priest's small clothes that's in it,' thinks the tailor, 'he'll tear me into pieces; for sure if there was any virtue in them, he'd have smelt it out long ago,'—but anyhow the lie was more natural to Cuttings than the truth. And so he says—'To Shane Gulh's wedding; and I hope your nobility will let me go, for it's the bridegroom's small clothes, saving your presence, I'm taking home.' 'I'll give you a ride, Cuttings, you tory!' says the horse, 'for the sake of Shane and his pretty bride, and set you down before ye can say cabbage—up, up, little tailor, Neh-h-hay!' and the wild horse laughed. Now Tommy had never crossed a beast in his life since he rode a pig, and it occurred to him that he always mounted a pig by the tail; so, 'By yer honor's lave,' he says, taking hold of the black cataract of a tail that flowed behind the Phooka. With that the mad spirit lifts up his hind leg and kicks out in a most surprising way. 'Is that the way to mount, you pig-driver?' says the Phooka. Poor Tommy crept round to the side. 'Stay still I shake down my mane,' says the creature; 'I never was rode by a tailor before, and I don't much care if I never am again.' 'Nor I either,' thought poor Tommy, but didn't open his lips, only scrambled up as well as he could. 'Is it all right?' says the Phooka. 'It is, plaze yer honor, sir,' says poor Tommy, in a fainting voice, 'all r—rig—ht.' Well, the Phooka made a spring, shaking his mane and tail, and the one spring he made brought poor Tommy within half a dozen yards of the precipice. 'Ye're the heaviest load I ever carried,' says the horse, stopping for breath; 'and you've something about you not at all agreeable to me,' he says. 'Shall I get down?' answers the cutter; 'maybe I'm too heavy for your honor.'—'Neh-h-hay!' laughs the creature again—'you!—a needle's point—a fibre of flax—a hair of wool—a tailor!—to be too heavy for me that carried Oliver Crummel through Ireland from first to last'—and he shook himself proudly. 'Only I'm bound in honour to take you to the bridegroom's door, and deliver him up his smalls,' says the great beast again, 'I'd not lep a yard with you to-night, you little unwholesome vagabone.' 'I'm willing to walk, sir, and able; and indeed it suits me better than this rate o' going of a mile a minute,' says the cutter, making an offer to get down. 'A mile a minute!' snorts the Phooka; 'I've carried Alexander the Great, and Oliver Crummel, a hundred miles a minute, and thought nothing of it; nor

been half so tired as I am with you.' 'I can't bear to inconvenience so kind a gentleman,' snivels the cutter, 'pray let me down.' 'I'll see you roasted with your own goose first,' answers the horse, making at the same time a leap at the chasm. Well, poor Tommy hadn't time to think until he felt himself tumbling down, down, and he still kept a grip of the horse's mane; and when he came a little to himself and looked up, there was the great black horse, panting and puffing, on his legs beside him, and the thunder rolling and the lightning flashing in the heavens, but neither growling or flashing equal to the horse, who couldn't speak a word out of his head for the fair rage. All of a sudden, poor Tommy Cuttings missed the smalls. 'Och murder in Irish!' shouts the little tailor, and in his agony quite forgetting how needful it is for a liar to have a good memory, 'Och murder in Irish, where's the priest's breeches?' 'An' that's it!' says the horse, and every puff of wind that came out of his nostrils, would extinguish a forge fire; 'that's it, is it? You false tailor! to lay the burden of the church on the back of the Phooka!—to impose upon my good nature—take that for your reward, and he dealt poor Cuttings a kick that pitched him into the torrent beneath; and how he got out was more than he could tell. The most remarkable part of the story is, that the priest never got his smalls. And many a hard penance had Tommy to perform to make up the loss; he never ventured out at night after, and what was still more strange, his mother never asked him to go."

¹²² There is a road to Roundwood through the whole of the demesne; and as the public road is cheerless and uninteresting, the tourist should pursue that—if he can. But it will be necessary for him to procure a written permission from the agent of Lord Powerscourt—otherwise he will find the gate at the extreme end closed against him. We understand this permission is usually accorded to strangers; but on two occasions of our applying for it, we were unable to procure it, in consequence of the agent's absence from home. We take the liberty to say that this evil may be easily avoided—by the agent authorising some person to comply with such a request, when he himself is not at hand to grant it. Every facility to those who visit Wicklow should be given to them; and from the universal respect in which Lord Powerscourt is held, we are sure that the hint will be taken. Pedestrians, however, will have no difficulty in obtaining exit; and should undoubtedly take this course to Roundwood—visiting the Dargle first.

¹²³ Tinahinch lies in a hollow, on the margin of the river; it is classic ground; for here one of Ireland's true patriots—a man who loved his country—composed, and, it is said, continually recited, the eloquent speeches that have made his name immortal. The name of another great statesman is intimately associated with the county of Wicklow—the famous and unfortunate Lord Strafford. The great wood of Shillalah, which covered the southern portion of the county, was much cut down by that nobleman, who wrested it from the original proprietors, the O'Byrnes—because, “they were unable to produce any *written* titles to their lands”—when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Some of the oak he gave to roof St. Patrick's Cathedral. Westminster Hall was, it is said, roofed from the same source. Fynes Moryson alludes to “a commonly received opinion that the Irish wood transported for building is free of spiders and their webs.” Near Tinehely are the ruins of a castle—the “cosha,” so often alluded to by Lord Strafford in his letters, which the peasantry call “Black Thom's building.” The extensive forests of Shillalah have dwindled to a few small plantations of oak. Mr. Hayes of Avondale, who published, in 1794, “A Practical Treatise on Planting,” states, “it is generally understood that a sale was made of some of the finest timber of Shillalah, which remained in Charles the Second's time, into Holland, for the use of the Stadthouse, and other buildings constructed on piles driven close together, to the number of several thousands.” After 1693, however, the woods must have been considerably destroyed, for in that year iron forges and furnaces were introduced into Wicklow, by a company who had the right to cut whatever suited their purpose during the term of their contract, which lasted twenty years. From a paper in the hand-writing of Thomas, Marquis of Rockingham, it appears that, in 1731, there were standing in that part of Shillalah called the Deer Park 2150 oak trees: of these, in 1737, there remained 1540. In 1780, 38 only of the old reserves were in existence. Their size may be estimated from this fact; the last which Mr. Hayes remembers, when felled, “produced, at three shillings per foot, £27 1s. 8d.” In his time there remained one entire tree—“about ten feet round at five feet from the ground, straight as a pine for sixty feet; and about six feet round at that height.” He speaks also of a short trunk, which measured twenty-one feet round. The Earl Fitzwilliam, the descendant of the Earl of Strafford, now owns the district of Shillalah, and has, besides, an immense property in the county of Wicklow.

¹²⁴ About this “Lover's Leap” there are many legends; all of

them, of course, beginning and ending alike. One of them records that a young man, deeply enamoured of a fair girl, who lived near the entrance to the Dargle, spent his happiest hours in her society there, following her as her shadow. Her most trivial wish was his law—for he believed himself beloved as fondly as he loved. One day she requested him to bring her some particular trifle from Dublin; begging, at the same time, he would not inconvenience himself by returning that night, but wait until the next day. Anxious to prove his devotion, the youth made no delay, but was back the same evening, just as the twilight was deepening into night. "Flying on the wings of love," he sought the haunt of his mistress, and found her sitting by the side of another—his rival. Instead of reproaching her for her rapid and cruel infidelity, he flung the bauble she had desired at her feet, and sprang, without a word, off the rock.—Another legend is more touching; for this is an every-day story. A lady, quite as fickle as the other, formed a second attachment before, it would seem, the first was altogether obliterated. She was unconscious, however, of the misery her falsehood had effected, until, while singing a favourite song to her new lover, between each verse, as she paused, she heard the tolling of the church bell. This smote so upon her heart, that she could not continue, and at last inquired who was dead; the reply brought back the memory of her first love with far more than its earliest fervour. That night she spent, heedless of the cold and rain, upon the grave of him who had died for her sake. It was in vain that her relatives entreated her to remain with them, and try to forget the past; she would return to them in the morning, but invariably resume her lone seat before night-fall; she, who had been so false to the living, was faithful to the dead; and all the wiles of the youth she had so gaily sung to, failed to win her from her resolve to die for him who had died for her. At length her mind wandered: with an air of unearthly triumph, she assured her sister that her true love had risen from the grave, and that she had walked with him along the headlands of the glen; that he had promised to meet her again, and lead her to a spot where they should be united to part no more. This alarmed her family, and they placed her under mild restraint; but, with the cunning of insanity, she eluded their vigilance, and escaped. A few minutes after her flight was discovered, her brother followed, as usual, to the church-yard, at which he arrived just in time to catch the last flutter of her scarf, as she flew rather than ran towards



the Dargle; he pursued, saw her pause for a moment upon the fatal brink, and then dart into the boiling abyss. The phantom created by her imagination doubtless led her to her death; but some will tell you that every Midsummer-eve her spirit soars along the headland above the river, sometimes in the similitude of a dove, floating like a silver star through the night; at other times in the shape of a white fawn, dashing fearlessly forward, and disappearing with the speed of an arrow in the leafy wood.

¹²⁵ It is rather difficult to avoid perpetrating poetry among the hills and glens of Wicklow. During our ascent up one of the mountains we wrote the following lines—the introduction of which we trust our readers will not complain of, in a note. The words have been honoured by an association with music, worthy of better, by Mrs. Ames, of Liverpool:—

O, the mountain maid is the maid for me,
Her step is light and her heart is free;
Light and free as the breeze that passes,
O, a rosy cheek and a rounded form,
And a pulse that's neither too cold nor warm,
Is the dowry they bring—these mountain lasses!

They have no jewels, they have no gold,
But health and truth, and a spirit bold—
Bold and true as their rocky masses:
As nature is kind, and pure, and free—
So, children of nature, so are ye—
Ye happy and merry mountain lasses!

¹²⁶ The only object worth pointing out to the traveller is a rock, called "Walker's Rock," about two or three miles from Enniskerry—on the old road—from which there is another beautiful and extensive view; less grand but perhaps more interesting than that we have been describing; for the leading objects of attraction are closer, and more distinctly seen. The tourist should on no account pass this rock without ascending it. It overlooks the whole of the valley in which lie Powerscourt and the Dargle; and the waterfall is here seen to great advantage. The Sugar-loaf from this point resembles the peaked cap of the Covenanters.

¹²⁷ The descent into the valley is so steep as to render it absolutely necessary for the tourist to leave his carriage, and pace on foot the distance—a mile, perhaps—from the summit of the

mountain to its base; he will proceed slowly, however, for at every step his attention will be arrested by some new object of interest. At the entrance to the demesne of Mr. Latouche a shed has been erected to shelter the horses.

¹²⁸ Let no one visit Luggelaw without striving to make the acquaintance of "Charley Carr," the guide, whose cottage is at the entrance to the domain; unfortunately for us, during one of our visits, he was absent, and at our next we were compelled to hurry over our visit, and saw too little of a personage in whose praises all tourists are loud. Charley is, of course, jealous for the honour and glory of Luggelaw; and very envious of the superior attractions of Glendalough—which he abuses with right good-will, affirming that it is unnatural not to love nature better than ould stones and mortar; and at times he cannot conceal his anger with the holy saint—St. Kevin—for not having carried out his original intention to build his churches around Lough Tay; tradition says, indeed, and Charley Carr supports the opinion, that the saint had actually laid the foundation of his Round Tower here—when Kathleen discovered his retreat, followed him, and her fair face was a "notice to quit." The following is Charley's version of the story:—"Of all the saints St. Kevin had the gloomiest taste—now a taste I could by no manner of means fancy—the earth, the flower of the earth, was free for him to choose where he would dwell; the garden of Ireland, my own beautiful Wicklow, was before him, and instead of pitching his tent at the meeting of the waters, or on Brayhead, or beside the wooden bridge, or Newarth-bridge, or where the music of the waterfall would be ever in his ears, at Powerscourt, or *here!* (and he looked round him as a king upon his host); he runs right away from that poor blue-eyed lady, Kathleen, to gloomy Glendalough, first, however, coming to us at lovely Luggelaw—where she found him, they say, through the flying of a dove that, as she was sitting bemoaning, lit upon her shoulder and whispered that she was to follow its flight for ever until it lit upon a tree; and the poor lady up and followed the bird, and what was a dove by day became a shooting star by night; and she followed on and on, until at last the dove lit upon an oak that had been withered up by the lightning, and Kathleen knew that was a sign of blighted love; but what could she do? The sign was like what she felt in her own beating bosom; and, sure enough, here in Luggelaw she found her saint. 'Do not,' she said, 'turn me back; I only ask to look upon thy shadow, to hear not even thy voice, but its echo: I will swear never to speak to

thee, to sleep like a dog at thy feet, to take the penance for thy sins as well as my own, to pray for thee and not for myself, valuing even my own soul as nothing for the sake of thine.” “And the saint?” we inquired. “’Deed, by all accounts,” replied Charley, “he gave her very ill words,—what—except from him—I might call unmannerly language. So, poor thing, she sat herself under the withered tree, and the dove coo’d and coo’d, until she coo’d the poor blue-eyes to sleep. When she awoke in the morning the sun had risen above the lake, and her tresses were wet with dew, and the beginning of the churches that she had seen over-night was removed, and the saint was off; and if the young lady had cried before, what did she do then—for, behold you, the dove was gone also. Ah!” added the guide, “the love that comes seldom, goes back the same road! And wasn’t it a sin and a shame for so holy a man to be going to that ugly Glendalough, and carrying all the quality after him to this day, that the ignoramuses of guides there might pick their pockets?”

¹²⁹ Among these mountains, during the year 1798, the rebel general, Holt, collected and retained a force well armed, and with some discipline, which proved exceedingly troublesome to the troops quartered in the neighbourhood, and very injurious to the resident gentry. He was a respectable farmer and a Protestant, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Roundwood. He contrived to keep his guerillas together for several months after “the troubles” had terminated elsewhere, the peculiar nature of the country being favourable to his plans, the people being universally friendly to him, and every hill and valley furnishing some place of secrecy and security—at least for a time. A price was set upon his head; his every motion was tracked by spies; yet he managed to escape, surrendering in the end to Lord Powerscourt, and bargaining with the government for a sentence of transportation for life. His history is singular and striking; he was a man of courage and enterprise, and of sagacity and prudence very rare in those days. He executed some very brilliant movements; and on several occasions destroyed parties of the king’s troops. According to his autobiography (edited by T. C. Croker, Esq., 1838), he was at all times averse to the shedding of blood, and frequently behaved with great generosity towards his opponents, preserving them from the fury of his men at the risk of his own life. He became a “united man” on the 10th of May—if we may believe his own statement, in consequence of the burning of his house by the military, when he

was innocent of any offence. He first assembled his band in the Devil's Glen; thence removed his quarters to Luggelaw, and subsequently to Glendalough; but he was soon compelled to take to the hills—"driven like grouse from hill to hill,"—from whence he continually rushed with a rapidity resembling that of their torrents "down upon the vale," certain to "leave his mark behind him," his animosity being principally directed against the yeomanry. In the course of two months he was at the head of nine hundred and sixty men—"all Wicklow men." His first regular battle was at Ballyellis, where he slew a party of the "Ancient Britons" to the number of perhaps a hundred, which he magnifies into three hundred and seventy. This success rapidly augmented his forces, and by the month of July "the number on his roll was 13,780;" but the majority were evidently attracted to his camp by the bees he had "killed and baked;" for in one day no fewer than 2500 deserted. His escapes were often marvellous; on one occasion having been wounded in the head, and finding himself watched by some police, he went boldly up to them, and asked which way the army had gone, affirming that the rebels had robbed him of his horse and hat. They pitied his misfortune, and said it was lucky for him it was no worse. Another time, the soldiers were in pursuit of him, and he took shelter in "a hollow, in the side of a mountain, worn out by the winter floods," through which a very small stream issued. He leaped into the chasm, and followed it up about 100 yards to its source, which was under a large projecting stone or rock. Under this he crept on his hands and knees; his enemies came, peeped in, walked over and around him, but without perceiving his hiding-hole. At length, wearied out, and utterly hopeless of any termination to his career but death upon the gallows, he resolved to surrender, being urged chiefly thereto by the appalling position in which he found himself; to quote his own words:—"I had not only to watch the movements of His Majesty's forces, in constant hunt after me, to guard against the machinations of the spy, the informer, and blood-money man, but also treason in my own camp. Every moment I was under apprehension that the villains I commanded would call me to a mock trial, and take my life." Once, indeed, his own men seized him and his wife, and placed them "on their knees for instant execution." On the 10th of November he surrendered to Lord Powerscourt, and was subsequently transported for life. In the year 1813, however, having received a free pardon from the governor of New South Wales, he returned to his native country, for some time

kept a public-house in Dublin, and died in May, 1826, aged 70 years.

¹³⁰ The village is twenty-two miles from Dublin. There are two good inns at Roundwood—Heatley's and Murphy's; we passed a day and night at each of them, and found both exceedingly clean and comfortable; the hostess at the latter was very kind and attentive, absolutely loading our car with cloaks and wrappers, for the rain was descending fast when we left her door. At "Heatley's Hotel" we encountered an interesting person—a blind hostler. His meek, mild countenance attracted our notice, from its calm—we had almost written holy—expression. The morning was cloudy, and as he assisted in arranging the harness, we asked him, ignorant of his privation, "if the day would be fine?" He turned his face towards the wind, and after keeping it upturned for nearly a minute, assured us we should have both rain and sunshine. "You'll have a fine day for Wicklow; for there will be more sunshine than rain, and I think to-morrow will be very fine, but I'm not certain. I shall never see the bright sun more in this world," he added, while tightening a trace; "I shall never see it more in this world—glory be to God for all his mercies—but for all that, I like to feel that it's shining." The man was remarkably clean, neat, and well-dressed; he is an excellent hostler, and a capital boots; active, intelligent, and perfectly acquainted with every *locale* in the county. When his work is finished, he walks to his cottage home, a distance of a mile and a half, unled and quite alone. He is married, and has a young family. We were told that his wife was one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood, and had had many "offers," but she had given her heart to her blind lover, and they were as happy as affection and industry could make them.

¹³¹ In a brief autobiography, prefixed to his Letters, he thus alludes to the circumstance:—"We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year (1720); from thence we decamped, to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who, being a relative of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo. It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt. The story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."

¹³² Mr. Hayes, in his "Treatise on Planting" (1794), draws a melancholy picture of the folly and cupidity of those who have

bared this romantic district. "I am sorry to state that I have been eye-witness to the fall of nearly two hundred acres of beautiful and well-growing oak, in a romantic valley, on the see lands of Glendalough, three times within the space of twenty-four years. The produce of each sale, to the several archbishops, never exceeded £100; and, as I am informed, it amounted once only to £50, or five shillings per acre, for a coppice, which, had it been preserved for the same number of years, though not containing a single reserve of a former growth, would have produced £30 per acre, or £6000 in place of £50."

¹³³ A widow who keeps the small inn that adjoins the ruins, described the scene to us with a rueful countenance; and a sigh for "the days that were gone." "In ould times," out of the annual meeting of the factions, she obtained profit enough to pay her rent; but during the last two or three years, her sales of whiskey, on the 3rd of June—the Patron day—averaged three quarts. She made, however, something by supplying "the voteens" with "smacks," a beverage to which we were here introduced for the first time, in consequence of our guide being "pledged," and declining to drink a stronger draught. "Smacks" is composed of ginger, sugar, milk, and an egg, all beaten up together. To Luggerlaw, by the way, we were accompanied by a guide, whom we picked up by chance at Enniskerry, and who, although the day was cold and wet, refused to receive "a drop of the cratur;" while he admitted that a little would do him good, "if he had the grace to know when he had taken enough." His description of the change wrought in his condition by temperance was very striking and encouraging. In order to test his fidelity, we had pressed him to take some spirits. "Does yer honour see this coat?" he said, "it's the worst of four that I'm the owner of, and one of them is a top coat; if yer honour had given me time, I'd have been dressed as dacently as e'er a boy in the barony, and I wouldn't be ashamed to show you my little cabin. Two years ago I had nothing of my own but what I stood in, and glad to stretch in a neighbour's barn. It was drink all day with me, and all night when I wasn't stupid. The quality that knew me would trust their ating with me, but always take the bottle with themselves; and every shilling I airned went for the whiskey. I was a ruined man—for I couldn't climb a dawshy hill without breathing as if my heart would break; and now—say the word, and I'll bring ye a pebble from Lough Dan, that's a mile down and a mile up the mountain, in less than twenty minutes. So, after that, I'll lave it to yer honour whether ye'll

give me the sup of poison, or keep it from me." It is scarcely necessary to add, that we applauded his enduring constancy, and did not again hand him the bottle.

¹³⁴ The virtues and sanctity of the holy man drew, according to the author of the "*Monasticon Hibernicum*," multitudes from towns and cities, from ease and affluence, from the cares and avocations of civil life, and from the comforts and joys of society, to be spectators of his pious acts and sharers in his merits; and, with him, to encounter every severity of climate and condition. "This influence extended even to Britain, and induced St. Mochuorog to convey himself hither, who fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprung up, and a seminary was founded, from whence were sent forth many saints and exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that universal light of letters and religion, which, in the earlier ages, shone so resplendent throughout this remote and at that time tranquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it." The see of Glendalough was united with that of Dublin in the reign of King John; but the mandate of the sovereign was disputed by the O'Tooles, in whose territory it stood; and although the territories were estranged, they continued to fill the see for a long period afterwards—the last of the nominal prelates, Friar Dennis White, surrendering the possession in 1497. Long before that period, however, the city had vastly declined in importance, having become—we quote from Ware—"waste and desolate, a den and nest for thieves and robbers; so that more murders are committed in that valley than in any other place in Ireland, occasioned by the vast desert solitude thereof." "From what can now be discovered of the ancient city," writes Dr. Ledwich, "by its walls above, and foundations below the surface of the earth, it probably extended from the Rhefeart church to the Ivy church, on both sides of the river. The only street appearing, is the road leading from the market-place into the county of Kildare; it is in good preservation, being paved with stones placed edgewise, and ten feet in breadth." These stones have now all vanished—at least we looked for them in vain, except adjacent to the entrance.

¹³⁵ Upon this subject we quote Dr. Ledwich. "The number seven was mystical and sacred, and early consecrated to religion. It began with the creation of the world, and all the Jewish rites were accommodated to it. It is found among the Brahmans and Egyptians. The Greek fathers extol its power and efficacy, and the Latin, as usual, apply it to superstitious purposes. The church

formed various septenaries. The following is extracted from Archbishop Peckham's Constitutions, made at Lambeth, A.D. 1281:— 'The Most High hath created a medicine for the body of man, reposit in seven vessels, that is, the seven sacraments of the church. There are seven articles of faith belonging to the mystery of the Trinity; seven articles belonging to Christ's humanity. There are seven commandments respecting man; seven capital sins; and seven principal virtues.' The Irish entertained a similar veneration for this number; witness the seven churches at Glendaloch, Clonmacnois, Inniscathy, Inch Derrin, Inniskealtra, and the seven altars at Clonfert and Holy Cross." This superstitious veneration for the number, still maintains its influence over the minds of the peasantry. The affection certain nations have to particular numbers is remarkable. In England, three is the favourite; in India, four; in China, three times three; but seven appears to be the most universal, and has a wonderful propriety when regarded in a sacred or superstitious point of view, for it neither begets, nor is begotten by any number within the ten. It has therefore been compared to the Ruler and Governor of all things, who neither moves nor is moved. In the Roman Catholic ritual, we have the seven sacraments, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the seven capital sins, the seven corporal works of mercy, the seven spiritual works of mercy, &c.

136 "The mantle of Joe Irwin—very celebrated in his day—has fallen upon the shoulders of George Wynder. Joe, in his turn, had received it from Darby Gallahoo, who was guide before him, beyond man's memory, and died laving all his knowledge to Joe, when he, the said Darby, was 107 years ould and better." Joe's great recommendation—which he never failed to urge—was, that he was "the man that was down in the book." The Rev. Cæsar Otway records the following anecdote of Joe's introduction to a duchess:—"It was just at this hill where we now stand, that the duchess ordered her coachman to draw up, and the darling lady looked out amongst us all, as we stood around, and a posy she was, her cheeks as red as poppies among the corn; a proper woman too, as to size, as becomes a duchess—so my dear life, out she drew her book, and then she axed 'where is the guide that is down in *this book*, for no other will my *Grease* have,' says she, so says I to myself, 'Now's your time, Joe Irwin, to step forward, for you're the *boy* for her money;' so out I started from among the poor crathers who were about the coach, for they all knew, sure enough, that I was the man in the book, so taking off my hat, and not forgetting to make a bow and a scrape of the heel,



‘I’m the boy you want, my *Grease*,’ says I; ‘Come along then,’ says my Duchess, ‘you’re the man for my money; and so let all the other spalpeens sneak off, for not a mother’s sowl shall be a follower or get a penny of mine, but the man that’s down in the book, and that’s yourself, honest Joe Irwin.’”

¹³⁷ About a mile above Glendalough are the lead-mines of Luganure, worked by the “Mining Company of Ireland,” under the superintendence of Captain Richards, a Cornish miner of great experience, and who possesses considerable scientific knowledge and skill. He accompanied us over the works; they are at present comparatively limited; but the mines are very encouraging; and Captain Richards speaks with confidence of the prospects they hold out. The Company’s “Report” for the half-year ending December, 1840, thus describes them:—“The Luganure Lead Mines have been profitably worked in the past half-year, yielding £1101. 18s. 2d. in that period; the quantity of ore obtained, 526 tons. The men employed in search at the surface on this extensive royalty have lately discovered, in the glen near old Luganure Mine, a strong and favourably circumstanced vein, containing lead ore, and the prospect at the opening made is considered favourable.” An earlier Report of the Company in 1836, states that “the Glendalough royalty, in which is included Luganure and Hero Lead Mines, is also an important mineral district, extending over sixty square miles of the county of Wicklow, held on lease for thirty-one years from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, at a commuted rent of £92. 6s. 2d. per annum. The ores obtained in this district (principally cubical galena, yielding seventy per cent. of lead) are removed when dressed to the Company’s smelting-works at Ballyurus, where, by means of a water-wheel, thirty feet diameter, the lead is rolled into sheets or drawn into pipes, or is converted into shot, as occasion requires, and is then disposed of at the Company’s warehouse in Dublin. The operations at these mines, where sixteen good houses have been built for the accommodation of the persons employed, are performing by means of water-power, aided by an adit driven three hundred fathoms into the Luganure mountain, by which one of the lodes has been unwatered to the depth of forty-eight fathoms.” The Report for the half-year ending June 1, 1841, states that, “at Luganure Lead Mines, the workings in ore having been in part suspended for some time, for the purpose of opening an additional level, with a view of obtaining increased returns expected to be realised in the current half-year, the quantity of ore obtained is only 258 tons, yielding profit amounting to £325 4s. 1d. The present prospects

are favourable, and the quantity of ore obtained in the first month of the current half-year shows an increase of one-third."

¹³⁸ The long-famed yew-tree—which tradition states, and probably with truth, to have been planted by St. Kevin 1200 years ago—is now entirely exhausted; the morsel we obtained was nearly the last of it. During a visit subsequent to the one we are more particularly describing, we could procure none.

¹³⁹ The river Avonmore runs round it; and is joined at the east by the Glendasan river, which flows previously through the Vale of Glendasan, having its source in Lough Mahanagar: a river from Lugduff also supplies the lower lake. The Avonmore, before it passes through Glendalough, is called the River Glenealo. Its fall into the lake is highly picturesque. Among the superstitions of the churchyard, is one common to other places—that any person buried here will be inevitably saved at the day of judgment; St. Kevin having prayed that this privilege might be accorded to his favourite church. We were shown here the base of a cross, weight about 3 cwt.; those who contrive to carry it between their teeth thrice round the ground without pausing to take breath, will never afterwards have the toothache—one of Mr. Wynder's stories to which we may, at least, attach credit.

¹⁴⁰ A version of this story is quoted by Dr. Ledwich, from "an Icelandic MS.;" which adds, that "the tree seemed to rejoice in this gift of God, and bears every year a fruit like an apple, which from that time have been called St. Kevin's apples, and are carried over all Ireland, that those labouring under any disease may eat them; and it is notorious, from various relations, that they are the most wholesome medicine against all disorders to which mankind are liable: and it must be observed, that it is not so much for the sweetness of their flavour, as their efficacy in medicine, for which they are esteemed, and for which they are sought."

¹⁴¹ Ledwich says, "These stones were kept as sacred reliques for many years in the Rhefeart church, but are now in the valley, at a considerable distance from it; they weigh about twenty-eight pounds each, are shaped like loaves, with the marks of their juncture in the oven." They are still to be seen.

¹⁴² The following is Mr. Otway's version of this story, as told by Joe Irwin. "This, sir," said he, "is the tomb of Garadh Duff, or Black and Yellow, the horse-stealer, whom St. Kevin killed for telling him a lie. It happened as follows:—Black and Yellow one day was coming over the ford, there above, not far from Lough-na-peche, riding a fine black mare with a foal at her foot; and meeting the saint, blessed Kevin asked him, 'Where, Garadh, did

you get that fine baste?' 'Oh, I bought her from one of the Byrnes.' 'That's a lie, I know by your face, you thief.' 'Oh, by all the books in Rome,' says Garadh, 'what I say is true.' 'Dare you tell me so? Now, in order to make a liar and a thief and a holy-show of you to the world's end, I'll fix your foal and mare there in that rock, and the print of their hoofs shall remain for ever, and you yourself must die and go to purgatory.' 'Well, if I must die,' says the thief, 'plase me, holy father, in one thing, bury me in your own churchyard, and lave a hole in my tombstone, so that if any stray horse or cow should pass by, I may just push up my arm and make a snap at their leg, if it was nothing else but to mind me of my humour, and that I may keep my temper during the long day of the grave.'

¹⁴³ The ordinary reading of this legend is, that St. Kevin employed his dog Lupus to kill the serpent; in commemoration of which feat, under the east window of the tower he fixed a stone, with a carving upon it of a dog devouring a serpent. This stone, which Ledwich describes, was stolen on the 20th of August, 1839, by a person in the garb of a gentleman.

¹⁴⁴ The Rev. Cæsar Otway, whose eloquent descriptions of Irish scenery and character are unsurpassed, relates a sad incident in connection with the spot. Writing of the cave in the rock, he says, "But let it be contrived by monk or marauder, it has been, and I fear will continue to be, a scene of much folly, fanaticism, and misery, as one of the principal stations where rounds and prayers are to be performed on patron-days. It is on such occasions greatly resorted to, and particularly so by females, who are impressed with the conviction, that whosoever passes into it, and, in faith, repeats a certain number of *paters* and *aves*, will not die in childbirth. Not long ago, as some of our party informed me, a sad event took place in consequence of this superstition. A lovely young woman, the pride of the vale in which she lived, and not a year married to a youth every way worthy of her, came to the patron, attended by her mother and only sister, and large with her first child: after going the usual rounds about the churches, she was led by her mother towards the bed; and though she and her sister expressed strong repugnance towards the *duty*, the superstitious old crone urged them forward, and actually pushed them on to the enterprise. Though midsummer, the day, as frequently happens in these mountains, was dark and blustery; storm-clouds enveloped Lugduff, and the waves of the wind-lashed lake sent their spray even up to the level of the bed; and from the cliffs and fissures of the precipices around, fitful sounds, as it were

wailings of grief and agony, came down. On such a day there could be no approach to the bed by water, and they must take the path overhead, unsheltered, steep, and slippery: perhaps the young woman's peculiar situation unnerved her—but she felt dizzy, and trembled exceedingly; still the old voteen goaded her on, and just as they gained the point of the path over the bed, a gust from the mountain swept against them, and the eldest lost her presence of mind and footing; with a shriek she went down, dragging her sister after her into the depths of the lake: for a moment they rose, and their white garments were seen mixing with the foam—and then sunk for ever!”

¹⁴⁵ The visit of another remarkable personage, Lord Norbury, the judge, facetious *par excellence*, is thus recorded for us by our friend Crofton Croker.—“‘Well,’ said Lord Norbury to his guide, ‘where is this bed?’ ‘Plase your honour’s worship, my lord, ’tis that hole in the rock there.’ ‘Oh! I see. The saint was a holy man; fond of being rocked to sleep. Eh?’ ‘I have hard (*heard*) so, my lord.’ ‘Hard lying, no doubt,’ was Lord Norbury’s comment; ‘just the den for a Rockite.’ ‘Indeed, then, your lordship, before Captain Rock’s time, the rebel Dwyer used to shelter himself in the bed—General O’Dwyer, I mean; and mighty proud he was of that same great O. Sure he would write it before his name so large that it looked among the other letters just like a turkey’s egg in a hen’s nest.’ ‘Very strange retreat for a rebel, with so much Orange liking (*lichen*) about the cliff?’ ‘’Tis true for you, my right honourable lord—and the Orangemen were near taking Dwyer.’ ‘Ay, near making a D’oyer and Terminer business of it.’ ‘But plase your lordship, Dwyer leaped into the water like a fairy.’ ‘A complete Lep-rechaun that rascal.’ ‘And a party of soldiers, my lord, on the top of the cliff,’—‘What! High-landers?’ ‘They were so, plase your lordship; and when they fired at Dwyer, he dived like a duck.’ ‘Yes; ducked, and so got off scot free?’ ‘Oh! ’twas all right enough with him; he was up again, winking his eye at the smoke.’ ‘Smoked them, did he? Did not like their invitation to a Caledonian ball? There are divers others stories about your lake, no doubt?’ ‘Plenty, my lord; there’s one by Moore.’ ‘No more at present—that will do. Moore’s songs haunt me as if I had murdered them in singing.’”

¹⁴⁶ The fall is very narrow, and a person may easily step across it; the rush of waters, however, and the scattered spray, are apt to make the head dizzy. Not long ago, a young bride and bridegroom, spending the honeymoon in the vicinity, were very near meeting a watery grave in one of the deep basins of the rock into

which the cataract falls. The lady slipped and fell in; and her husband, in attempting her rescue, followed her: they were carried down a considerable extent by the descending waters, when the two guides (luckily they had two) Wynder and Brough, with admirable presence of mind, rushed down the valley, met them where the passage narrowed, and drew them both out, without injury except from bruises. They were handsomely rewarded; each receiving a new coat, the pockets of which were well lined.

¹⁴⁷ The race of the O'Tooles, notwithstanding the attempts to extirpate them, are not even now extinct. Some direct descendants of "the Kings" still live in the county of Wexford. In our early youth it was our lot to be acquainted with one of them—the immediate representative of the brave but intractable sept. We used to anticipate his visit to our house as one of the greatest treats we could enjoy. His presence was princely, but not austere; his tall slight figure, silver-mounted hunting-horn and fowling-piece, noble horse, and perfect dogs, bespoke the gentleman; but when his head was uncovered, and his long silver hair flowed over his shirt-collar, and you observed the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes and the exquisite proportions of his features, you could not fail to inquire who he was, and to pay involuntary homage to manly beauty and polished demeanour. His very dogs were courtly; Bran had the credit of being a genuine Irish wolf-dog, and certainly was the only animal we ever saw that answered the description of the noble breed. He was, indeed, a

"Rough fellow, stout fellow, brave-hearted and true,"—

a most sagacious, and, as we have said, a courtly brute, for he would never precede a lady when entering a room. His master would not, under any circumstances, endure to be styled *Mr.* O'Toole, holding *Mr.* as an unworthy designation, but would be called simply O'Toole. Meeting Lord Arne one day in Sackville Street, he bowed (his bow was perfection) and said, "O'Toole salutes Arne." But though proud on points of etiquette, he was the humblest of the humble to the poor: he would watch beside the bed of a sick dependant, and enter with exquisite feeling into sorrows which he loved to alleviate. As long as a coin remained in his pocket, no one ever solicited his aid in vain; and his family would often restrain his liberality, not by argument, for that would be very ineffectual, but by lessening the contents of his purse, while he remained unconscious of the friendly robbery. His peculiarities were many, but none of them were evil. It is impossible to imagine a love more chivalrous or devoted than that he cherished for

his native country; his acquaintance with foreign lands had increased his affection for his own, and it was no uncommon thing to hint at something disparaging to Ireland for the purpose of rousing O'Toole's energies. Then, indeed, his eyes would flash, his fine musical voice acquire new tones from the intensity of his feelings; even Bran would rouse him from his lair, and place his head upon the table, looking with inquiring eyes into his face. With him Ireland was the alpha and omega of the world. Her history, real or imaginary, formed his political creed. He would assure you that no Chinese tea was equal to that which could be made by an infusion of the sloe, with a few leaves of bog myrtle. His shirt-buttons were of Irish diamonds set in pure Wicklow gold. Fond, like all gentlemen of the *régime*, of jewels, he wore none that were not Irish. His snuff-box of Wicklow pebble was set with Irish pearls, his fingers glittered with Irish amethysts, the chimney-pieces in his house were of Irish marble—everything about him of Irish manufacture, and his hunting-coat of "Lincoln green" was grown, shorn, dyed, wove, and made on his own estate. When we doubted the truth of any statement—hinting, for instance, that he had been misinformed—he would promise ocular demonstration; start at break of day with his faithful servant, who always carried the results of his master's geological speculations (no light weight either), and return to the breakfast-table, eager to prove that what you believed to be yellow clay was gold-dust, and that every stone on the Irish coast was a jewel. Upon this one point the mind of our noble friend wandered; and upon that it was dangerous to contradict him. He would brew the most noxious decoctions, and swallow them down with goût, because they were made from Irish herbs. He had his gooseberry and currant vintage, and always declared that the word *Nectar* signified Poteen. Regardless of the state of the weather, he might have been often seen, preceded by his dogs, followed by his trusty squire, wading through bogs in the hope of discovering some new Irish specimen of root or flower; or climbing the crags to collect mineralogical specimens to bear out his theory, "that everything necessary for the life, the health, the happiness, and the adornment of man was to be found in Ireland." The very corn-birds he asserted to be the same as the ortolans of Italy. One of our childish delights was to climb to his knee (and a good long climb it was), and in the grey, dim twilight of evening coax him to repeat Ossian, or some *real* Old Irish ballad. His memory was wonderful, and he would take as much pains to please a wayward child as if an audience waited on his words. Nothing could exceed the beauty

of his recitation, except perhaps his method of reading the Old Testament; it was, indeed, repeating rather than reading. We can bring him before our mind's eye at this moment,—his dogs grouped at his feet, the old family Bible on a reading-stand before him, his hands clasped fervently upon the holy book, his head thrown back, his eyes half closed, while chanting the Psalms, or wailing forth the lamentations of Jeremiah. It was only upon the one subject that his intellect wandered; upon every other it was bright, clear, and overflowing. It seems to us, after the lapse of so many stormy years, a privilege to have known such a man—the chief of such a race. Long, long ago, the grass was green upon his grave, and people say, when they look upon it, "There are no such men now." He was like Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." Little did the kindly and excellent and venerable gentleman imagine, when talking to us of Old Ireland, as we sat upon his knee, that he was planting seed for a future harvest; still less did he fancy it would be, in after-time, our pleasant duty to revive, for respect and affection, the memory of another of the race of the O'Tooles.

¹⁴⁸ Glendalough is situated in the barony of Ballynacor, twenty-two Irish miles (by the direct road) from Dublin, and five from Roundwood, where a car is generally hired by tourists, who usually return to Roundwood to pass the night; for a visit to the holy lake and ruined city, although they may be examined in a couple of hours, ought to occupy a day. For those who are not over-particular about creature-comforts, however, there is a tolerable inn at Glendalough, with very decent rooms and beds, a landlady exceedingly civil and attentive, and accommodation for horses. The journey to Glendalough from Dublin may be easily made between sunrise and sunset, visiting all the objects of attraction in the way; we recommend, therefore, the passing of a night at the inn of Glendalough—especially as the scene is infinitely more impressive in the twilight than at morning or mid-day. But those who pay it an evening visit, should beware of the guides, who completely mar the solemn harmony of the surrounding objects; remunerating the crowd of men, women, and children, to keep carefully out of sight and hearing; and retaining their services for the next day, when the repose of thought will be less desirable.

¹⁵⁰ Our space, in this part, will not permit us to enter at any length into the subject of Irish mines—a subject of very vital importance. There is, however, one branch of it, at present exclusively connected with Wicklow—the production of sulphur ore. It

is only very recently that this ore has been raised and sold at a remunerating price. The disagreement between England and the king of Naples led to a considerable rise in the value of sulphur, in consequence of which the Irish miners were enabled to enter the market; and we earnestly hope they have been permitted to retain possession of it. We spent the greater part of a day at Cronbane, in the month of June; and learned that during the previous month—a miner's month of five weeks—2,300 tons of ore had been raised in this mine alone; in 1840, the quantity raised was 6,457 tons; in 1841, 7,195 tons; and probably an equal quantity at the mine of Ballymurtagh. This is shipped, chiefly, at the harbour of Wicklow, for the smelting-houses of Swansea. The company get for it 25s. a ton on the quay of Wicklow; the miners receive 4s. 6d. a ton for raising it; and the cartage to Wicklow is 5s. per ton; but as the distance is eleven Irish miles, and one horse can convey but half a ton, this is "poor pay," as the "job" occupies a man and horse the whole day. Still it is better than no employment. On the subject of sulphur, we borrow a passage from the *Mining Journal*.—"With more immediate reference to the sulphur trade, and as an evidence of the effect produced on our foreign relations, as regards supply, it may be observed, that the annual import from Sicily for the five years previous to the monopoly averaged 33,000 tons. If we then take the Wicklow district alone, contributing sulphur ores, it will be seen (calculating on the produce of the past three months) that the annual quantity may be taken at upwards of 60,000 tons, and, allowing a yield of 33 per cent., would give 20,000 tons, or nearly two-thirds the quantity formerly imported; while it affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, from personal inquiry and observation, that, instead of any diminution of produce, the mines may be expected to yield, in the next twelve months, a further increase supply of from 40 to 50 per cent. on the quantity now raised." The Cronbane mine is, at present, leased by the Messrs. Williams of Cornwall, from the "Associated Mining Company." Ballymurtagh is worked by the "Wicklow Mining Company," by lease from the "Hibernia Mining Company."

¹⁵¹ This exquisite spot is the property of Mr. Putland, who has planted the adjacent hills. We ventured to suggest to him and his lady, that they were growing too luxuriantly—threatening to fling their branches so far forward, as to shut out an essential and valuable part of the prospect. Between our first and our second visit, indeed, their growth had undoubtedly impaired it; we were assured that the evil should be remedied, and have no doubt that

it either has been, or will be. "The Wooden Bridge Inn" is exceedingly comfortable; and the charges for "entertainment" remarkably moderate. Two coaches pass by it, to and from Wexford, every day. The hotel, however, is generally so crowded with visitors in "the season," that it will be necessary for those who design to locate there, to order rooms, by letter, a few days before their arrival. It is thirty-six miles from Dublin. Cars are, of course, to be had in abundance.

¹⁵² Shelton Abbey is to be approached only by proceeding through Arklow, or over the bridge, at the "meeting of the waters," although the river here is narrow, and a light and graceful bridge, connecting the two banks, would add greatly to the picturesque character of the river. We learned with regret, that this desirable object cannot be attained, in consequence of the ungenerous refusal of the "lord of the soil," on the bank opposite the earl's mansion, to grant the earl a right of way through a small and useless field that intervenes between the road and the water-side.

¹⁵³ The castle was built and the abbey founded by Theobald Fitzwalter, fourth Lord Butler of Ireland. The castle repeatedly changed masters—according as the Irish or English had sufficient strength to take and retain it. It was "ruined" by Oliver Cromwell in 1649.

¹⁵⁴ That gold must have been obtained in considerable quantities by the ancient Irish, is a fact beyond controversy. The spade of the peasant is continually delving up some precious relic of old times—crowns, corslets, bridles, chains, rings, torques, fibulæ, bracelets; and there is scarcely a private collection of antiquities in the kingdom that does not contain several specimens. Some of them are of considerable weight; Sir William Betham refers to one that weighed 36 oz., and Mr. Petrie to another that weighed 27 oz. 9 dr. In Harris's edition of Ware, an engraving of a gold ornament is given, with the following romantic history of its discovery, as published by Bishop Gibson in his edition of Camden's *Britannia* (1772):—"Near *Bellishannon* (Ballyshannon) were, not many years ago, dug up two pieces of gold, discovered by a method very remarkable. The Bishop of Derry happening to be at a dinner, there came in an Irish harper, and sung an old song to his harp. His lordship, not understanding Irish, was at a loss to know the meaning of the song; but, upon inquiry, he found the substance of it to be this, that in such a place, naming the very spot, a man of a gigantic stature lay buried, and that over his breast and back were plates of pure gold, and on his fingers rings of gold so large, that an ordinary man might creep through them.

The place was so exactly described, that two persons there present were tempted to go in quest of the golden prize which the harper's song had pointed out to them. After they had dug for some time, they found two thin pieces of gold, exactly of the form and bigness of the cut represented. This discovery encouraged them next morning to seek for the remainder; but they could meet with nothing more. The passage is the more remarkable, because it comes pretty near the manner of discovering King Arthur's body by the directions of a British bard (in the reign of King Henry the Second). The two holes in the middle of the piece seem to be made for the more convenient tying it to the arm, or some part of the body."

¹⁵⁵ This estimate is given on the authority of Mr. Fraser, author of a statistical survey of the county (1801). He says, "Mr. Graham (a gentleman who resided close to the spot), who was present all the time, and purchased a considerable quantity of the gold, to the amount of above £700, from the country people, told me that, according to the best calculation, there was upwards of £10,000, Irish, given for the gold found and sold on the spot; the average price paid for which was £3. 15s. an ounce, which makes it that 2,666 ounces were found in that short space of time (from 24th August to 15th October)." The gold found was of all forms and sizes, from the smallest perceptible atoms (which the gatherers used to preserve in quills) to a piece of the extraordinary weight of 22 ounces, which sold for about 80 guineas! This piece was irregularly formed; it measured four inches in its greatest length, and three in breadth; its thickness varied from half an inch to an inch; and a cast of it, gilt, has been deposited in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. So pure was the gold generally found, that it was the custom of the Dublin goldsmiths to put gold coin into the opposite scale to it, and to give weight for weight. "Stanlesly Alchorne, Esq., his Majesty's Assay-master at the Tower of London, assayed two specimens of this native gold. The first appeared to contain, in 24 carats, 21·75 of fine gold; 1·875 of fine silver; ·375 of alloy, which seemed to be copper tinged with a little iron. The second specimen differed only in holding 21·625 instead of 21·75 of fine gold."

¹⁵⁶ Respecting the first discovery of gold in Wicklow, Mr. Lloyd, in his communication to Sir Joseph Banks, says:—"I learned from some gentlemen who resided in the vicinity, that about twenty-five years ago (1770), or more, one Donaghoo, a schoolmaster, resident near the place, used frequently to entertain them with accounts of the richness of the valley in gold; and that this man used to go

in the night, and at break of day, to search for the treasure; and these gentlemen, with their school-fellows, used to watch the old man in his excursions to the hill, in order to frighten him, deeming him to be deranged in his intellects: however, the idea of this treasure did at last actually derange him." Another account states that "the schoolmaster is supposed to have preserved the secret for upwards of twenty years; but marrying a young wife, he imprudently confided his discovery to her, and she believing her husband to be mad, immediately revealed the circumstance to her relations, through whose means it was soon made public." We gathered the following "bit of legendary lore" from an aged man with whom we conversed on the subject. "There dwelt near the wooden bridge a schoolmaster, possessed, as many thought, of more knowledge than altogether befitted a Christian. When his school was over, and his boys were sent to their homes, instead of enjoying the luxury of his 'tumbler,' and reading the news to those who couldn't read for themselves, he would climb the hills and watch the stars, and then, perhaps, descend and count their numbers in the waters of the Avonmore or the Avonbeg; at first he was lean, and his coat threadbare; his tall, thin figure, pale, broad, high brow, and the brilliant expression of his sunken eyes, having altogether a 'hungry look.' He blessed his neighbours in an unknown tongue, which the priest declared was *not* Latin; he put stones into the iron pot, when it would have been more seemly to have put potatoes therein; and watched their boiling (so said the people), until there was a noise and a crackling that made many tremble. Although his reputation for learning increased, his pupils diminished. He was too kind and gentle to give offence, but he was also too wise not to be suspected of something wrong; and one evening he intimated to his pupils that they need not return on the morrow, as he would not be there. Some of the children rejoiced, but others, especially the very young, whom he used to fondle on his knee, wept bitterly. The next day Donaghoo was gone; the one room was as usual; the long chopped form, the stones that served for seats, the broken slates, the tattered copy-books, quills cut to the very stumps, the three-legged table; the iron pot hung from its crook, and there was a strange filmy chalky quantity of ashes in the bottom thereof. The door was still on the latch; one urchin after another peeped in, and one or two stood boldly before the master's desk; but there was silence and solitude around them, which drove them quickly forth into the sun and light. In less than a month 'the master' returned, his threadbare coat replaced by one of stout and shining cloth, his cheeks had come

forth, and his eyes, having lost their haggard expression, retained only that restless and out-looking one—the sure index to either insanity or genius. Here was a wonder—the poor half-starved schoolmaster goes up to Dublin like a pauper, and returns like a prince! Some whispered that the fame of his learning had reached the Castle, and he had a pension granted him; others that he had acquired the knowledge of precious metals, and government had bought the secret. Some who had read in an ancient book how it always came to pass that the learned and the wise were sure to reap the fruits of their learning and wisdom in this world, imagined, in their total ignorance of things as they are, that the schoolmaster had achieved wealth simply by his talent; and, as if talent could be taught, immediately thought about getting their children instructed by him. Much, however, to their astonishment, Donaghoo firmly and steadily declined receiving pupils on any terms, and the reserved manner he adopted mystified his neighbours still more. He would not pull down the single room, which had served him for bed-room and school-room, but added thereto three spacious apartments, bought a farm, at first, of four acres, which he soon afterwards greatly augmented; but what added still more to the public perplexity was, that he had no servant—no human being to live in his house; those whom he employed slept in an outhouse, which, however, was more comfortable than his neighbours' cottages; occasionally he disappeared from among them as he had done at first, and then returned as quietly and silently as before. If it were possible, he became fonder than ever of his solitary rambles by the river's brink, and when the winter torrents poured down the hills nothing could keep him within doors. At last a universal belief prevailed that the schoolmaster was mad, a report which he himself appeared anxious should gain ground, for he increased his eccentricities. Destiny, however, who never suffers the tide of good fortune to run too long in the same direction, seemed resolved to puzzle the schoolmaster, as if in revenge for his puzzling others. Instead of perpetually wandering amid rivers and mountains, he used to wander into the cabin of a pretty maiden called Mary Leahy. Mary at first laughed at the quaint efforts of the man who had taught her 'her A-B—abs,' to amuse; but when she found he was smitten by her charms, and a suitor for her hand, she began to look very serious. He was undoubtedly rich; she had an opportunity of making 'a great match,' but the love of her heart was with another. 'If you could,' suggested her woman's wit to her little self; 'if you could only find out how Donaghoo became rich, you might yet be a

happy woman.' And she hung her little head, and pouted her pretty lip, until the schoolmaster disclosed the secret. 'The mountains,' he said, 'flung a tribute of gold into the streams, which gold he had gathered, and disposed of in Dublin.' And what did Mary? Why she mocked her old master, and imparted to her real lover the knowledge she had thus treacherously acquired. This so exasperated the schoolmaster, that, to revenge her perfidy, and prevent her reaping any benefit thereby, he published the secret, and the people flocked by thousands to the Wicklow gold mines."

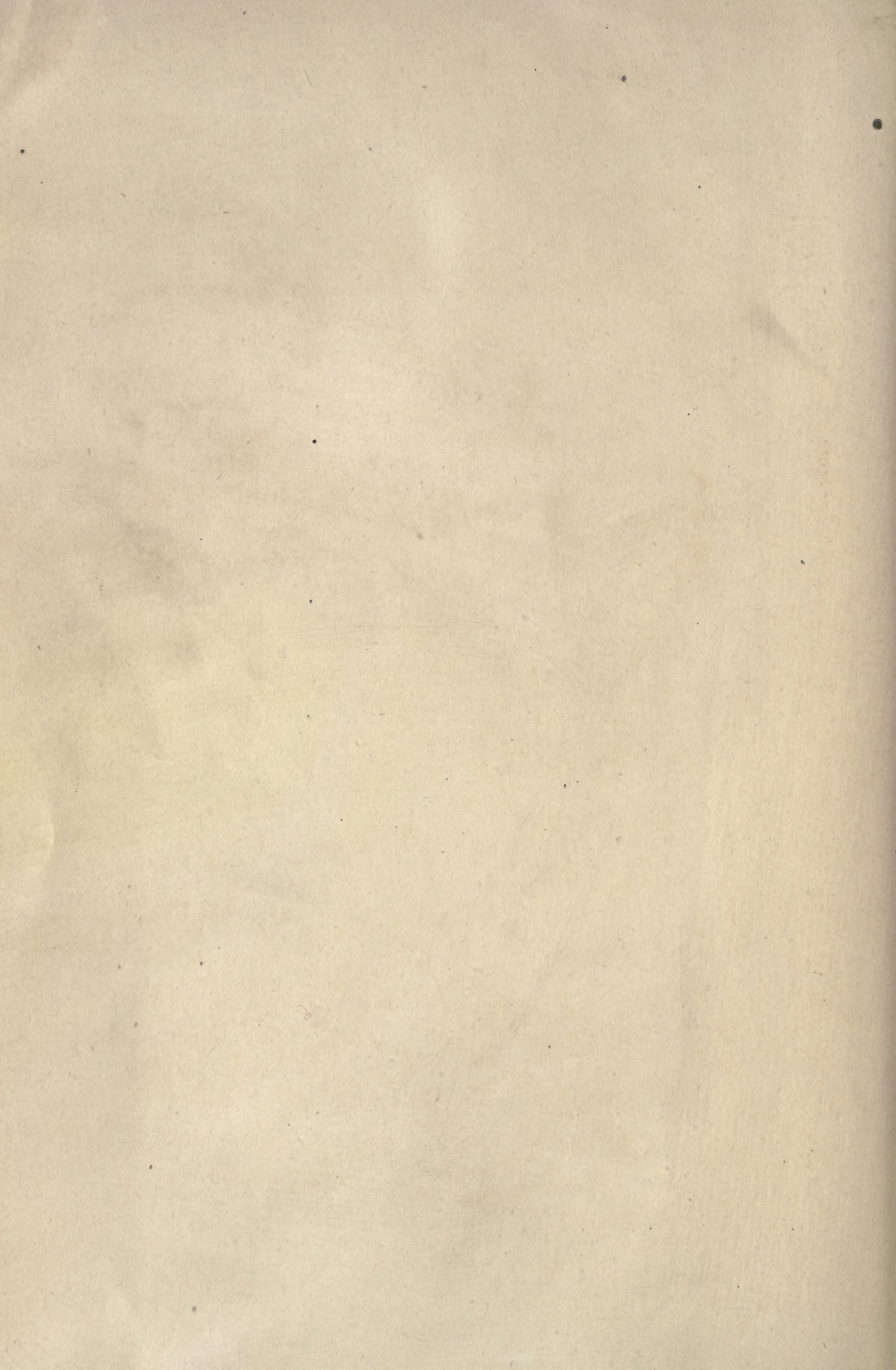
¹⁵⁷ One of the commissioners, Thomas Weaver, Esq., under whose directions the mountains were explored with exceeding care and minuteness, states that "numerous trials were made by driving and sinking in the veins previously known and subsequently discovered. The mineral substances obtained were subjected to the operations both of fire and amalgamation; but in no instance was a particle of gold elicited from them, either by the one or the other operation. The result persuaded Government that no gold was to be found, as an inherent ingredient, in the veins which traverse the mountains—and they were induced to abandon the works."

¹⁵⁸ The inn at Newarth Bridge is, according to our experience, the most comfortable inn of the county. The landlord, Mr. Hunter, was for many years butler to Mr. Tottenham, in whose establishment also his wife was housekeeper. They have, therefore, been well trained in good habits; all matters about their hotel are neat, clean, and well-ordered, and nothing can exceed their attention to their guests—a circumstance rare, unhappily, at places of this description. The charges for "entertainment" are remarkably moderate. The inn is nearly a mile from the main road; to some this is an advantage, for it is situated in a most tranquil spot, in the midst of luxuriant foliage, close to beautiful "Rosanna"—the residence of the late Mrs. Tighe; and "the Vartrey," here comparatively gentle, rolls beside the banks of the garden. An inside jaunting-car is always in waiting at the village of Ashford—distant, as we have said, nearly a mile—to convey to the hotel, passengers by either of the public coaches; and the drive of this mile, along the river, is very charming. It is, however, always desirable to bespeak accommodation here, or anywhere, a day or two prior to arrival. We strongly recommend "Mr. Hunter's inn, Newarth Bridge," as a most pleasant resting-place; from which excursions may be made to Wicklow town, Rosanna, Dunran, and, above all, "the Devil's Glen,"—where a day may be well spent. Mr. Hunter is an adept in the mystery of angling, and likes to

accompany his guests to the neighbouring streams, or to Lough Dan; which, although "away in the mountains," about eleven miles, is reached in a couple of hours. The trout in the Vartrey are numerous, but small.

¹⁵⁹ We were greatly interested, while at Bray-head, by our visit to a very pretty well-managed school, and a cluster of cottages, built by Mr. and Mrs. Putland for the fishermen and their families. Some of the interiors are models of neatness and order. While examining them, our attention was attracted by a cheery-looking woman, so clean, and fitly dressed, that we inquired her name. Her history was remarkable. Her name is Rose Bradly; it appeared she came some few years ago, on crutches, to Bray-head, to try the effects of the salt-water; and presented herself at Mrs. Putland's gate. She was "from Strabane in the North," she said, as indeed her accent proved, for it was hard and short, wanting the soft woolly tones which belong to the south and west. "I don't wish to ask charity, if I can help it," she added, "though I am poor and friendless. If God restores me to the use of my limbs, as I pray He may, I will work, and show that *in heart* I am no beggar." Like every other poor or ailing creature who applies at Bray-head, she was immediately relieved. She lodged in one of the neighbouring cottages, and at the end of a few months was able to throw aside her crutches. Her integrity was at once tested: she first constructed a hut with her own hands, of drift-wood and shingle, on the beach under shelter of a rock, and vacating the kindly lodging given literally for "God's sake," she established herself therein, working hard all day at anything or everything—hawking fish, selling eggs on commission, picking stones, weeding, going messages; nothing came amiss to her bold, bright, honest nature; and moreover, to aid her, she had the northern thrift, teaching the halfpenny how to become a penny. When there was no hay to make, no corn to bind, no potatoes to dig, no cattle to herd, no children to bathe, no messages to run, no fish to hawk, no eggs to sell, no stones to pick, no sick people to nurse, Rose found herself employment in clearing of shingles a small plot of the cliff, and carrying earth and manure to it; until, by patience and labour, she made herself a garden—a very garden—which yielded potatoes and cabbages; nor did she get a "dawshy pig" before she knew where to put it. Her unostentatious industry and cleanliness, while exciting the admiration of her superiors, raised her up a number of enemies; every slatternly fishwife, every thriftless manager, taunted Rose, and Rose was by no means of the "patient Grizzle" class, but readily retorted.

They said, "Rose had no people," meaning thereby that her relatives were not known; and Rose replied, "It was better to have no people than to be a disgrace to them, or for one's people to be a disgrace to oneself." They then wondered *who* Rose was, and why she left the "Black North," if she was so fond of its thrifty, unnatural ways; and to this Rose generally replied by asking them the very simple, but very offensive question of, "What was that to them?" Still by degrees, very slow degrees at first, Rose began to achieve something like popularity; her caps and kerchiefs were always *so* white; how did she wash them? The very caring for this knowledge was an improvement, and Rose imparted what she knew with sterling and sturdy good-humour. If any one was sick, no one "thickened the water with a grain of oatmeal" so quickly as Rose. Rose's "few herrings" were invariably well salted, for with the providence of the ant she spared her summer food, that she might not starve in winter. It was true, she was always ready to find fault, but then she was equally ready to explain how the fault could be mended. When she came to Brayhead, the fishermen dwelt in wretched cottages; but when the new ones were finished and an addition was making to them last summer, Mrs. Putland installed Rose in one, of a single room; and there she is at present, and we hope will long remain, for one living example of active industry is worth a hundred sermons. We do not remember ever having met with an instance of a single woman achieving so much, particularly after struggling through an illness which, to a common mind, would have engendered idle habits at a place of all others where a liberal—perhaps a too liberal—hand, is ever ready to bestow alms upon habitual paupers, as well as aid to the industrious. The hut, the garden stolen from the rock, the craving after independence, and the perpetual exercise of industry, amid the sneers of her associates, who, hating the northerners, were hard to be reconciled to one whose activity and care was a reproach to their indolence and carelessness, are cheering passages to dwell upon in this poor woman's life. She has had, and still has, her reward, and her rough-toned but fervent gratitude to God and the "Great Lady," was so well expressed, that we shall not easily forget Rose.



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Hall, S.C. (Samuel Carter), 1800-
1889
Ireland, its scenery, character
and history

